

PARADISE REGAIN'D.

A

P O E M,

I N

F O U R B O O K S.

To which is added

SAMSON AGONISTES;

A N D

POEMS upon several OCCASIONS.

With a Tractate of Education.

The AUTHOR

JOHN MILTON.

L O N D O N:

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PARA-



PARADISE REGAIN'D.

BOOK I.

TWHO ere while the happy Garden sung,
By one Man's Disobedience lost, now
sing
Recover'd Paradise to all Mankind,
By one Man's firm Obedience fully try'd
Through all temptation, and the Tempter foil'd 5
In all his wiles, defeated and repuls'd,
And *Eden* rais'd in the waste Wilderネス.

Thou, Spirit, who led'st this glorious Eremit
Into the Desert, his victorious Field
Against the spiritual Foe, and brought'st him thence
By proof th' undoubted Son of God, inspire, 11
As thou art wont, my prompted Song; else mute,
And bear through height or depth of Nature's bounds
With prosperous wing full summ'd, to tell of deeds
Above Heroic, though in secret done, 15
And unrecorded left through many an Age,
Worthy t'have not remain'd so long unsung.

B

Now

2 PARADISE REGAIN'D. Book I.

Now had the great Proclaimer with a voice
 More awful than the sound of Trumpet, cry'd
 Repentance, and Heaven's Kingdom nigh at hand
 To all Baptiz'd : to his great Baptism flock'd, 21
 With awe the Regions round, and with them came
 From *Nazareth* the Son of *Joseph* deem'd,
 To the flood *Jordan* came, as then obscure,
 Unmarkt, unknown ; but him the Baptist soon 25
 Descry'd, divinely warn'd, and witness bore
 As to his worthier, and would have resign'd
 To him his Heavenly Office, nor was long
 His witness unconfirm'd : on him baptiz'd
 Heav'n open'd, and in likeness of a Dove 30
 The Spirit descended, while the Father's voice
 From Heav'n pronounc'd him his beloved Son.

That heard the Adversary, who roving still
 About the World, at that assembly fain'd
 Would not be last, and with the voice divine 35
 Nigh thunder-struck, th'exalted Man, to whom
 Such high attest was giv'n, a while survey'd
 With wonder, then with envy fraught, and rage,
 Flies to his Place, nor rests, but in mid air
 To Council summons all his mighty Peers, 40
 Within thick Clouds and dark ten-fold involv'd,
 A gloomy Consistory ; and them amidst
 With looks agast and sad he thus bespake.

O ancient Pow'rs of Air and this wide World,
 For much more willingly I mention Air, 45
 This our old Conquest, than remember Hell
 Our hated habitation ; well ye know
 How many Ages, as the years of Men,

This

Book I. PARADISE REGAIN'D. 3

This Universe we have possess'd, and rul'd
In manner at our will th' affairs of Earth, 50
Since *Adam* and his facil Consort *Eve*
Lost Paradise deceiv'd by me, though since
With dread attending when that fatal wound
Shall be inflicted by the Seed of *Eve*
Upon my head ; long the decrees of Heav'n 55
Delay, for longest time to him is short ;
And now too soon for us the circling hours
This dreaded time have compass'd, wherein we
Must bide the stroak of that long threatn'd wound,
At least if so we can, and by the Head 60
Broken be not intended all our power
To be infring'd, our freedom and our being
In this fair Empire won of Earth and Air ;
For this ill news I bring, the Woman's Seed
Destin'd to this, is late of Woman born. 65
His Birth to our just fear gave no small cause,
But his growth now to youth's full flower displaying
All virtue, grace, and wisdom to atchieve
Things highest, greatest, multiplies my fear.
Before him a great Prophet, to proclaim 70
His coming, is sent Harbinger, who all
Invites, and in the consecrated stream
Pretends to wash off sin, and fit them so
Purifi'd to receive him pure, or rather
To do him honour as their King : all come, 75
And he himself among them was baptiz'd,
Not thence to be more pure, but to receive
The Testimony of Heaven, that who he is
Thenceforth the Nations may not doubt ; I saw

4 PARADISE REGAIN'D. Book I.

The Prophet do him reverence, on him rising 80
 Out of the Water, Heav'n above the Clouds
 Unfold her Crystal Doors, thence on his head
 A perfect Dove descend, whate'er it meant,
 And out of Heav'n the Sovereign voice I heard,
 'This is my Son belov'd, in him am pleas'd. 85
 His Mother then is mortal, but his Sire
 He who obtains the Monarchy of Heaven;
 And what will he not do t' advance his Son?
 His first-begot we know, and fore have felt,
 When his fierce thunder drove us to the deep; 90
 Who this is we must learn, for Man he seems
 In all his lineaments, though in his face
 The glimpses of his Father's glory shine.
 Ye see our danger on the utmost edge
 Of hazard, which admits no long debate, 95
 But must with something sudden be oppos'd,
 Not force, but well couch'd fraud, well woven snares,
 Ere in the head of Nations he appear
 Their King, their Leader, and Supream on Earth.
 I, when no other durst, sole undertook 100
 The dismal expedition, to find out
 And ruin *Adam*, and th'exploit perform'd
 Succesfully; a calmer Voyage now
 Will waft me; and the way found prosp'rous once,
 Induces best to hope of like success. 105

He ended, and his words impression left
 Of much amazement to th' infernal Crew,
 Distracted and surpriz'd with deep dismay
 At these sad tidings; but no time was then
 For long indulgence to their fears or grief: 110
 Un-

Book I. PARADISE REGAIN'D. 5

Unanimous they all commit the care
 And management of this main Enterprize
 To him their great Dictator, whose attempt
 At first against mankind so well had thriv'd
 In *Adam's* overthrow, and led their march 115
 From Hell's deep-vaulted Den to dwell in light,
 Regents and Potentates, and Kings, yea Gods
 Of many a pleasant Realm and Province wide.
 So to the Coast of *Jordan* he directs
 His easy steps, girded with snaky wiles, 120
 Where he might likeliest find this new declar'd,
 This Man of men, attested Son of God,
 Temptation and all guile on him to try;
 So to subvert whom he suspected rais'd
 To end his Reign on Earth so long enjoy'd : 125
 But contrary, unweeting he fulfill'd
 The purpos'd Counsel pre-ordain'd and fixt
 Of the most High, who in full frequency bright
 Of Angels, thus to *Gabriel* smiling spake.
Gabriel, this day by proof thou shalt behold, 130
 Thou and all Angels conversant on Earth
 With man or mens affairs, how I begin
 To verify that solemn Message late,
 On which I sent thee to the Virgin pure
 In *Galilee*, that she should bear a Son 135
 Great in Renown and call'd the Son of God ;
 Then toldst her, doubting how these things could be
 To her a Virgin, that on her should come
 The Holy Ghost, and the Power of the Highest
 O'er-shadow her : this Man born and now up grown,
 To shew him worthy of his Birth Divine 141

6 PARADISE REGAIN'D. Book I

And high Prediction, henceforth I expose
 To Satan; let him tempt and now assay
 His utmost subtilty, because he boasts
 And vaunts of his great cunning to the throng 145
 Of his Apostasie; he might have learnt
 Less overweening, since he fail'd in *Job*,
 Whose constant perseverance overcame
 Whate'er his cruel malice could invent.
 He now shall know I can produce a Man 150
 Of female Seed, far abler to resist
 All his solicitations, and at length
 All his vast force, and drive him back to Hell,
 Winning by conquest what the first man lost,
 By fallacy surpriz'd. But first I mean 155
 To exercise him in the Wilderness,
 There he shall first lay down the rudiments
 Of his great warfare, ere I send him forth
 To conquer Sin and Death the two grand foes,
 By Humiliation and strong Sufferance 160
 His weakness shall o'ercome Satanic strength
 And all the world, and mass of sinful flesh;
 That all the Angels and Æthereal Powers,
 They now, and men hereafter may discern,
 From what consummate virtue I have chose 165
 This perfect Man, by merit call'd my Son,
 To earn Salvation for the Sons of men.

So spake th' Eternal Father, and all Heav'n
 Admiring stood a space, then into Hymns
 Burst forth, and in Celestial measures mov'd 170
 Circling the Throne and singing, while the hand
 Sung with the voice, and this the argument.

Victory

Book 1. PARADISE REGAIN'D. 7

Victory and Triumph to the Son of God
Now entering his great duel, not of Arms,
But to vanquish by wisdom hellish wiles. 175

The Father knows the Son; therefore secure
Ventures his filial Virtue, though untry'd,
Against whate'er may tempt, whate'er seduce,
Allure, or terrifie, or undermine.

Be frustrate all ye stratagems of Hell, 180
And devilish machinations come to nought.

So they in Heav'n their Odes and Vigils tun'd:
Mean while the Son of God, who yet some days
Lodg'd in *Bethabara* where *John* baptiz'd,
Musing and much revolving in his breast, 185

How best the mighty work he might begin
Of Saviour to mankind, and which way first
Publish his God-like Office now mature,
One day forth walk'd alone, the Spirit leading,
And his deep thoughts, the better to converse 190
With solitude, till far from track of Men,
Thought following thought, and step by step led on,
He entred now the bordering desert wild,
And with dark shades and rocks environ'd round,
His holy meditation thus pursu'd. 195

O what a multitude of thoughts at once
Awaken'd in me swarm, while I consider
What from within I feel my self, and hear
What from without comes often to my ears,
Ill sorting with my present state compar'd. 200
When I was yet a Child no childish play
To me was pleasing, all my mind was set
Serious to learn and know, and thence to do

8 PARADISE REGAIN'D. Book I.

What might be publick good ; my self I thought
 Born to that end, born to promote all truth, 205
 All righteous things : therefore above my years,
 The Law of God I read and found it sweet,
 Made it my whole delight, and in it grew
 To such perfection, that ere yet my age
 Had measur'd twice six Years, at our great Feast
 I went into the Temple, there to hear 211
 The Teachers of our Law, and to propose
 What might improve my knowledge or their own ;
 And was admir'd by all ; yet this not all
 To which my Spirit aspir'd, victorious deeds 215
 Flam'd in my heart, heroic acts, one while
 To rescue *Israel* from the *Roman* Yoke,
 Then to subdue and quell o'er all the earth
 Brute violence and proud Tyrannick pow'r,
 Till truth were freed, and equity restor'd : 220
 Yet held it more humane, more heav'nly, first
 By winning words to conquer willing hearts,
 And make persuasion do the work of fear ;
 At least to try, and teach the erring Soul
 Not wilfully mis-doing, but unaware 225
 Mis-led ; the stubborn only to subdue.
 These growing thoughts my mother soon perceiving
 By words at times cast forth, inly rejoic'd,
 And said to me apart, High are thy thoughts
 O Son, but nourish them, and let them soar 230
 To what heighth sacred virtue and true worth
 Can raise them, though above example high ;
 By matchless Deeds express thy matchless Sire.
 For know thou art no Son of mortal man,
 Though

I. Book I. PARADISE REGAIN'D. 9

Though men esteem thee low of parentage, 235
 Thy Father is th' Eternal King, who rules
 All Heav'n and Earth, Angels and Sons of men ;
 A messenger from God foretold thy Birth
 Conceiv'd in me a Virgin, he foretold
 Thou should'st be great and sit on *David's* Throne,
 And of thy Kingdom there should be no end. 241
 At thy Nativity a glorious Quire
 Of Angels in the fields of *Betlehem* sung
 To Shepherds watching at their folds by night,
 And told them the Messiah now was born, 245
 Where they might see him, and to thee they came,
 Directed to the Manger where thou lay'st ;
 For in the Inn was left no better room :
 A Star not seen before in Heav'n appearing
 Guided the Wise Men thither from the East, 250
 To honour thee with Incense, Myrrh and Gold,
 By whose bright course led on they found the place,
 Affirming it thy Star new grav'n in Heav'n,
 By which they knew the King of *Israel* born.
 Just *Simeon* and Prophetic *Anna* warn'd 255
 By Vision found thee in the Temple, and spake
 Before the Altar and the vested Priest,
 Like things of thee to all that present stood.
 This having heard, straight I again resolv'd
 The Law and Prophets, searching what was writ
 Concerning the Messiah, to our Scribes 261
 Known partly, and soon found of whom they spake
 I am ; this chiefly, that my way must lie
 Through many a hard assay even to the death,
 Ere I the promis'd Kingdom can attain, 265

10 PARADISE REGAIN'D. Book 1.

Or work Redemption for mankind, whose sins
 Full weight must be transferr'd upon my head.
 Yet neither thus dishearten'd or dismay'd,
 The time prefix'd I waited, when behold!
 The Baptist (of whose birth I oft had heard, 275
 Not knew by sight) now come, who was to come
 Before Messiah and his way prepare.
 I as all others to his Baptism came,
 Which I believ'd was from above; but he
 Straight knew me, and with loudest voice proclaim'd
 Me him (for it was shewn him so from Heav'n) 276
 Me him whose Harbinger he was; and first
 Refus'd on me his Baptism to confer,
 As much his greater, and was hardly won:
 But as I rose out of the laving stream, 280
 Heav'n open'd her eternal doors, from whence
 The Spirit descended on me like a Dove;
 And last, the sum of all, my Father's voice,
 Audibly heard from Heav'n, pronounc'd me his,
 Me his beloved Son, in whom alone 285
 He was well pleas'd; by which I knew the time
 Now full, that I no more should live obscure,
 But openly begin, as best becomes
 The Authority which I deriv'd from Heav'n.
 And now by some strong motion I am led 290
 Into this Wilderness, to what intent
 I learn not yet, perhaps I need not know;
 For what concerns my knowledge God reveals.
 So spake our Morning Star, then in his rise,
 And looking round on every side beheld 295
 A pathless Desert, dusk with horrid shades;

The

1. Book I. PARADISE REGAIN'D. 11

The way he came not having mark'd, return
Was difficult, by human steps untrod :
And he still on was led, but with such thoughts
Accompanied of things past and to come, 300

Lodg'd in his breast, as well might recommend
Such Solitude before choicest Society.

Full forty days he pass'd, whether on hill,
Sometimes, anon in shady vale, each night
Under the covert of some antient Oak 305

Or Cedar, to defend him from the dew,
Or harbour'd in one Cave, is not reveal'd ;
Nor tasted human food, nor hunger felt

Till those days ended, hunger'd then at last 309

Among wild Beasts: they at his sight grew mild,
Nor sleeping him nor waking harm'd, his walk
The fiery Serpent fled, and noxious Worm,
The Lion and fierce Tiger glar'd aloof.

But now an aged man in rural weeds, 314

Following, as seem'd, the quest of some stray Ewe,

Or wither'd sticks to gather, which might serve

Against a Winter's day when winds blow keen,

To warm him wet return'd from Field at Eve,

He saw approach, who first with curious eye

Perus'd him, then with words thus utter'd spake. 320

Sir, what ill chance hath brought thee to this place

So far from path or road of men, who pass

In Troop or Caravan, for single none

Durst ever, who return'd, and dropt not here

His Carcase, pin'd with hunger and with drought.

I ask the rather, and the more admire, 326

For that to me thou seem'st the Man, whom late

Our

12 PARADISE REGAIN'D. Book I.

Our new baptizing Prophet at the Ford
Of *Jordan* honour'd so, and call'd the Son
Of God: I saw and heard, for we sometimes 330
Who dwell this wilde, constrain'd by want, come forth
To Town or Village nigh (nighest is far)
Where ought we hear, and curious are to hear,
What happens new; Fame also finds us out. 334

To whom the Son of God. Who brought me hither
Will bring me hence, no other Guide I seek.

By Miracle he may, reply'd the Swain,
What other way I see not; for we here
Live on tough roots and stubs, to thirst inur'd
More than the Camel, and to drink go far, 540
Men to much misery and hardship born;
But if thou be the Son of God, command
That out of these hard stones be made thee Bread;
So shalt thou save thyself, and us relieve
With Food, whereof we wretched seldom taste. 345

He ended, and the Son of God reply'd:
Think'st thou such force in Bread; is it not written
(For I discern thee other than thou seem'st)
Man lives not by bread only but each Word
Proceeding from the mouth of God? who fed 350
Our Fathers here with Manna; in the Mount
Moses was forty days, nor eat nor drank,
And forty days *Elijah* without food

Wandred this barren waste, the same I now:
Why dost thou then suggest to me distrust, 355
Knowing who I am, as I know who thou art?

Whom thus answer'd th' Arch-Fiend, now undis-
'Tis true, I am that Spirit unfortunate, [guis'd.
Who

I. Book I. PARADISE REGAIN'D. 13

Who leagu'd with millions more in rash revolt,
Kept not my happy Station, but was driven 360
With them from bliss to the bottomless deep,
Yet to that hideous place not so confin'd
By rigour unconniving, but that oft
Leaving my dolorous Prison I enjoy
Large Liberty to round this Globe of Earth, 365
Or range in th' Air; nor from the Heav'n of Heav'ns
Hath he excluded my resort sometimes.
I came among the Sons of God, when he
Gave up into my hands *Uzzaan Job*
To prove him, and illustrate his high worth; 370
And when to all his Angels he propos'd
To draw the proud King *Abab* into fraud,
That he might fall in *Ramoth*, they demurring,
I undertook that Office, and the tongues
Of all his flattering Prophets glibb'd with lyes 375
To his destruction, as I had in charge,
For what he bids I do; though I have lost
Much lustre of my native brightness, lost
To be lov'd of God, I have not lost
To love, at least contemplate and admire 380
What I see excellent in good, or fair,
Or virtuous, I should so have lost all sense.
What can be then less in me than desire
To see thee, and approach thee, whom I know
Declar'd the Son of God, to hear attent 385
Thy Wisdom, and behold thy God-like deeds?
Men generally think me much a foe
To all mankind: why should I? they to me
Never did wrong or violence, by them

I lost

14 PARADISE REGAIN'D. Book I.

I lost not what I lost, rather by them 390
 I gain'd what I have gain'd, and with them dwell
 Co-partner in these Regions of the World,
 If not disposer ; lend them oft my aid,
 Oft my advice by presages and signs,
 And answers, oracles, portents, and dreams, 395
 Whereby they may direct their future life.
 Envy they say excites me, thus to gain
 Companions of my misery and wo.
 At first it may be ; but long since with wo
 Nearer acquainted, now I feel by proof, 400
 That fellowship in pain divides not smart,
 Nor lightens aught each man's peculiar load ;
 Small consolation then, were man adjoin'd :
 This wounds me most (what can it less) that Man,
 Man fall'n shall be restor'd, I never more. 405

To whom our Saviour sternly thus reply'd :
 Deservedly thou griev'st, compos'd of lyes
 From the beginning, and in lyes wilt end ;
 Who boast'st release from Hell, and leave to come
 Into the Heav'n of Heav'ns : thou com'st indeed,
 As a poor miserable captive thrall, 410
 Comes to the place where he before had sat
 Among the Prime in Splendor, now depos'd,
 Ejected, emptied, gaz'd, unpitied, shun'd,
 A spectacle of ruin or of scorn 415
 To all the Host of Heav'n ; the happy place
 Imparts to thee no happiness, no joy,
 Rather inflames thy torment, representing
 Lost bliss, to thee no more communicable,
 So never more in Hell than when in Heav'n. 420

But

1. Book I. PARADISE REGAIN'D. 15

99 But thou art serviceable to Heav'n's King.
11 Wilt thou impute t'obedience what thy fear
Extorts, or pleasure to do ill excites?
What but thy malice mov'd thee to misdeem
Of righteous *Job*, then cruelly to afflict him 425
95 With all inflictions? but his patience won.
The other service was thy chosen task,
To be a liar in four hundred mouths;
For lying is thy sustenance, thy food.
Yet thou pretend'st to truth; all Oracles 430
00 By thee are giv'n, and what confess more true
Among the Nations? that hath been thy craft,
By mixing somewhat true to vent more lies.
But what have been thy answers, what but dark,
Ambiguous, and with double sense deluding, 435
n, Which they who ask'd have seldom understood,
05 And not well understood as good not known?
Who ever by consulting at thy shrine
Return'd the wiser, or the more instruct
To fly or follow what concern'd him most, 440
e And run not sooner to his fatal snare?
12 For God hath justly giv'n the Nations up
To thy Delusions, justly, since they fell
Idolatrous; but when his purpose is
Among them to declare his Providence 445
15 To thee not known, whence hast thou then thy truth,
But from him or his Angels president
In ev'ry Province, who themselves disdaining
T' approach thy Temples, give thee in command
What to the smallest tittle thou shalt say 450
20 To thy Adorers? thou with trembling fear,
But Or

16 PARADISE REGAIN'D. Book I.

Or like a fawning Parasite obey'st;
 Then to thyself ascrib'st the truth foretold.
 But this thy glory shall be soon retrench'd;
 No more shalt thou by oracling abuse 455
 The Gentiles; henceforth Oracles are ceas'd,
 And thou no more with Pomp and Sacrifice
 Shalt be inquir'd at *Delphos* or elsewhere,
 At least in vain, for they shall find thee mute.
 God hath now sent his living Oracle 460
 Into the World to teach his final will,
 And sends his Spirit of Truth henceforth to dwell
 In pious Hearts, an inward Oracle
 To all truth requisite for men to know.

So spake our Saviour; but the subtle Fiend, 465
 Though inly stung with anger and disdain,
 Dissembled, and his Answer smooth return'd.

Sharply thou hast insisted on rebuke,
 And urg'd me hard with doings, which not will
 But misery hath wrested from me; where 470
 Easily canst thou find one miserable,
 And not inforc'd oft-times to part from truth,
 If it may stand him more in stead to lye,
 Say and unsay, feign, flatter, or abjure?
 But thou art plac'd above me, thou art Lord; 475
 From thee I can and must submit endure
 Check or reproof, and glad t'escape so quit.
 Hard are the ways of truth, and rough to walk,
 Smooth on the tongue discours'd, pleasing to th'ear,
 And tuneable as Silvan Pipe or Song; 480
 What wonder then if I delight to hear
 Her dictates from thy mouth? most men admire

Virtue,

Book I. PARADISE REGAIN'D. 17

Virtue, who follow not her lore : permit me
To hear thee when I come, (since no man comes)
And talk at least, tho' I despair t' attain. 485
Thy Father, who is holy, wise and pure,
Suffers the Hypocrite or Atheous Priest
To tread his Sacred Courts, and minister
About his Altar, handling holy things,
Praying or vowing ; and vouchsaf'd his voice 490
To Balaam Reprobate, a Prophet yet
Inspir'd ; disdain not such access to me.

To whom our Saviour with unalter'd brow:
Thy coming hither, though I know thy scope,
I bid not or forbid ; do as thou find'st 495
Permission from above ; thou canst not more.

He added not ; and Satan bowing low
His gray dissimulation, disappear'd
Into thin Air diffus'd : for now began
Night with her fullen wings to double-shade 500
The Desert, Fowls in their clay nests were couch'd ;
And now wild beasts come forth the Woods to roam.

8 MA64

The End of the First Book.





PARADISE REGAIN'D.

BOOK II.

MEAN while the new-baptiz'd, who yet
remain'd
At *Jordan* with the Baptist, and had seen
Him whom they heard so late expressly
call'd

Jesus Messiah Son of God declar'd,
And on that high Authority had believ'd,
And with him talk'd, and with him lodg'd, I mean
Andrew and *Simon*, famous after known,
With others, though in Holy Writ not nam'd,
Now missing him their Joy so lately found,
So lately found, and so abruptly gone,
Began to doubt, and doubted many days,
And as the days increas'd, increas'd their doubt:
Sometimes they thought he might only be shewn,
And for a time caught up to God, as once
Moses was in the Mount, and missing long;
And the great *Thibbite* who on fiery wheels
Rode up to Heav'n, yet once again to come.

There

Book II. PARADISE REGAIN'D. 19

Therefore as those young Prophets then with care
Sought lost *Elijah*, so in each place these
Nigh to *Bethabara*; in *Jericho* 20

The City of Palms, *Ænon*, and *Salem* old,
Macbærus, and each Town or City wall'd
On this side the broad lake *Genezaret*,
Or in *Perea*, but return'd in vain.

Then on the bank of *Jordan*, by a Creek, 25
Where Winds with Reeds and Osiers whisp'ring play,
Plain Fishermen, no greater men them call,
Close in a Cottage low together got,
Their unexpected loss and complaints out-breath'd.

Alas, from that high hope to what relapse 30
Unlook'd for are we fall'n! our Eyes beheld

Messiah certainly now come, so long
Expected of our Fathers; we have heard
His words, his wisdom full of grace and truth;
Now, now, for sure, deliverance is at hand, 35

The Kingdom shall to *Israel* be restor'd:
Thus we rejoic'd, but soon our Joy is turn'd
Into perplexity and new amaze:

For whither is he gone, what accident-
Hath rapt him from us? will he now retire 40

After appearance, and again prolong
Our expectation? God of *Israel*,
Send thy Messiah forth, the time is come;
Behold the Kings of th'Earth how they oppress
Thy chosen, to what heighth their Pow'r unjust 45

They have exalted, and behind them cast
All fear of thee; arise and vindicate
Thy glory, free thy people from their yoke:

But

But let us wait ; thus far he hath perform'd,
 Sent his Anointed, and to us reveal'd him 50
 By his great Prophet, pointed at and shown
 In publick, and with him we have convers'd ;
 Let us be glad of this, and all our fears
 Lay on his Providence ; he will not fail,
 Nor will withdraw him now, nor will recall, 55
 Mock us with his blest sight, then snatch him hence :
 Soon we shall see our hope, or joy return.

Thus they out of their plaints new hope resume
 To find whom at the first they found unsought :
 But to his mother *Mary*, when she saw 60
 Others return'd from Baptism, not her Son,
 Nor left at *Jordan*, tidings of him none ; [pure,
 Within her breast, though calm ; her breast, though
 Motherly cares and fears got head, and rais'd 64
 Some troubled thoughts, which she in sighs thus clad.

O what avails me now that honour high
 To have conceiv'd of God, or that salute,
 Hail highly favour'd, among Women blest ;
 While I to sorrows am no less advanc'd,
 And fears as eminent, above the lot 70
 Of other Women, by the birth I bore ;
 In such a season born when scarce a Shed
 Could be obtain'd to shelter him or me
 From the bleak air ; a Stable was our warmth,
 A Manger his, yet soon enforc'd to fly 75
 Thence into *Egypt*, till the murd'rous King
 Were dead, who sought his life, and missing fill'd
 With Infant-blood the streets of *Bethlehem* ;
 From *Egypt* home return'd, in *Nazareth*

II. BOOK II. PARADISE REGAIN'D. 21

Hath been our dwelling many years, his life 80
50 Private, unactive, calm, contemplative,
Little suspicious to any King ; but now
Full grown to Man, acknowledg'd, as I hear,
By *John* the Baptist, and in public shown,
Son own'd from Heaven by his Father's voice: 85
55 I look'd for some great change ; to Honour ? no,
But trouble, as old *Simeon* plain foretold,
That to the fall and rising he should be
Of many in *Israel*, and to a sign
Spoken against, that through my very Soul 90
60 A sword shall pierce, this is my favour'd lot,
My Exaltation to Afflictions high ;
Afflicted I may be, it seems, and blest ;
I will not argue that, nor will repine.
64 But where delays he now ? some great intent 95
Conceals him : when twelve years he scarce had seen,
I lost him, but so found, as well I saw
He could not lose himself ; but went about
His Father's business ; what he meant I mus'd,
Since understand ; much more his absence now 100
70 Thus long to some great purpose he obscures.
But I to wait with patience am inur'd ;
My heart hath been a store-house long of things
And sayings laid up, portending strange events.
Thus *Mary* pond'ring oft, and oft to mind 105
75 Recalling what remarkably had pass'd
Since first her Salutation heard, with thoughts
Meekly compos'd awaited the fulfilling :
The while her Son tracing the Desert wild,
Sole, but with holiest Meditations fed, 110
Hath Into

22 PARADISE REGAIN'D. Book II.

Into himself descended, and at once
 All his great work to come before him set ;
 How to begin, how to accomplish best
 His end of being on Earth, and Mission high.
 For Satan with sly preface to return 115
 Had left him vacant, and with speed was gone
 Up to the middle Region of thick Air,
 Where all his Potentates in Council sate ;
 There without sign of boast, or sign of joy,
 Sollicitous and blank he thus began. 120

Princes, Heav'n's ancient Sons, Æthereal Thrones,
 Demonian Spirits now, from th' Element
 Each of his reign allotted, rightlier call'd
 Pow'rs of Fire, Air, Water, and Earth beneath,
 So may we hold our place and these mild seats 125
 Without new trouble ; such an Enemy
 Is risen to invade us, whom no less
 Threatens than our expulsion down to Hell ;
 I, as I undertook, and with the vote
 Consenting in full frequency was impower'd, 130
 Have found him, view'd him, tasted him, but find
 Far other labour to be undergon
 Than when I dealt with *Adam* first of Men,
 Though *Adam* by his Wife's allurements fell ;
 However to this Man inferior far, 135
 If he be Man by Mother's side at least,
 With more than human gifts from Heav'n adorn'd,
 Perfections absolute, Graces divine,
 And amplitude of mind to greatest Deeds.
 Therefore I am return'd, lest confidence 140
 Of my success with *Eve* in Paradise

De-

Book II. PARADISE REGAIN'D. 23

Deceive ye to persuasion over-sure
Of like succeeding here ; I summon all
Rather to be in readiness, with hand
Or counsel to assist ; lest I who erst 145
Thought none my equal, now be over-match'd.

So spake th' old Serpent doubting, and from all
With clamour was assur'd their utmost aid
At his command ; when from amidst them rose
Belial, the dissoluteſt Spirit that fell, 150
The ſensualleſt, and, after *Aſmodai*,
The fleſhlieſt Incubus ; and thus advis'd.

Set women in his eye, and in his walk,
Among daughters of men the faireſt found ;
Many are in each Region paſſing fair 155
As the noon Sky ; more like to Goddeſſes
Than mortal Creatures, graceful and diſcreet,
Expert in am'rous Arts, enchanting Tongues
Perſuaſive, Virgin majeſty with mild
And ſweet allay'd, yet terrible t'approach, 160
Skill'd to retire, and in retiring draw
Hearts after them, tangl'd in amorous Nets.

Such object hath the pow'r to ſoft'n and tame
Severeſt temper, ſmooth the rugged'ſt brow,
Enerve, and with voluptuous hope diſſolve, 165

Draw out with credulous deſire, and lead
At will the manlieſt, reſoluteſt breaſt,
As the Magnetic hardeſt Iron draws.

Women, when nothing elſe, beguil'd the heart
Of wiſeſt *Solomon*, and made him build, 170
And made him bow to the Gods of his Wives.

To whom quick answer Satan thus return'd :

Belial,

24 PARADISE REGAIN'D. Book II.

Belial, in much uneven scale thou weigh'st
 All others by thyself, because of old
 Thou thyself doat'st on woman-kind, admiring 175
 Their shape, their colour, and attractive grace:
 None are, thou think'st, but taken with such toys.
 Before the Flood thou with thy lusty Crew,
 False-titled Sons of God, roaming the Earth,
 Cast wanton eyes on the daughters of men, 180
 And coupled with them, and begot a race.
 Have we not seen, or by relation heard,
 In Courts and Regal Chambers how thou lurk'st,
 In Wood or Grove by mossie Fountain side,
 In Valley or green Meadow to way-lay 185
 Some Beauty rare, *Calisto*, *Clymene*,
Daphne, or *Semele*, *Antiopa*,
 Or *Amymone*, *Syrinx*, many more
 Too long, then lay'dst thy scapes on names ador'd,
Apollo, *Neptune*, *Jupiter*, or *Pan*, 190
 Satyr, or Fawn, or Silvan? But these haunts
 Delight not all; among the Sons of Men,
 How many have with a smile made small account
 Of beauty and her lures, easily scorn'd
 All her assaults, on worthier things intent? 195
 Remember that *Pelleas* Conqueror,
 A Youth, how all the Beauties of the East
 He slightly view'd, and slightly overpass'd;
 How he firnam'd of *Africa* dismiss'd
 In his prime youth the fair *Iberian* Maid. 200
 For *Solemon*, he liv'd at ease, and full
 Of honour, wealth, high fare, aim'd not beyond
 Higher design than to enjoy his State;

Thence

II. Book II. PARADISE REGAIN'D. 25

Thence to the bait of Women lay expos'd:
 But he whom we attempt is wiser far 205
 Than *Solomon*, of more exalted mind,
 Made and set wholly on th' accomplishment
 Of greatest things; what Woman will you find,
 Though of this age the wonder and the fame,
 On whom his leisure will vouchsafe an eye 210
 Of fond desire? or should she confident,
 As sitting Queen ador'd on beauty's Throne,
 Descend with all her winning charms begirt
 T' enamour, as the Zone of *Venus* once
 Wrought that effect on *Jove*, so Fables tell; 215
 How would one look from his Majestick brow,
 Seated as on the top of Virtue's hill,
 Discount'nance her despis'd, and put to rout
 All her array, her female pride deject,
 Or turn to rev'rent awe? for Beauty stands 220
 In th' admiration only of weak minds
 Led captive; cease t'admire, and all her Plumes
 Fall flat and shrink into a trivial toy,
 At every sudden slighting quite abasht:
 Therefore with manlier objects we must try 225
 His constancy, with such as have more shew
 Of worth, of honour, glory, and popular praise,
 Rocks whereon greatest Men have ofttest wreck'd;
 Or that which only seems to satisfy
 Lawful desires of Nature, not beyond. 230
 And now I know he hungers where no food
 Is to be found in the wide Wilderneck;
 The rest commit to me, I shall let pass
 No advantage, and his strength as oft assay.

26 PARADISE REGAIN'D. Book II.

He ceas'd, and heard their grant in loud acclaim:
Then forthwith to him takes a chosen band 236
Of Spirits likest to himself in guile
To be at hand, and at his beck appear,
If cause were to unfold some active Scene
Of various Persons each to know his part: 240
Then to the Desert takes with these his flight;
Where still from shade to shade the Son of God
After forty days fasting had remain'd,
Now hungry first, and to himself thus said:

Where will this end? four times ten days I've pass'd
Wandering this woody Maze, and human food 246
Nor tasted, nor had appetite; that Fast
To Virtue I impute not, or count part
Of what I suffer here: if Nature need not,
Or God support Nature without repast 250
Though needing, what praise is it to endure?
But now I feel I hunger, which declares
Nature hath need of what she asks; yet God
Can satisfy that need some other way,
Tho' hunger still remain: so it remain 255
Without this body's wasting, I content me,
And from the sting of Famine fear no harm,
Nor mind it, fed with better thoughts that feed
Me hungry more to do my Father's will.

It was the hour of night, when thus the Son 260
Commun'd in silent walk, then laid him down
Under the hospitable covert nigh
Of trees thick interwoven; there he slept
And dream'd, as appetite is wont to dream, 264
Of meats and drinks, Nature's refreshment sweet;

He

Book II. PARADISE REGAIN'D. 27

He thought, he by the Brook of *Cherith* stood
And saw the Ravens with their horny beaks
Food to *Elijah* bringing even and morn, [brought:
Tho rav'nous, taught t'abstain from what they
He saw the Prophet also how he fled 270
Into the Defart, and how there he slept
Under a Juniper; then how awak'd,
He found his supper on the coals prepar'd,
And by the Angel was bid rise and eat,
And eat the second time after repose, 275
The strength whereof suffic'd him forty days;
Sometimes that with *Elijah* he partook,
Or as a guest with *Daniel* at his Pulse.
Thus wore out night, and now the Herald Lark
Left his ground-nest, high tow'ring to descry 280
The morn's approach, and greet her with his Song:
As lightly from his grassie couch up rose
Our Saviour, and found all was but a dream;
Fasting he went to sleep, and fasting wak'd.
Up to a hill anon his steps he rear'd, 285
From whose high top to ken the Prospect round,
If Cottage were in view, Sheep-cote or Herd;
But Cottage, Herd, or Sheep-cote none he saw,
Only 'n a bottom saw a pleasant Grove,
With chaunt of tuneful Birds, resounding loud; 290
Thither he bent his way, determin'd there
To rest at noon, and enter'd soon the shade
High roost, and walks beneath, and alleys brown,
That open'd in the midst a woody Scene;
Nature's own work it seem'd, (Nature taught Art) 295
And to a superstitious eye the haunt

28 PARADISE REGAIN'D. Book II.

Of Wood-Gods and Wood-Nymphs; he view'd it
When suddenly a man before him stood, [round,
(Not rustic as before, but seemlier clad,
As one in City, Court, or Palace bred) 300
And with fair speech these words to him address'd.

With granted leave officious I return,
But much more wonder that the Son of God
In this wild solitude so long should bide,
Of all things destitute, and, well I know, 305
Not without hunger. Others of some note,
As story tells, have trod this Wilderness;
The fugitive Bond-woman with her Son
Out-cast *Nebaioth*, yet found here relief
By a providing Angel; all the race 310
Of *Israel* here had famish'd, had not God
Rain'd from Heav'n Manna, and that Prophet bold
Native of *Thebez* wandring here was fed
Twice by a voice inviting him to eat;
Of thee these forty days none hath regard, 315
Forty and more deserted here indeed.

To whom thus Jesus: What conclud'st thou hence?
They all had need, I as thou seest have none.

How hast thou hunger then? Satan reply'd;
Tell me if Food were now before thee set, 320
Would'st thou not eat? Thereafter as I like
The giver, answer'd Jesus. Why should that
Cause thy refusal, said the subtle Fiend?
Hast thou not right to all created things?
Owe not all Creatures by just right to thee 325
Duty and service, not to stay till bid,
But tender all their pow'r? nor mention I

Mean

II. Book II. PARADISE REGAIN'D. 29

Meats by the Law unclean, or offer'd first
 To Idols, those young *Daniel* could refuse ;
 Nor proffer'd by an enemy, though who 330
 Would scruple that, with want oppress'd ? Behold
 Nature asham'd, or, better to express,
 Troubled that thou should'st hunger, hath purvey'd
 From all the Elements her choicest store
 To treat thee as befits, and as her Lord, 335
 With honour, only deign to sit and eat.

He spake no dream ; for as his words had end,
 Our Saviour lifting up his eyes, beheld
 In ample space under the broadest shade
 A Table richly spread, in Regal mode, 340
 With dishes pil'd, and meats of noblest sort
 And savour, Beasts of chase, or Fowl of game,
 In Pastry-built, or from the spit, or boil'd,
 Gris-amber-steam'd ; all Fish from Sea or Shore,
 Freshet, or purling Brook, of shell or fin, 345
 And exquisitest name, for which was drain'd
Pontus and *Lucrine* Bay, and *Afric* Coast.

Alas, how simple, to these Cates compar'd,
 Was that crude Apple that diverted *Eve* !
 And at a stately side-board by the wine 350
 That fragrant smell diffus'd, in order stood
 Tall stripling youths rich clad, of fairer hue
 Than *Ganymed* or *Hylas* ; distant more
 Under the Trees now tripp'd, now solemn stood
 Nymphs of *Diana's* train, and *Naiades* 355
 With fruits and flow'rs from *Amalthea's* horn,
 And Ladies of th' *Hesperides*, that seem'd
 Fairer than feign'd of old, or fabled since

Meats C 3 Of

30 PARADISE REGAIN'D. Book II.

Of Fairy Damsels met in forest wide
By Knights of *Logres*, or of *Lyones*,
Lancelot, or *Pelleas*, or *Pellenore*. 360

And all the while harmonious *Airs* were heard
Of chyming strings, or charming pipes; and winds
Of gentlest gale *Arabian* odours fann'd
From their soft wings, and *Flora's* earliest smells. 365
Such was the splendor; and the Tempter now
His invitation earnestly renew'd.

What doubts the Son of God to sit and eat?
These are not fruits forbidden, no interdict
Defends the touching of these Viands pure; 370
Their taste no knowledge works, at least of evil,
But life preserves, destroys life's enemy,
Hunger, with sweet restorative delight.
All these are Spirits of Air, and Woods, and Springs,
Thy gentle Ministers, who come to pay 375
Thee homage, and acknowledg thee their Lord:
What doubt'st thou Son of God? sit down and eat.

To whom thus Jesus temperately reply'd:
Saidst thou not, that to all things I had right?
And who withholds my pow'r that right to use? 380
Shall I receive by gift, what of my own,
When and where likes me best, I can command?
I can at will, doubt not, as soon as thou,
Command a Table in this Wilderness,
And call swift flights of Angels ministrant 385
Array'd in Glory on my Cup t'attend.
Why shouldst thou then obtrude this diligence
In vain, where no acceptance it can find,
And with my hunger what hast thou to do?

Thy

11. Book II. PARADISE REGAIN'D. 31

360 Thy pompous Delicacies I contemn, 390
And count thy specious gifts no gifts, but guiles.

To whom thus answer'd Satan malecontent :

That I have also pow'r to give, thou seest ;

If of that pow'r I bring thee voluntary

365 What I might have bestow'd on whom I pleas'd, 395

And rather opportunely in this place

Chose to impart to thy apparent need ;

Why shouldst thou not accept it? but I see

What I can do or offer is suspect ;

Of these things others quickly will dispose, 400

Whose pains have earn'd the farfetcht spoil. With that

Both Table and Provision vanish quite

With sound of Harpies wings, and Talons heard ;

Only th' importune Tempter still remain'd,

And with these Words his Temptation pursu'd. 405

By hunger, that each other Creature tames,

Thou art not to be harm'd, therefore not mov'd ;

Thy temperance invincible besides,

For no allurement yields to appetite ;

And all thy heart is set on high designs, 410

High actions ; but wherewith to be atchiev'd ?

Great acts require great means of enterprize.

Thou art unknown, unfriended, low of Birth,

A Carpenter thy Father known, thyself

385 Bred up in poverty and streights at home, 415

Lost in a Desert here, and hunger-bit :

Which way, or from what hope dost thou aspire

To greatness? whence Authority deriv'ft?

What Followers, what Retinue canst thou gain,

32 PARADISE REGAIN'D. Book II.

Or at thy heels the dizzy Multitude, 420
 Longer than thou canst feed them on thy cost?
 Mony brings Honour, Friends, Conquest and Realms,
 What rais'd *Antipater* the Edomite,
 And his Son *Herod* plac'd on *Judab's* Throne,
 (Thy Throne,) but Gold that got him puissant Friends?
 Therefore, if at great things thou would'st arrive, 426
 Get Riches first, get Wealth, and Treasure heap,
 Not difficult, if thou hearken to me:
 Riches are mine, Fortune is in my hand;
 They whom I favour thrive in wealth amain, 430
 While Virtue, Valour, Wisdom sit in want.

To whom thus Jesus patiently reply'd:
 Yet Wealth without these three is impotent
 To gain dominion, or to keep it gain'd;
 Witness those antient Empires of the Earth, 435
 In height of all their flowing wealths dissolv'd:
 But men endu'd with these, have oft attain'd
 In lowest poverty to highest deeds;
Gideon and *Jephtha*, and the Shepherd Lad,
 Whose Offspring on the Throne of *Judab* sat 440
 So many Ages, and shall yet regain
 That Seat, and reign in *Israel* without end.
 Among the Heathen, (for throughout the World
 To me is not unknown what hath been done
 Worthy Memorial) canst thou not remember 445
Quintus, *Fabricius*, *Curius*, *Regulus*?
 For I esteem those names of men so poor,
 Who could do mighty things, and could contemn
 Riches, though offer'd from the hand of Kings.

And

Book II. PARADISE REGAIN'D. 33

And what in me seems wanting, but that I 450

May also in this poverty as soon

Accomplish what they did, perhaps and more ?

Extol not Riches then, the toyl of Fools,

The wise man's cumbrance, if not snare, more apt

To slacken Virtue, and abate her edge, 455

Than prompt her to do aught may merit praise.

What if with like aversion I reject

Riches and Realms ? yet not, for that a Crown,

Golden in shew, is but a wreath of thorns,

Brings dangers, troubles, cares, and sleepless nights

To him who wears the Regal Diadem, 460

When on his shoulders each man's burden lies :

For therein stands the Office of a King,

His Honour, Virtue, Merit and chief Praise,

That for the Publick all this weight he bears. 465

Yet he who reigns within himself, and rules

Passions, Desires, and Fears, is more a King ;

Which ev'ry wise and virtuous man attains :

And who attains not, ill aspires to rule

Cities of men or head-strong multitudes, 470

Subject himself to Anarchy within,

Or lawless Passions in him, which he serves.

But to guide Nations in the way of truth

By saving Doctrine, and from error lead

To know, and knowing worship God aright, 475

Is yet more Kingly ; this attracts the Soul,

Governs the inner man, the nobler part :

That other o'er the body only reigns ;

And oft by force, which to a gen'rous mind

34 PARADISE REGAIN'D. Book II.

So reigning, can be no sincere delight. 480
Besides, to give a Kingdom hath been thought
Greater and nobler done, and to lay down
Far more magnanimous, than to assume.
Riches are needless then, both for themselves,
And for thy reason why they should be sought, 485
To gain a Scepter, ofttest better miss'd.

The End of the Second Book.

8 MA 64





PARADISE REGAIN'D.

B O O K III.

So spake the Son of God ; and Satan stood
A while as mute, confounded what to
say,

What to reply, confuted and convinc'd
Of his weak arguing, and fallacious drift :
At length collecting all his Serpent wiles, 5
With soothing words renew'd, him thus accosts :

I see thou know'st what is of use to know,
What best to say canst say, to do canst do :
Thy actions to thy words accord, thy words
To thy large heart give utterance due ; thy heart to
Contains of good, wise, just, the perfect shape.
Should Kings and Nations, from thy mouth consult,
Thy Counsel would be as the Oracle

Urim and *Tbummim*, those oraculous gems
On *Aaron's* breast, or tongue of Seers old 15
Infallible ; or wert thou sought to deeds
That might require th'array of war, thy skill
Of conduct would be such, that all the world

Could

36 PARADISE REGAIN'D. Book III.

Could not sustain thy Prowess, or subsist
 In battle, though against thy few in arms. 20
 These God-like Virtues wherefore dost thou hide,
 Affecting private life, or more obscure
 In savage Wilderness? wherefore deprive
 All Earth her wonder at thy Acts, thyself
 The fame and glory; glory, the reward 25
 That sole excites to high attempts, the flame
 Of most erected Spirits, most temper'd pure
 Ætherial, who all pleasures else despise,
 All treasures and all gain esteem as dross,
 And dignities and pow'rs all but the highest? 30
 Thy years are ripe, and over-ripe; the son
 Of *Macedonian Philip* had ere these
 Won *Asia*, and the Throne of *Cyrus* held
 At his dispose; young *Scipio* had brought down
 The *Carthaginian* pride, young *Pompey* quell'd 35
 The *Pontic* King, and in triumph had rode.
 Yet years, and to ripe years judgment mature,
 Quench not the thirst of glory, but augment.
 Great *Julius*, whom now all the world admires,
 The more he grew in years, the more inflam'd 40
 With glory, wept that he had liv'd so long
 Inglorious: But thou yet art not too late.

To whom our Saviour calmly thus reply'd.
 Thou neither dost persuade me to seek wealth
 For Empire's sake, nor Empire to affect 45
 For glory's sake, by all thy argument.
 For what is Glory but the blaze of Fame,
 The People's praise, if always praise unmix'd?
 And what the People but a herd confus'd, 49

Book III. PARADISE REGAIN'D. 37

A miscellaneous rabble, who extol [praise?
Things vulgar, and well weigh'd scarce worth the
They praise and they admire they know not what ;
And know not whom, but as one leads the other :
And what delight to be by such extol'd,
To live upon their tongues, and be their talk, 55
Of whom to be disprais'd were no small praise?
His lot who dares be singularly good.
Th' intelligent among them and the wise
Are few, and glory scarce of few is rais'd.
This is true glory and renown, when God 60
Looking on th' Earth, with approbation marks
The just man, and divulges him through Heav'n
To all his Angels, who with true applause
Recount his praises ; thus he did to *Job*,
When to extend his Fame through Heav'n and Earth
35 (As thou to thy reproach mayst well remember)
He ask'd thee, hast thou seen my servant *Job* ?
Famous he was in Heav'n, on earth less known ;
Where glory is false glory, attributed
To things not glorious, men not worthy of fame.
40 They err, who count it glorious to subdue 71
By Conquest far and wide, to over-run
Large countries, and in field great Battles win,
Great Cities by assault : What do these Worthies,
But rob and spoil, burn, slaughter, and enslave 75
45 Peaceable Nations, neighbouring, or remote,
Made Captive, yet deserving freedom more
Than those their Conquerors, who leave behind
Nothing but ruin wherefo'er they rove,
49 And all the flourishing works of peace destroy ; 80
A Then

38 PARADISE REGAIN'D. Book III.

Then swell with Pride, and must be titled Gods,
Great Benefactors of mankind, Deliverers,
Worship'd with Temple, Priest and Sacrifice;
One is the Son of *Jove*, of *Mars* the other,
Till Conqu'ror Death discover them scarce men; 85
Rolling in brutish vices, and deform'd,
Violent or shameful death their due reward?
But if there be in glory aught of good,
It may by means far different be attain'd
Without ambition, war, or violence; 99
By deeds of peace, by wisdom eminent,
By patience, temperance. I mention still
Him whom thy wrongs with Saintly patience born,
Made famous in a land and times obscure;
Who names not now with honour patient *Job*? 95
Poor *Socrates* (who next more memorable?)
By what he taught and suffer'd for so doing,
For truth's sake suffering death unjust, lives now
Equal in fame to proudest Conquerors.
Yet if for fame and glory aught be done, 100
Aught suffer'd; if young *African* for fame
His wasted Country freed from *Punic* rage,
The deed becomes unprais'd, the man at least,
And loses, though but verbal, his reward.
Shall I seek glory then, as vain Men seek 103
Oft not deserv'd? I seek not mine, but his
Who sent me, and thereby witness whence I am.

To whom the Tempter murmur'ing thus reply'd:
Think not so slight of glory, therein least
Resembling thy great Father: he seeks glory, 110
And for his glory all things made, all things

Orders

Book III. PARADISE REGAIN'D. 39

Orders and governs, not content in Heav'n
By all his Angels glorify'd, requires
Glory from men, from all men, good or bad,
Wife or unwise, no difference, no exemption; 115
Above all Sacrifice, or hallow'd gift,
Glory he requires, and glory he receives
Promiscuous from all Nations, Jew, or Greek,
Or Barbarous, nor exception hath declar'd;
From us his foes pronounc'd glory he exacts. 120

To whom our Saviour fervently reply'd:
And reason, since his word all things produc'd,
Though chiefly not for glory as prime end,
But to shew forth his goodness, and impart
His good communicable t' ev'ry soul 125
Freely; of whom what could he less expect
Than glory and benediction, that is, thanks,
The slightest, easiest, readiest recompence
From them who could return him nothing else,
And not returning that would likeliest render 130
Contempt instead, dishonour, obloquy?
Hard recompence, unfutable return
For so much good, so much beneficence.
But why should man seek glory? who of his own
Hath nothing, and to whom nothing belongs 135
But condemnation, ignominy, and shame?
Who for so many benefits receiv'd,
Turn'd recreant to God, ingrate and false,
And so of all true good himself despoil'd;
Yet, sacrilegious, to himself would take 140
That which to God alone of right belongs:
Yet so much bounty is in God, such grace,
That

40 PARADISE REGAIN'D. Book III.

That who advance his glory, not their own,
Them he himself to glory will advance.

So spake the Son of God : and here again 145
Satan had not to answer, but stood struck
With guilt of his own sin ; for he himself
Insatiable of glory had lost all :
Yet of another Plea bethought him soon.

Of glory, as thou wilt, said he, so deem, 150
Worth or not worth the seeking, let it pass :
But to a Kingdom thou art born, ordain'd
To sit upon thy Father *David's* Throne ;
By Mother's side thy Father ; though thy right
Be now in pow'rful hands, that will not part 155
Easily from possession won with arms.

Judæa now and all the promis'd land,
Reduc'd a Province under *Roman* yoke,
Obeys *Tiberius* ; nor is always rul'd
With temp'rate sway ; oft have they violated 160
The Temple, oft the Law with foul affronts,
Abominations rather, as did once

Antiochus : and think'st thou to regain
Thy right by sitting still, or thus retiring ?
So did not *Macchabæus* : he indeed 165
Retir'd unto the Desert, but with arms ;
And o'er a mighty King so oft prevail'd,
That by strong hand his Family obtain'd,
Tho' Priests, the Crown, and *David's* Throne usurp'd,
With *Modin* and her suburbs once content. 170

If Kingdom move thee not, let move thee Zeal
And Duty ; Zeal and Duty are not slow,
But on Occasion's forelock watchful wait :

They

Book III. PARADISE REGAIN'D. 41

They themselves rather are occasion best;
Zeal of thy Father's house, Duty to free 175

Thy Country from her Heathen servitude;
So shalt thou best fulfil, best verifie
The Prophets old, who sung thy endless reign,
The happier reign the sooner it begins:
Reign then; what canst thou better do the while?

To whom our Saviour answer thus return'd.

All things are best fulfill'd in their due time,
And time there is for all things, Truth hath said:
If of my reign prophetic Writ hath told,
That it shall never end, so when begin 185

The Father in his Purpose hath decreed,
He in whose hand all times and seasons roll.
What if he hath decreed that I shall first
Be try'd in humble state, and things adverse,
By tribulations, injuries, insults, 190

Contempts, and scorns, and snares, and violence,
Suffering, abstaining, quietly expecting,
Without distrust or doubt, that he may know
What I can suffer, how obey? Who best
Can suffer, best can do; best reign, who first 195

Well hath obey'd; just trial ere I merit
My exaltation without change or end.
But what concerns it thee when I begin
My everlasting Kingdom, why art thou
Solicitous, what moves thy inquisition? 200

Know'st thou not that my rising is thy fall,
And my promotion will be thy destruction?

To whom the Tempter inly rack'd reply'd:
Let that come when it comes; all hope is lost

Of

42 PARADISE REGAIN'D. Book III.

Of my reception into grace; what worse? 205
 For where no hope is left, is left no fear;
 If there be worse, the expectation more
 Of worse torments me than the feeling can.
 I would be at the worst; worst is my Port,
 My harbour and my ultimate repose, 210
 The end I would attain, my final good.
 My error was my error, and my crime
 My crime: whatever, for it self condemn'd,
 And will alike be punish'd; whether thou
 Reign or reign not; though to that gentle brow
 Willingly I could fly, and hope thy reign, 215
 From that placid aspect and meek regard,
 Rather than aggravate my evil state,
 Would stand between me and thy Father's ire,
 (Whose ire I dread more than the Fire of Hell) 220
 A shelter, and a kind of shading cool
 Interposition, as a summer's cloud.
 If I then to the worst that can be haste,
 Why move thy feet so slow to what is best,
 Happiest both to thyself and all the world, 225
 That thou who worthiest art should'st be their King?
 Perhaps thou linger'st, in deep thoughts detain'd
 Of th' enterprize so hazardous and high:
 No wonder; for though in thee be united
 What of perfection can in man be found, 230
 Or human nature can receive, consider,
 Thy life hath yet been private, most part spent
 At home, scarce view'd the *Galilean* Towns,
 And once a-year *Jerusalem*, few days 234
 Short sojourn; and what thence could'st thou observe?

The

Book III. PARADISE REGAIN'D. 43

The world thou hast not seen, much less her glory,
Empires, and Monarchs, and their radiant Courts,
Best school of best experience, quickest Insight
In all things that to greatest Actions lead.

The wisest, unexperienc'd, will be ever 240

Tim'rous and loth, with novice modesty,
(As he who seeking Asses found a Kingdom)
Irresolute, unhardy, unadventrous:

But I will bring thee where thou soon shalt quit
Those rudiments, and see before thine eyes 245

The Monarchies of th'Earth, their pomp and state,
Sufficient introduction to inform

Thee, of thyself so apt, in regal Arts,
And regal Mysteries, that thou may'st know
How best their opposition to withstand. 250

With that (such pow'r was giv'n him then) he took
The Son of God up to a Mountain high.

It was a Mountain, at whose verdant feet
A spacious plain, out-stretch'd in circuit wide,
Lay pleasant; from his side two rivers flow'd, 255

Th' one winding, th' other straight, and left between
Fair Champain with less rivers intervein'd,
Then meeting join'd their Tribute to the Sea;

Fertile of corn the glebe, of oil and wine, 259

With herds the pastures throng'd, with flocks the hills;

Huge Cities and high tower'd, that well might seem

The seats of mightiest Monarchs, and so large

The Prospect was, that here and there was room

For barren desert fountainless and dry.

To this high mountain's top the Tempter brought
Our Saviour, and new train of words began.

Well

44 PARADISE REGAIN'D. Book III.

Well have we speeded, and o'er hill and dale,
 Forest and field, and flood, temples and tow'rs
 Cut shorter many a league; here thou behold'st
Assyria and her Empire's ancient bounds, 270
Araxes and the *Caspian* lake, thence on
 As far as *Indus* East, *Euphrates* West,
 And oft beyond; to South the *Persian* Bay,
 And inaccessible th' *Arabian* drought:
 Here *Nineveh*, of length within her wall 275
 Sev'ral days journey, built by *Ninus* old,
 Of that first golden Monarchy the seat,
 And seat of *Salmanassar*, whose success
Israel in long captivity still mourns;
 There *Babylon* the wonder of all tongues, 280
 As ancient, but rebuilt by him who twice
Judab and all thy Father *David's* house
 Led captive, and *Jerusalem* laid waste,
 Till *Cyrus* set them free; *Persepolis*,
 His City, there thou seest, and *Bactra* there; 285
Ecbatana her structure vast there shews,
 And *Hecatompylos* her hundred gates;
 There *Susa* by *Choaspes*, amber stream,
 The drink of none but Kings; of later fame
 Built by *Emathian* or by *Partbian* hands, 290
 The great *Seleucia*, *Nicibis*, and there
Artaxata, *Teredon*, *Ctesiphon*,
 Turning with easy eye thou mayst behold.
 All these the *Partbian*, now some Ages past,
 By great *Arfaces* led, who founded first 295
 That Empire, under his dominion holds,
 From the luxurious Kings of *Antioch* won.

And

Book III. PARADISE REGAIN'D. 45

And just in time thou com'st to have a view
Of his great Pow'r ; for now the *Parthian* King
In *Ctesiphon* hath gather'd all his Host 300

Against the *Scythian*, whose Incurfions wild
Have wasted *Sogdiana* ; to her aid
He marches now in haste ; see, though from far,
His thousands, in what Martial-equipage
They issue forth ! steel bows, and shafts their arms,
Of equal dread in flight, or in pursuit ; 306
All Horsemen, in which fight they most excel :
See how in warlike Muster they appear,
In rhombs and wedges, and half-moons and wings !

He lookt and saw what numbers numberless 310
The City-gates out-pour'd, light armed Troops
In coats of Mail and Military pride ;
In Mail their horses clad, yet fleet and strong,
Prauncing their riders bore, the flow'r and choice
Of many Provinces from bound to bound ; 315
From *Arachofia*, from *Candaor* East,
And *Margiana* to th' *Hircanian* cliffs
Of *Caucasus*, and dark *Iberian* dales,
From *Atropatia* and the neighb'ring plains
Of *Adiabene*, *Media*, and the South 320
Of *Sufana*, to *Balsara*'s haven.

He saw them in their forms of battel rang'd,
How quick they wheel'd, and flying behind them shot
Sharp fleet of arrowy show'rs against the face
Of their pursuers, and o'ercame by flight. 325
The field, all Iron, cast a gleaming brown,
Nor wanted clouds of foot, nor on each horn,
Cuirassiers all in steel for standing fight ;

Chariots

46 PARADISE REGAIN'D. Book III.

Chariots or Elephants endors'd with Tow'rs
 Of Archers, nor of lab'ring Pioneers, 330
 A multitude with Spades and Axes arm'd
 To lay hills plain, fell woods, or vallies fill,
 Or where plain was, raise hill, or overlay
 With bridges rivers proud, as with a yoke;
 Mules after these, Camels and Dromedaries, 335
 And Waggon's fraught with Utensils of war.
 Such forces met not, nor so wide a Camp,
 When *Agrican* with all his Northern pow'rs
 Besieg'd *Albracca*, as Romances tell,
 The City of *Gallapbrone*, from thence to win 350
 The fairest of her Sex *Angelica*,
 His daughter, fought by many prowest Knights,
 Both *Paynim*, and the Peers of *Charlemaine*.
 Such and so numerous was their Chivalry;
 At sight whereof the Fiend yet more presum'd, 345
 And to our Saviour thus his words renew'd.

That thou may'st know I seek not to engage
 Thy virtue, and not ev'ry way secure
 On no slight grounds thy safety; hear, and mark
 To what end I have brought thee hither, and shewn
 All this fair fight: thy Kingdom though foretold 351
 By Prophet or by Angel, unless thou
 Endeavour, as thy Father *David* did,
 Thou never shalt obtain; prediction still
 In all things, and all men, supposes means; 355
 Without means us'd, what it predicts revokes.
 But say thou wert possess'd of *David's* Throne
 By free consent of all, none opposite,
Samaritan or *Jew*; how could'st thou hope

Long

Book III. PARADISE REGAIN'D. 47

Long to enjoy it quiet and secure, 360
Between two such enclosing enemies,
Roman, and *Parthian*? therefore one of these
Thou must make sure thy own, the *Parthian* first,
By my advice, as nearer and of late
Found able by invasion to annoy 365
Thy country, and captive lead away her Kings
Antigenus and old *Hyrceanus* bound,
Maugre the *Roman*: it shall be my task
To render thee the *Parthian* at dispose;
Chuse which thou wilt by conquest or by league. 370
By him thou shalt regain, without him not,
That which alone can truly reinstal thee
In *David's* royal Seat, his true Successor,
Deliv'rance of thy brethren, those ten Tribes
Whose offspring in his Territory yet serve 375
In *Haber*, and among the *Medes* dispers'd.
Ten Sons of *Jacob*, two of *Joseph*, lost
Thus long from *Israel*; serving, as of old
Their Fathers in the land of *Egypt* serv'd,
This offer sets before thee to deliver. 380
These if from servitude thou shalt restore
To their inheritance, then, nor till then,
Thou on the Throne of *David* in full glory,
From *Egypt* to *Euphrates*, and beyond
Shalt reign, and *Rome* or *Cæsar* not need fear. 385
To whom our Saviour answer'd thus unmov'd.
Much ostentation vain of fleshly arm,
And fragile arms, much instrument of war
Long in preparing, soon to nothing brought,
Before mine eyes thou'st set; and in my ear 390
Vented

48 PARADISE REGAIN'D. Book III.

Vented much policy, and projects deep
 Of enemies, of aids, battels and leagues,
 Plausible to the World, to me worth nought.
 Means I must use thou say'st, prediction else
 Will unpredict and fail me of the Throne : 395
 My time I told thee (and that time for thee
 Were better farthest off) is not yet come ;
 When that comes, think not thou to find me slack
 On my part aught endeav'ring, or to need
 Thy politic maxims, or that cumbersome 400
 Luggage of War there shewn me, argument
 Of human weakness rather than of strength.
 My Brethren, as thou call'st them, those ten Tribes
 I must deliver, if I mean to reign
 David's true heir, and his full Scepter sway 405
 To just extent over all *Israel's* Sons.
 But whence to thee this zeal, where was it then
 For *Israel*, or for *David*, or his Throne,
 When thou stood'st up his Tempter to the pride
 Of numb'ring *Israel*, which cost the lives 410
 Of threescore and ten thousand *Israelites*
 By three days Pestilence ? such was thy zeal
 To *Israel* then, the same that now to me.
 As for those captive Tribes, themselves were they
 Who wrought their own captivity, fell off 415
 From God to worship Calves, the Deities
 Of *Egypt*, *Baal* next and *Ashtaroth* ;
 And all th'Idolatries of Heathen round,
 Besides their other worse than heath'nish crimes ;
 Nor in the land of their captivity 420
 Humbled themselves, or penitent besought

The

Book III. PARADISE REGAIN'D. 49

The God of their Fore-fathers ; but so dy'd
Impenitent, and left a race behind
Like to themselves, distinguishable scarce
From Gentiles, but by Circumcision vain, 425
And God with Idols in their Worship join'd.
Should I of these the liberty regard,
Who freed, as to their ancient Patrimony,
Unhumbled, unrepentant, unreform'd,
Headlong wou'd follow ; and to their Gods perhaps
Of *Bethel* and of *Dan*? no, let them serve 431
Their enemies, who serve Idols with God.
Yet he at length, time to himself best known,
Remembring *Abraham*, by some wondrous call
May bring them back repentant and sincere, 435
And at their passing cleave th' *Assyrian* flood,
While to their native land with joy they haste ;
As the Red Sea and *Jordan* once he cleft,
When to the promis'd land their Fathers pass'd ;
To his due time and providence I leave them. 440
So spake *Israel*'s true King ; and to the Fiend
Made answer meet, that made void all his wiles.
So fares it when with truth falshood contends.

8 MA 64

The End of the Third Book.





PARADISE REGAIN'D.

B O O K IV.



Erplex'd and troubled at his bad success
The Tempter stood, nor had what to
reply,
Discover'd in his fraud, thrown from his
hope

So oft, and the persuasive Rhetoric
That sleek'd his tongue, and won so much on *Eve*, 5
So little here, nay lost; but *Eve* was *Eve*,
This far his over-match, who self-deceiv'd
And rash, before-hand had no better weigh'd
The strength he was to cope with or his own:
But as a man who had been matchless held 10
In cunning, over-reach'd where least he thought,
To salve his credit, and for very spight
Still will be tempting him who foils him still,
And never cease, though to his shame the more;
Or as a swarm of flies in vintage-time, 15
About the wine-press where sweet must is pour'd,
Beat off, returns as oft with humming sound;

Book IV. PARADISE REGAIN'D. 51

Or surging waves against a solid rock,
Though all to shivers dash'd, th' assault renew,
Vain batt'ry, and in froth or bubbles end; 20

So Satan, whom repulse upon repulse
Met ever, and to shameful silence brought,
Yet gives not o'er though desp'rate of success,
And his vain importunity pursues.

He brought our Saviour to the western side 25
Of that high mountain, whence he might behold
Another plain, long, but in breadth not wide,
Wash'd by the Southern Sea, and on the North
To equal length back'd with a ridge of hills,
That screen'd the fruits of th'earth and seats of men
From cold *Septentrion* blasts, thence in the midst 31
Divided by a river, of whose banks

On each side an Imperial City stood,
With Tow'rs and Temples proudly elevate
On sev'n small Hills, with Palaces adorn'd, 35
Porches and Theatres, Baths, Aqueducts,
Statues and Trophies, and Triumphal Arcs,
Gardens and Groves presented to his eyes,
Above the height of Mountains interpos'd.
By what strange Parallax or Optic skill 40
Of Vision multiply'd through air, or Glass
Of Telescope, were curious to enquire:
And now the Tempter thus his silence broke.

The City which thou see'st no other deem
Than great and glorious *Rome*, Queen of the Earth 45
So far renown'd, and with the spoils enrich'd
Of Nations: there the Capitol thou see'st
Above the rest lifting his stately head

52 PARADISE REGAIN'D. Book IV.

On the *Tarpeian* Rock, her Citadel
 Impregnable; and there Mount *Palatine* 50
 Th' Imperial Palace, compass huge and high
 The Structure, skill of noblest Architects,
 With gilded battlements, conspicuous far,
 Turrets and Terrasses, and glitt'ring Spires.
 Many a fair Edifice besides, more like 55
 Houses of Gods (so well I have dispos'd
 My airy Microscope) thou may'st behold
 Outside and inside both, pillars and roofs,
 Carv'd work, the hand of fam'd Artificers
 In Cedar, Marble, Ivory or Gold. 60
 Thence to the Gates cast round thine eye, and see
 What conflux issuing forth, or entring in,
 Pretors, Proconsuls to their Provinces
 Hastning or on return, in robes of State;
 Lictors and rods the ensigns of their pow'r, 65
 Legions and Cohorts, turmes of horse, and wings:
 Or Embassies from Regions far remote
 In various habits on the *Appian* road,
 Or on th' *Emilian*; some from farthest South,
Syene, and where the shadow both way falls, 70
Meroe *Nilotic* Isle, and more to West,
 The Realm of *Bocbus* to the Black-moor Sea;
 From th' *Asian* Kings and *Partbian* among these,
 From *India* and the golden *Cbersones*,
 And utmost *Indian* Isle *Taprobane*, 75
 Dusk faces with white silken Turbants wreath'd;
 From *Gallia*, *Gades*, and the *British* West,
Germans and *Scythians*, and *Sarmatians* North
 Beyond *Danubius* to the *Tauric* Pool.

Book IV. PARADISE REGAIN'D. 53

All Nations now to *Rome* obedience pay, 80
 To *Rome's* great Emperor, whose wide domain
 In ample Territory, Wealth and Pow'r,
 Civility of Manners, Arts and Arms,
 And long Renown, thou justly may'st prefer
 Before the *Partbian*; these two Thrones except, 85
 The rest are barb'rous, and scarce worth the sight,
 Shar'd among petty Kings too far remov'd:
 These having shewn thee, I have shewn thee all
 The Kingdoms of the World, and all their glory.
 This Emp'ror hath no Son, and now is old, 90
 Old and lascivious, and from *Rome* retir'd
 To *Capreae*, an Island small but strong
 On the *Campanian* shore, with purpose there
 His horrid lusts in private to enjoy,
 Committing to a wicked Favourite 95
 All public cares, and yet of him suspicious,
 Hated of all, and hating: With what ease,
 Indu'd with Regal Virtues as thou art,
 Appearing, and beginning noble deeds,
 Might'st thou expel this Monster from his Throne,
 Now made a stye, and in his place ascending, 100
 A victor, people free from servile yoke?
 And with my help thou may'st; to me the pow'r
 Is giv'n, and by that right I give it thee.
 Aim therefore at no less than all the world, 105
 Aim at the highest; without the highest attain'd
 Will be for thee no sitting, or not long
 On *David's* Throne, be prophesy'd what will.

To whom the Son of God unmov'd reply'd,
 Nor doth this grandeur and majestick show 110
 D 3 Of

54 PARADISE REGAIN'D. Book IV.

Of luxury, though call'd magnificence,
 More than of Arms before, allure mine eye,
 Much less my mind; though thou should'st add to tell
 Their sumptuous gluttonies, and gorgeous feasts
 On *Cittron* tables or *Atlantic* stone, 115
 (For I have also heard, perhaps have read)
 Their wines of *Setia*, *Cales*, and *Falerno*,
Cbios and *Crete*, and how they quaff in Gold,
 Crystal and Myrrhine cups imboss'd with Gems
 And studs of Pearl, to me shou'dst tell, who thirst
 And hunger still: then Embassies thou shew'st 121
 From Nations far and nigh; what honour that,
 But tedious waste of time to sit and hear
 So many hollow compliments and lies,
 Outlandish flatteries? then proceed'st to talk 125
 Of th'Emperor, how easily subdu'd,
 How gloriously; I shall, thou say'st, expel
 A brutish monster: what if I withal
 Expel a Devil who first made him such?
 Let his tormenter Conscience find him out; 130
 For him I was not sent, nor yet to free
 That People, victor once, now vile and base,
 Deservedly made vassal; who once just,
 Frugal, and mild, and temp'rate, conquer'd well,
 But govern ill the Nations under yoke, 135
 Peeling their Provinces, exhausted all
 By lust and rapine; first ambitious grown
 Of triumph, that insulting vanity;
 Then cruel, by their sports to blood enur'd
 Of fighting beasts, and men to beasts expos'd, 140
 Luxurious by their wealth, and greedier still,
 And

Book IV. PARADISE REGAIN'D. 55

And from the daily Scene effeminate.

What wise and valiant Man would seek to free
These thus degen'rate, by themselves enslav'd,
Or could of inward slaves make outward free? 145
Know therefore, when my season comes to fit
On *David's* Throne, it shall be like a Tree,
Spreading and overshad'wing all the Earth,
Or as a Stone that shall to pieces dash
All Monarchies besides throughout the World; 150
And of my Kingdom there shall be no end :
Means there shall be to this, but what the means,
Is not for thee to know, nor me to tell.

To whom the Tempter impudent reply'd :
I see all offers made by me how slight 155
Thou valu'st, because offer'd, and reject'st:
Nothing will please the difficult and nice,
Or nothing more than still to contradict.
On th'other side, know also thou, that I
On what I offer set as high esteem, 160
Nor what I part with mean to give for nought;
All these which in a moment thou behold'st,
The Kingdoms of the World to thee I give;
(For giv'n to me, I give to whom I please,
No trifle ;) yet with this reserve, not else 165
On this condition, if thou wilt fall down,
And worship me as thy superior Lord,
Easily done, and hold them all of me :
For what can less so great a gift deserve ?

Whom thus our Saviour answer'd with disdain.
I never lik'd thy talk, thy offers less, 171
Now both abhor, since thou hast dar'd to utter

56 PARADISE REGAIN'D. Book IV.

Th' abominable terms, impious condition :
 But I endure the time, till which expir'd,
 Thou hast permission on me. It is written, 175
 The first of all Commandments, Thou shalt worship
 The Lord thy God, and only him shalt serve ;
 And dar'st thou to the Son of God propound
 To worship thee accurst, now more accurst
 For this attempt, bolder than that on *Eve*, 180
 And more blasphemous ? which expect to rue.
 The Kingdoms of the World to thee were giv'n,
 Permitted rather, and by thee usurp'd ;
 Other donation none thou canst produce :
 If giv'n, by whom but by the King of Kings, 185
 God over all Supreme ? if giv'n to thee,
 By thee how fairly is the Giver now
 Repaid ? But gratitude in thee is lost
 Long since. Wert thou so void of fear or shame,
 As offer them to me the Son of God, 190
 To me my own, on such abhorred pact,
 That I fall down and worship thee as God ?
 Get thee behind me ; plain thou now appear'st
 That evil one, Satan for ever damn'd.

To whom the Fiend, with fear abasht, reply'd :
 Be not so sore offended, Son of God, 196
 (Though Sons of God both Angels are and Men)
 If I to try whether in higher sort
 Than these thou bear'st that title, have propos'd
 What both from Men and Angels I receive, 200
 Tetrarchs of fire, air, flood, and on the earth
 Nations besides from all the quarter'd winds,
 God of this world invok'd and world beneath ;

Who

Who then thou art whose coming is foretold
 To me so fatal, me it most concerns. 205
 The trial hath endamag'd thee no way,
 Rather more honour left and more esteem;
 Me nought advantag'd, missing what I aim'd.
 Therefore let pass, as they are transitory,
 The Kingdoms of this world; I shall no more 210
 Advise thee, gain them as thou canst, or not.
 And thou thyself seem'st otherwise inclin'd
 Than to a worldly Crown, addicted more
 To contemplation and profound dispute;
 As by that early action may be judg'd, 215
 When slipping from thy Mother's eye thou went'st
 Alone into the Temple; there was found
 Among the gravest Rabbies, disputant
 On points and questions sitting *Moses'* Chair,
 Teaching not taught; the childhood shews the man,
 As morning shews the day. Be famous then 221
 By wisdom; as thy Empire must extend,
 So let extend thy mind o'er all the world
 In knowledge, all things in it comprehend:
 All knowledge is not couch'd in *Moses'* Law, 225
 The *Pentateuch*, or what the Prophets wrote;
 The *Gentiles* also know, and write, and teach
 To admiration, led by Nature's light;
 And with the *Gentiles* much thou must converse,
 Ruling them by persuasion, as thou mean'st; 230
 Without their learning how wilt thou with them,
 Or they with thee hold conversation meet?
 How wilt thou reason with them, how refute
 Their Idolisms, Traditions, Paradoxes?

58 PARADISE REGAIN'D. Book IV.

Error by his own arms is best evinc'd. 235
 Look once more ere we leave this specular Mount
 Westward, much nearer by South-west, behold
 Where on th' *Ægean* shore a City stands
 Built nobly, pure the air, and light the soil,
Athens the eye of *Greece*, Mother of Arts 240
 And Eloquence, native to famous wits,
 Or hospitable; in her sweet recess,
 City or Suburb, studious walks and shades:
 See there the Olive Grove of *Academe*,
Plato's retirement, where the *Attic* Bird 245
 Trills her thick-warbled notes the summer long:
 There flow'ry hill *Hymettus*, with the sound
 Of Bees industrious murmur, oft invites
 To studious musing; there *Ilissus* rolls
 His whisp'ring stream. Within the walls then view
 The Schools of ancient Sages; his, who bred 251
 Great *Alexander* to subdue the World,
Lyceum there, and painted *Stoa* next:
 There thou shalt hear and learn the secret pow'r
 Of harmony in tones and numbers hit 255
 By voice or hand, and various-measur'd verse,
Æolian Charms and *Dorian* *Lyris* Odes;
 And his who gave them breath, but higher sung,
 Blind *Melesigenes*, thence *Homer* call'd,
 Whose Poem *Phæbus* challeng'd for his own. 260
 Thence what the lofty grave Tragedians taught
 In *Chorus* or *Iambic*, teachers best
 Of moral prudence, with delight receiv'd,
 In brief sententious precepts, while they treat
 Of fate and chance, and change in human life; 265
 High

Book IV. PARADISE REGAIN'D. 59

High actions, and high passions best describing.
 Thence to the famous Orators repair,
 Those ancient, whose resistless eloquence
 Wielded at will that fierce Democra^tie,
 Shook the Arsenal, and fulmin'd over *Greece* 270
 To *Macedon*, and *Artaxerxes'* Throne.
 To sage Philosophy next lend thine ear,
 From Heav'n descended to the low-rooft house
 Of *Socrates*; see there his Tenement,
 Whom well inspir'd the Oracle pronounc'd 275
 Wisest of men; from whose mouth issu'd forth
 Mellifluous streams, that water'd all the Schools
 Of *Academics* old and new; with those
 Sirnam'd *Peripatetics*, and the Sect
Epicurean, and the *Stoic* severe. 280

These here revolve, or, as thou lik'st, at home,
 Till time mature thee to a Kingdom's weight;
 These rules will render thee a King compleat
 Within thyself, much more with Empire join'd.

To whom our Saviour sagely thus reply'd 285
 Think not, but that I know these things, or think
 I know them not; not therefore am I short
 Of knowing what I ought: he who receives
 Light from above, from the fountain of light,
 No other Doctrine needs, though granted true; 290
 But these are false, or little else but dreams,
 Conjectures, fancies, built on nothing firm.
 The first and wisest of them all profess'd
 To know this only, that he nothing knew;
 The next to fabling fell, and smooth conceits; 295
 A third sort doubted all things, though plain sense;
 Others

Others in virtue plac'd felicity,
 But virtue joyn'd with riches and long life;
 In corporal pleasure he, and careless ease:
 The Stoic last in Philosophic pride, 300
 By him call'd virtue, and his virtuous man,
 Wise, perfect in himself, and all possessing
 Equal to God, oft shames not to prefer,
 As fearing God nor man, contemning all 304
 Wealth, pleasure, pain or torment, death and life;
 Which when he lists, he leaves, or boasts he can:
 For all his tedious talk is but vain boast,
 Or subtle shifts conviction to evade.
 Alas what can they teach, and not mislead;
 Ignorant of themselves, of God much more, 310
 And how the world began, and how man fell
 Degraded by himself, on grace depending?
 Much of the Soul they talk, but all awry;
 And in themselves seek virtue, and to themselves
 All glory arrogate, to God give none; 315
 Rather accuse him under usual names,
 Fortune and Fate, as one regardless quite
 Of mortal things. Who therefore seeks in these
 True wisdom, finds her not; or by delusion
 Far worse, her false resemblance only meets 320
 An empty cloud. However many books,
 Wise men have said, are wearisom; who reads
 Incessantly, and to his reading brings not
 A spirit and judgment equal or superior,
 (And what he brings, what needs he elsewhere seek)
 Uncertain and unsettled still remains, 326
 Deep vers'd in books and shallow in himself,

Crude

Book IV. PARADISE REGAIN'D. 61

Crude or intoxicate, collecting toys,
 And trifles for choice matters, worth a sponge;
 As Children gath'ring pebbles on the shore. 330
 Or if I would delight my private hours
 With Music or with Poem, where so soon
 As in our native Language can I find
 That solace? All our Law and Story strew'd
 With Hymns, our Psalms with artful terms inscrib'd,
 Our Hebrew Songs and Harps, in *Babylon*, 336
 That pleas'd so well our Victors ear, declare
 That rather *Greece* from us these arts deriv'd;
 Ill imitated, while they loudest sing
 The vices of their Deities, and their own 340
 In Fable, Hymn, or Song, so personating
 Their Gods ridiculous, and themselves past shame.
 Remove their swelling Epithets, thick laid
 As varnish on a Harlot's cheek; the rest,
 Thin sown with aught of profit or delight, 345
 Will far be found unworthy to compare
 With *Sion's* songs, to all true tastes excelling,
 Where God is prais'd aright, and God-like men,
 The Holiest of Holies, and his Saints:
 Such are from God inspir'd, not such from thee; 350
 Unless where moral virtue is express'd
 By light of Nature, not in all quite lost.
 Their Orators thou then extoll'st, as those
 The top of Eloquence; Statists indeed,
 And lovers of their Country, as may seem; 355
 But herein to our prophets far beneath,
 As men divinely taught, and better teaching
 The solid rules of civil Government,

In

In their Majestic unaffected style,
Than all the Oratory of *Greece* and *Rome*. 360

In them is plainest taught, and easiest learnt
What makes a Nation happy, and keeps it so ;
What ruins Kingdoms, and lays Cities flat :
These only with our Law best form a King.

So spake the Son of God ; but Satan now 365
Quite at a loss (for all his darts were spent)
Thus to our Saviour with stern brow reply'd ,

Since neither wealth, nor honour, arms nor arts,
Kingdom nor Empire pleases thee, nor aught
By me propos'd in life contemplative, 370

Or active, tended on by glory, or fame,
What dost thou in this World ? the Wilderness
For thee is fittest place ; I found thee there,
And thither will return thee : yet remember
What I foretel thee, soon thou shalt have cause
To wish thou never hadst rejected thus 375

Nicely or cautiously my offer'd aid,
Which would have set thee in short time with ease
On *David's* Throne, or Throne of all the world ;
Now at full age, fulness of time, thy season 380
When Prophecies of thee are best fulfill'd.

Now contrary, if I read aught in Heav'n,
Or Heav'n write aught of Fate, by what the Stars
Voluminous, or single Characters,

In their conjunction met, give me to spell, 385
Sorrows and labours, opposition, hate,

Attends thee, scorns, reproaches, injuries,
Violence and stripes, and lastly cruel death :

A Kingdom they portend thee, but what Kingdom,
Real

Book IV. PARADISE REGAIN'D. 63

Real or Allegoric, I discern not, 390
Nor when ; eternal sure, as without end,
Without beginning ; for no date prefixt
Directs me in the Starry Rubric set.

So saying, he took, (for still he knew his Pow'r
Not yet expir'd) and to the Wilderness 395

Brought back the Son of God, and left him there,
Feigning to disappear. Darknes now rose,
As day-light sunk, and brought in lowring night,
Her shad'wy offspring, unsubstantial both,
Privation meer of light and absent day. 400

Our Saviour meek and with untroubled mind,
After his airy jaunt, though hurry'd fore,
Hungry and cold, betook him to his rest,
Wherever under some concourse of shades, 404

Whose branching arms thick intertwin'd might shield
From dews and damps of night his shelter'd head ;
But shelter'd slept in vain ; for at his head
The Tempter watch'd, and soon with ugly dreams.

Disturb'd his sleep : and either Tropic now 409
'Gan thunder, and both ends of Heav'n. The clouds
From many a horrid rift abortive pour'd

Fierce rain with lightning mixt, water with fire
In ruin reconcil'd : nor slept the winds

Within their stony caves, but rush'd abroad
From the four hinges of the world, and fell 415

On the vext Wilderness, whose tallest Pines,
Though rooted deep as high, and sturdiest Oaks.

Bow'd their stiff necks, loaden with stormy blasts
Or torn up sheer : ill wast thou shrouded then,

O patient Son of God, yet only stoodst 420
Un-

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64 PARADISE REGAIN'D. Book IV.

Unshaken : nor yet staid the terror there ;
 Infernal Ghosts, and Hellish Furies, round
 Environ'd thee, some howl'd, some yell'd, some
 shriek'd,

Some bent at thee their fiery darts, while thou
 Sat'st unappal'd in calm and sinless Peace. 425

Thus pass'd the night so foul, till morning fair
 Came forth with Pilgrim steps in amice gray ;
 Who with her radiant finger still'd the roar
 Of thunder, chas'd the clouds, and laid the winds,
 And grisly Spectres, which the Fiend had rais'd, 430
 To tempt the Son of God with terrors dire.

And now the Sun with more effectual beams
 Had cheer'd the face of Earth, and dry'd the wet
 From drooping plant, or dropping tree ; the birds,
 Who all things now beheld more fresh and green,
 After a night of storm so ruinous, 436
 Clear'd up their choicest notes in bush and spray
 To gratulate the sweet return of morn.

Nor yet amidst this joy and brightest morn
 Was absent, after all his mischief done, 440
 The Prince of darkness ; glad would also seem
 Of this fair change, and to our Saviour came ;
 Yet with no new device, they all were spent,
 Rather by this his last affront resolv'd,
 Desp'rate of better course, to vent his rage, 445
 And mad despight to be so oft repell'd.

Him walking on a Sunny hill he found,
 Back'd on the North and West by a thick wood ;
 Out of the wood he starts in wonted shape,
 And in a careless mood thus to him said, 450
 Fair

Book IV. PARADISE REGAIN'D. 65

Fair morning yet betides thee Son of God,
After a dismal night ; I hear'd the rack
As Earth and Sky would mingle ; but myself
Was distant ; and these flaws, though mortals fear
them,

As dang'rous to the pillar'd frame of Heav'n, 455
Or to the Earth's dark basis underneath,

Are to the main as inconsiderable,
And harmless, if not wholesom, as a sneeze
To man's less universe, and soon are gone :

Yet as being oft-times noxious where they light 460

On man, beast, plant, wastful and turbulent,

Like turbulencies in the affairs of men,

Over whose heads they roar, and seem to point,

They oft fore-signify, and threaten ill.

This Tempest at this Desert most was bent ; 465

Of men at thee, for only thou here dwell'st.

Did I not tell thee, if thou didst reject

The perfect season offer'd with my aid

To win thy destin'd seat, but wilt prolong

All to the push of Fate ? pursue thy way 470

Of gaining *David's* Throne no man knows when,

(For both the when and how is no where told)

Thou shalt be what thou art ordain'd, no doubt ;

For Angels have proclaim'd it, but concealing

The time and means : each act is rightliest done, 475

Not when it must, but when it may be best.

If thou observe not this, be sure to find,

What I foretold thee, many a hard assay

Of dangers, and adversities, and pains,

Ere thou of *Israel's* Scepter get fast hold ; 480

Whereof

66 PARADISE REGAIN'D. Book IV.

Whereof this ominous night that clos'd thee round,
So many terrors, voices, prodigies
May warn thee as a sure fore-going sign.

So talk'd he ; while the Son of God went on
And staid not, but in brief him answer'd thus. 485

Me worse than wet thou find'st not ; other harm
Those terrors which thou speak'st of, did me none ;
I never fear'd they could, though noising loud
And threatning nigh : what they can do as signs
Betok'ning, or ill boding, I contemn 490

As false portents, not sent from God, but thee ;
Who knowing I shall reign past thy preventing,
Obtrud'st thy offer'd aid, that I accepting
At least might seem to hold all pow'r of thee,
Ambitious spirit, and wou'dst be thought my God,
And storm'st refus'd, thinking to terrify 496
Me to thy will ; desist (thou art discern'd
And toil'st in vain) nor me in vain molest.

To whom the Fiend now swoln with rage re-
ply'd :

Then hear, O Son of *David*, Virgin-born, 500
(For Son of God to me is yet in doubt)

Of the Messiah I have heard foretold
By all the Prophets ; of thy birth at length
Announc'd by *Gabriel* with the first I knew,
And of th' Angelic Song in *Betlehem* field, 505
On thy birth-night, that 'fung thee Saviour born :
From that time seldom have I ceas'd to eye
Thy infancy, thy childhood, and thy youth,
Thy manhood last, though yet in private bred ;
Till at the Ford of *Jordan*, whither all 510

Flock'd

Book IV. PARADISE REGAIN'D. 67

Flock'd to the Baptist, I among the rest,
(Though not to be baptiz'd,) by voice from Heav'n
Heard thee pronounc'd the Son of God belov'd.
Thenceforth I thought thee worth my nearer view
And narrower scrutiny, that I might learn 515
In what degree or meaning thou art call'd
The Son of God, which bears no single sense :
The Son of God I also am, or was,
And if I was, I am ; relation stands :
All men are Sons of God ; yet thee I thought 520
In some respect far higher so declar'd.
Therefore I watch'd thy footsteps from that hour,
And follow'd thee still on to this waste wild ;
Where by all best conjectures I collect
Thou art to be my fatal enemy. 525
Good reason then, if I before-hand seek
To understand my Adversary, who
And what he is ; his wisdom, pow'r, intent ;
By parl, or composition, truce or league
To win him, or win from him what I can. 530
An opportunity I here have had
To try thee, sift thee ; and confess have found thee
Proof against all temptation as a rock
Of Adamant, and as a Center, firm,
To th' utmost of mere man both wise and good, 535
Not more ; for Honours, Riches, Kingdoms, Glory
Have been before contemn'd, and may again.
Therefore to know what more thou art than man,
Worth naming Son of God by voice from Heav'n,
Another method I must now begin. 540
So saying, he caught him up, and without wing
Of

68 PARADISE REGAIN'D. Book IV.

Of *Hippogrif*, bore through the Air sublime
 Over the Wilderness and o'er the Plain ;
 Till underneath them fair *Jerusalem*,
 The holy City, lifted high her Tower's, 545
 And higher yet the glorious Temple rear'd
 Her pile, far off appearing like a Mount
 Of Alabaster, topt with Golden Spires :
 There on the highest Pinnacle he set
 The Son of God ; and added thus in scorn. 550
 There stand, if thou wilt stand ; to stand upright
 Will ask thee skill ; I to thy Father's house
 Have brought thee, and highest plac'd ; highest is
 best.

Now shew thy Progeny ; if not to stand,
 Cast thyself down ; safely, if Son of God : 555
 For it is written, He will give command
 Concerning thee to his Angels, in their hands
 They shall uplift thee, lest at any time
 Thou chance to dash thy foot against a stone.

To whom thus Jesus : Also it is written, 560
 Tempt not the Lord thy God : he said and stood.
 But Satan smitten with amazement fell.

As when Earth's Son *Antæus* (to compare
 Small things with greatest) in *Irassa* strove
 With *Jove's Alcides*, and oft foil'd still rose, 565
 Receiving from his mother Earth new strength,
 Fresh from his fall and fiercer grapple join'd,
 Throttled at length in th' Air expir'd and fell :
 So after many a foil the Tempter proud,
 Renewing fresh assaults, amidst his pride 570
 Fell whence he stood to see his Victor fall.

And

Book IV. PARADISE REGAIN'D. 69

And as that *Tbeban* monster that propos'd
Her riddle, and him, who solv'd it not, devour'd ;
That once found out and solv'd, for grief and spight
Cast herself headlong from th' *Ismenian* steep ; 575
So strook with dread and anguish fell the Fiend,
And to his crew that sat consulting, brought
Joyless Triumphals of his hop'd success,
Ruin, and desperation, and dismay,
Who durst so proudly tempt the Son of God. 580
So Satan fell ; and straight a fiery Globe
Of Angels on full sail of wing flew nigh,
Who on their plummy Vans receiv'd him soft
From his uneasy station, and upbore
As on a floating couch through the blithe Air ; 585
Then in a flow'ry valley set him down
On a green bank, and set before him spread
A Table of Celestial Food, Divine,
Ambrosial fruits, fetcht from the Tree of Life,
And from the Fount of Life Ambrosial drink, 590
That soon refresh'd him weary'd, and repair'd
What hunger, if aught hunger had impair'd,
Or thirst ; and as he fed, Angelic Choirs
Sung Heav'nly Anthems of his Victory
Over temptation, and the Tempter proud. 595
True Image of the Father, whether thron'd
In the bosom of bliss, and light of light
Conceiving, or remote from Heav'n, enshrin'd
In fleshly Tabernacle, and human form,
Wand'ring the Wilderness, whatever place, 600
Habit or state, or motion, still expressing
The Son of God, with God-like force indu'd
Against

70 PARADISE REGAIN'D. Book IV.

Against th' Attempter of thy Father's Throne,
 And Thief of Paradise; him long of old
 Thou didst debel, and down from Heaven cast 605
 With all his Army; now thou hast aveng'd
 Supplanted *Adam*, and by vanquishing
 Temptation, hast regain'd lost Paradise;
 And frustrated the conquest fraudulent:
 He never more henceforth will dare set foot 610
 In paradise to tempt; his snares are broke.
 For though that seat of earthly blifs be fail'd,
 A fairer Paradise is founded now
 For *Adam* and his chosen Sons, whom thou
 A Saviour art come down to re-instal, 615
 Where they shall dwell secure, when time shall be,
 Of Tempter and Temptation without fear.
 But thou, Infernal Serpent, shalt not long
 Rule in the Clouds; like an Autumnal Star,
 Or Lightning, thou shalt fall from Heav'n, trod
 down 620
 Under his feet: for proof, ere this thou feel'st
 Thy wound, yet not thy last and deadliest wound,
 By this repulse receiv'd, and hold'st in Hell
 No triumph: in all her Gates *Abaddon* rues
 Thy bold Attempt; hereafter learn with aw 625
 To dread the Son of God: he all unarm'd
 Shall chase thee with the terror of his voice
 From thy Demoniac holds, possession foul,
 Thee and thy Legions; yelling they shall fly,
 And beg to hide them in a herd of Swine, 630
 Lest he command them down into the deep,
 Bound, and to torment sent before their time.

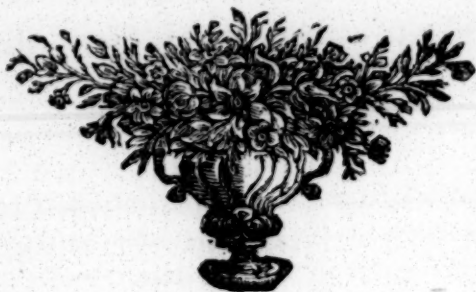
Hail

Book IV. PARADISE REGAIN'D. 71

Hail Son of the most High, heir of both Worlds,
Queller of Satan, on thy glorious work
Now enter, and begin to save mankind. 635

Thus they the Son of God our Saviour meek
Sung Victor, and from Heav'nly Feast refresh'd
Brought on his way with joy ; he unobserv'd
Home to his Mother's house private return'd.

T H E E N D .



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SAMSON AGONISTES;

A

Dramatic P O E M.


The AUTHOR

JOHN MILTON.

Aristot. Poet. Cap. 6.

Τραγῳδία μίμησις πράξεως σπουδαίας, &c.

Tragoedia est imitatio actionis seriae, &c. per misericordiam & metum perficiens talium affectuum lustrationem.






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*Of that sort of Dramatic Poem
which is call'd Tragedy.*

RAGEDY, as it was anciently compos'd, hath been ever held the gravest, morallest, and most profitable of all other Poems: therefore said by *Aristotle* to be of power, by raising pity and fear, or terror, to purge the mind of those and such like Passions, that is, to temper, and reduce them to just measure with a kind of delight, stirr'd up by reading or seeing those Passions well imitated. Nor is Nature wanting in her own effects to make good his assertion; for so in Physic things of melancholic hue and quality are us'd against Melancholy, four against four, salt to remove salt Humours. Hence Philosophers, and other gravest Writers, as *Cicero*, *Plutarch*, and others, frequently cite out of Tragic Poets, both to adorn and illustrate their discourse. The Apostle *Paul* himself thought it not unworthy to insert a verse of *Euripides* into the Text of Holy Scripture, 1 Cor. xv. 33. and *Paræus* commenting on the *Revelation*, divides the whole Book as a Tragedy, into Acts, distinguish'd each by a Chorus of Heavenly Harpings,

ings, and Song between. Heretofore Men in highest dignity have laboured not a little to be thought able to compose a Tragedy. Of that honour *Dionysius* the elder was no less ambitious, than before of his attaining to the Tyranny. *Augustus Cæsar* also had begun his *Ajax*, but unable to please his own Judgment with what he had begun, left it unfinished. *Seneca* the Philosopher is by some thought the Author of those Tragedies (at least the best of them) that go under that name. *Gregory Nazianzen*, a Father of the Church, thought it not unbeseeming the sanctity of his person to write a Tragedy, which is intitl'd, *Christ suffering*. This is mention'd to vindicate Tragedy from the small esteem, or rather infamy, which in the account of many it undergoes at this day with other common Interludes; hap'ning through the Poet's error of intermixing Comic stuff with Tragic sadness and gravity; or introducing trivial and vulgar Persons, which by all judicious hath been counted absurd; and brought in without discretion, corruptly to gratify the people. And though ancient Tragedy use no Prologue, yet using sometimes, in case of self-defence, or explanation, that which *Martial* calls an Epistle; in behalf of this Tragedy coming forth after the ancient manner, much different from what among us passes for best, thus much before-hand may be Epistl'd; That *Chorus* is here introduc'd after the Greek manner,

ner, not ancient only but modern, and still in use among the *Italians*. In the modelling therefore of this Poem, with good reason, the Ancients and *Italians* are rather follow'd, as of much more Authority and Fame. The measure of Verse us'd in the Chorus is of all sorts, call'd by the *Greeks* *Monostrophic*, or rather *Apolelymenon*, without regard had to *Strophe*, *Antistrophe*, or *Epod*, which were a kind of Stanzas fram'd only for the Music, then us'd with the Chorus that sung; not essential to the Poem, and therefore not material; or being divided into Stanzas or Pauses, they may be call'd *Allæostrophæ*. Division into Act and Scene referring chiefly to the Stage, (to which this Work never was intended) is here omitted. It suffices if the whole Drama be found not produc'd beyond the fifth Act. Of the style and uniformity, and that commonly call'd the Plot, whether intricate or explicit, (which is nothing indeed but such œconomy, or disposition of the fable as may stand best with verisimilitude and decorum) they only will best judge who are not unacquainted with *Æschylus*, *Sophocles*, and *Euripides*, the three Tragic Poets unequall'd yet by any, and the best rule to all who endeavour to write Tragedy. The circumscription of time wherein the whole Drama begins and ends, is according to ancient rule, and best example, within the space of 24 hours.



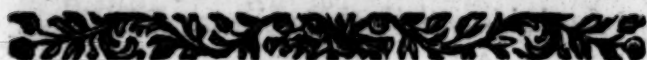
The Argument.

Samson made Captive, Blind, and now in the Prison at Gaza, there to labour as in a common work-house; on a Festival day, in the general cessation from labour, comes forth into the open Air, to a place nigh, somewhat retir'd, there to sit a while and bemoan his condition. Where he happens at length to be visited by certain friends and equals of his tribe, which make the Chorus, who seek to comfort him what they can; then by his old Father Manoa, who endeavours the like, and withal tells him his purpose to procure his liberty by ransom; and lastly, that this Feast was proclaim'd by the Philistines as a day of Thanksgiving for their deliverance from the hands of Samson, which yet more troubles him. Manoa then departs to prosecute his endeavour with the Philistian Lords for Samson's redemption; who in the mean while is visited by other persons; and lastly by a public Officer to require his coming to the Feast before the Lords and People, to play or shew his strength in their presence: he

The ARGUMENT. 79

he at first refuses, dismissing the public Officer with absolute denial to come; at length persuaded inwardly that this was from God, he yields to go along with him, who came now the second time with great threatnings to fetch him. The Chorus yet remaining on the place, Manoa returns full of joyful hope, to procure ere long his Son's deliverance: in the midst of which discourse an Hebrew comes in haste, confusedly at first, and afterward more distinctly relating to him the Catastrophe, what Samson had done to the Philistines, and by accident to himself; wherewith the Tragedy ends.





The PERSONS.

SAMSON.

MANOA, *The Father of Samson.*

DALILA *his Wife.*

HARAPHA *of Gath.*

Publick Officer.

Messenger.

Chorus *of Danites.*

The Scene before the Prison in Gaza.



SAMSON AGONISTES.

S A M S O N.



Little onward lend thy guiding hand
To these dark steps, a little farther on ;
For yonder bank hath choice of Sun or
shade :

There I am wont to sit, when any chance
Relieves me from my task of servile toil, 5
Daily in the common Prison else enjoin'd me ;
Where I a Pris'ner chain'd, scarce freely draw
The Air imprison'd also, close and damp,
Unwholesome draught : but here I feel amends,
The breath of Heav'n fresh blowing, pure and sweet,
With day-spring born ; here leave me to respire. 11
This day a solemn Feast the people hold
To *Dagon* their Sea-Idol, and forbid
Laborious works ; unwillingly this rest
Their Superstition yields me : hence with leave 15
Retiring from the pop'lar noise, I seek
This unfrequented Place to find some ease,
Ease to the body some, none to the mind
From restless thoughts, that like a deadly swarm
Of hornets arm'd, no sooner found alone, 20

E 5

But

82 SAMSON AGONISTES.

But rush upon me thronging, and present
 Times past, what once I was, and what am now,
 O wherefore was my birth from Heav'n foretold
 Twice by an Angel; who at last in sight,
 Of both my Parents all in flames ascended 25
 From off the Altar, where an Off'ring burn'd,
 As in a fiery column charioting
 His God-like presence, and from some great act
 Or benefit reveal'd to *Abraham's* race?
 Why was my breeding order'd and prescrib'd, 30
 As of a person separate to God,
 Design'd for great exploits; if I must die
 Betray'd, captiv'd, and both my Eyes put out,
 Made of my Enemies the scorn and gaze;
 To grind in brazen fetters under task, 35
 With this Heav'n-gifted strength? O glorious strength
 Put to the labour of a beast, debas'd
 Lower than bondslave! Promise was that I
 Should *Israel* from *Philistian* yoke deliver;
 Ask for this great deliv'rer now, and find him 40
 Eyeless in *Gaza* at the Mill with slaves,
 Himself in bonds under *Philistian* yoke.
 Yet stay, let me not rashly call in doubt
 Divine Prediction: what if all foretold
 Had been fulfill'd but thro' my own default, 45
 Whom have I to complain of but myself;
 Who this high gift of strength committed to me,
 In what part lodg'd, how easily bereft me,
 Under the Seal of silence could not keep,
 But weakly to a Woman must reveal it, 50
 O'ercome with importunity and tears?

O impotence of mind, in body strong !
 But what is strength without a double share
 Of wisdom ? vast unwieldy, burthen some,
 Proudly secure, yet liable to fall 55
 By weakest subtleties, not made to rule,
 But to subserve where wisdom bears command.
 God, when he gave me strength, to shew withal
 How slight the gift was, hung it in my Hair.
 But Peace, I must not quarrel with the will 60
 Of highest dispensation, which herein
 Haply had ends above my reach to know :
 Suffices that to me strength is my bane,
 And proves the source of all my miseries ;
 So many, and so huge, that each apart 65
 Would ask a life to wail ; but chief of all,
 O loss of fight, of thee I most complain !
 Blind among Enemies ! O worse than chains,
 Dungeon, or beggary, or decrepit Age !
 Light, the prime work of God, to me is extinct, 70
 And all her various objects of delight
 Annull'd, which might in part my grief have eas'd,
 Inferior to the vilest now become
 Of man or worm ; the vilest here excel me :
 They creep, yet see ; I dark in light expos'd 75
 To daily fraud, contempt, abuse and wrong,
 Within doors, or without, still as a fool,
 In pow'r of others, never in my own ;
 Scarce half I seem to live, dead more than half.
 O dark, dark, dark, amid the blaze of noon, 80
 Irrecov'rably dark, total Eclipse
 Without all hope of day !

84 SAMSON AGONISTES.

O first created Beam, and thou great Word,
 Let there be light, and light was over all ;
 Why am I thus bereav'd thy prime decree ? 85
 The Sun to me is dark,
 And silent as the moon,
 When she deserts the night,
 Hid in her vacant interlunar cave.
 Since Light so necessary is to life, 90
 And almost life itself, if it be true
 That light is in the Soul,
 She all in ev'ry part ; why was the fight
 To such a tender ball as th'eye confin'd,
 So obvious and so easie to be quench'd ; 95
 And not, as feeling, through all parts diffus'd,
 That she might look at will through ev'ry pore ?
 Then had I not been thus exil'd from light ;
 As in the land of darkness yet in light ;
 To live a life half dead, a living death, 100
 And bury'd ; but O yet more miserable !
 Myself, my Sepulchre, a moving Grave !
 Bury'd, yet not exempt
 By privilege of death and burial
 From worst of other evils, pains and wrongs, 105
 But made hereby obnoxious more
 To all the miseries of Life,
 Life in captivity
 Among inhuman foes.
 But who are these ? for with joint pace I hear 110
 The tread of many feet steering this way ;
 Perhaps my enemies who come to stare
 At my affliction, and perhaps t'insult ;

Their

Their daily practice to afflict me more.

Chor. This, this is he; softly a while, 115

Let us not break in upon him.

O change beyond report, thought or belief!

See how he lies at random, carelessly diffus'd,

With languish'd head unpropt,

As one past hope, abandon'd, 120

And by himself given over;

In slavish habit, ill-fitted weeds

O'er-worn and soil'd:

Or do my eyes misrepresent? Can this be he,

That Heroic, that Renown'd, 125

Irresistible *Samson*; whom unarm'd [stand;

No strength of man, or fiercest wild beast could with-

Who tore the Lion, as the Lion tears the Kid,

Ran on imbattled Armies clad in Iron,

And weaponless himself, 130

Made Arms ridiculous, useless the forgery

Of brazen Shield and Spear, the hammer'd Cuirass,

Chalybean temper'd steel, and frock of mail

Adamantean Proof?

But safest he who stood aloof, 135

When insupportably his foot advanc'd,

In scorn of their proud arms and warlike tools,

Spurn'd them to death by Troops. The bold *Ascalonite*

Fled from his Lion ramp, old warriors turn'd

Their plated backs under his heel; 140

Or grov'ling soil'd their crested helmets in the dust.

Then with what trivial weapon came to hand,

The Jaw of a dead Ass, his sword of bone,

A thousand foreskins fell, the flow'r of *Palestin*,

In

86 SAMSON AGONISTES.

In *Ramath-lechi*, famous to this day : 145
 Then by main force pull'd up, and on his shoulders
 The Gates of *Azza*, Post, and massie Bar, [bore
 Up to the Hill by *Hebron*, seat of Giants old,
 No journey of a Sabbath-day, and loaded so ;
 Like whom the Gentiles feign to bear up heav'n. 150
 Which shall I first bewail,
 Thy Bondage or lost Sight,
 Prison within Prison
 Inseparably dark ?
 Thou art become (O worst imprisonment !) 155
 The Dungeon of thyself ; thy Soul [plain)
 (Which Men enjoying sight oft without cause com-
 Imprison'd now indeed,
 In real darkness of the body dwells,
 Shut up from outward light 160
 T' incorporate with gloomy night ;
 For inward light, alas !
 Puts forth no visul beam.
 O mirror of our fickle state,
 Since man on earth unparallel'd ! 165
 The rarer thy example stands,
 By how much from the top of wond'rous glory,
 Strongest of mortal men,
 To lowest pitch of abject fortune thou art fall'n.
 For him I reckon not in high estate, 170
 Whom long descent of birth,
 Or the sphere of fortune raises ;
 But thee, whose strength, while Virtue was her mate,
 Might have subdu'd the Earth,
 Universally crown'd with highest praises. 175

Sams.

Samf. I hear the sound of words ; their sense the air
Dissolves unjointed, ere it reach my ear. [might,

Chor. He speaks : let us draw nigh. Matchless in
The glory late of *Israel*, now the grief,
We come, thy friends and neighbours not unknown,
From *Eshbaal* and *Zora's* fruitful Vale 181

To visit or bewail thee ; or, if better
Counsel or consolation we may bring,
Salve to thy Sores : apt words have pow'r to swage
The tumors of a troubled mind, 185
And are as balm to fester'd wounds. [learn

Samf. Your coming, Friends, revives me ; for I
Now of my own experience, not by talk,
How counterfeit a coin they are, who friends
Bear in their Superscription ; (of the most 190
I wou'd be understood ;) in prosp'rous days
They swarm, but in adverse withdraw their head,
Not to be found, though sought. Ye see, O friends,
How many evils have inclos'd me round ;
Yet that which was the worst now least afflicts me,
Blindness ; for had I sight, confus'd with shame, 196
How could I once look up, or heave the head,
Who like a foolish Pilot have shipwreck'd
My Vessel, trusted to me from above,
Gloriously rigg'd ; and for a word, a tear, 200
Fool ! have divulg'd the secret gift of God
To a deceitful Woman ? tell me, Friends,
Am I not sung and proverb'd for a Fool
In ev'ry street ? do they not say, how well
Are come upon him his deserts ? yet why ? 205
Immeasurable strength they might behold

In

88 SAMSON AGONISTES.

In me, of wisdom nothing more than mean :
This with the other should, at least, have pair'd ;
These two, proportion'd ill, drove me transverse.

Chor. Tax not divine disposal : wisest men 210
Have err'd, and by bad Women been deceiv'd ;
And shall again, pretend they ne'er so wise.
Deject not then so overmuch thyself,
Who hast of sorrow thy full load besides.
Yet truth to say, I oft have heard men wonder 215
Why thou shouldst wed *Philistian* Women rather
Than of thine own Tribe fairer, or as fair ;
At least of thy own Nation, and as noble.

Sams. The first I saw at *Timna*, and she pleas'd
Me, not my Parents, that I sought to wed 220
The daughter of an Infidel : they knew not
That what I motion'd was of God ; I knew
From intimate impulse, and therefore urg'd
The marriage on ; that by occasion hence
I might begin *Israel's* Deliverance, 225
The work to which I was divinely call'd.
She proving false, the next I took to Wife
(O that I never had ! fond wish too late !)
Was in the Vale of *Sorec*, *Dalila*,
That specious Monster, my accomplisht snare. 230
I thought it lawful from my former act,
And the same end ; still watching to oppress
Israel's Oppressors : of what now I suffer
She was not the prime cause, but I myself, 234
Who, vanquish'd with a peal of words, (O weakness !)
Gave up my fort of silence to a Woman.

Chor. In seeking just occasion to provoke

The

SAMSON AGONISTES. 89

The *Philistin*, thy Country's Enemy,
 Thou never wast remiss, I bear thee witness:
 Yet *Israel* still serves with all his Sons. 240

Samf. That fault I take not on me, but transfer
 On *Israel's* Governors, and Heads of Tribes;
 Who, seeing those great acts which God had done
 Singly by me against their Conquerors,
 Acknowledg'd not, or not at all consider'd 345
 Deliv'rance offer'd: I on th' other side
 Us'd no ambition to commend my deeds; [doer,
 The deeds themselves, though mute, spoke loud the
 But they persisted deaf, and would not seem
 To count them things worth notice; till at length
 Their Lords the *Philistins* with gather'd pow'rs 251
 Enter'd *Judea* seeking me, who then
 Safe to the rock of *Etham* was retir'd,
 Not flying, but fore-casting in what place
 To set upon them what advantag'd best. 255
 Mean while the men of *Judab*, to prevent
 The harrafs of their Land, beset me round;
 I willingly on some conditions came
 Into their hands, and they as gladly yield me,
 To the uncircumcis'd a welcom prey, 260
 Bound with two cords; but cords to me were threads
 Toucht with the flame: on their whole Host I slew
 Unarm'd, and with a trivial weapon fell'd
 Their choicest youth; they only liv'd who fled.
 Had *Judab* that day join'd, or one whole Tribe, 265
 They had by this possess'd the tow'rs of *Gath*,
 And lorded over them whom now they serve:
 But what more oft in Nations grown corrupt,

And

90 SAMSON AGONISTES.

And by their vices brought to servitude,
Than to love Bondage more than Liberty, 270
Bondage with ease than strenuous Liberty;
And to despise, or envy, or suspect
Whom God hath of his special favour rais'd
As their Deliv'rer; if he aught begin,
How frequent to desert him, and at last 275
To heap ingratitude on worthiest deeds?

Chor. Thy words to my remembrance bring
How *Succoth* and the Fort of *Penuel*
Their great Deliverer contemn'd,
The matchless *Gideon*, in pursuit 280
Of *Madian* and her vanquisht Kings:
And how ingrateful *Ephraim*
Had dealt with *Jephtha*, who by argument,
Not worse than by his shield and spear,
Defended *Israel* from the *Ammonite*, 285
Had not his Prowess quell'd their pride
In that sore battle, when so many dy'd,
Without Reprieve adjudg'd to death,
For want of well pronouncing *Sibboleth*.

Sams. Of such examples add me to the roll; 290
Me easily indeed mine may neglect,
But God's propos'd deliverance not so.

Chor. Just are the ways of God,
And justifiable to Men;
Unless there be who think not God at all; 295
If any be, they walk obscure:
For of such Doctrine never was there School,
But the heart of the Fool,
And no man therein Doctor but himself.

Yet

SAMSON AGONISTES. 91

Yet more there be who doubt his ways not just,
 As to his own edicts found contradicting; 301
 Then give the reins to wandering thought,
 Regardless of his Glory's diminution;
 Till by their own perplexities involv'd,
 They ravel more, still less resolv'd, 305
 But never find self-satisfying solution.

As if they would confine th' interminable,
 And tie him to his own prescript,
 Who made our Laws to bind us, not himself,
 And hath full right t'exempt 310
 Whom so it pleases him by choice
 From National obstriction, without taint
 Of sin, or legal debt;
 For with his own Laws he can best dispense.

He would not else, who never wanted means, 315
 Nor in respect of th' enemy just cause
 To set his People free,
 Have prompted this Heroic *Nazarite*
 Against his vow of strictest purity,
 To seek in marriage that fallacious Bride, 320
 Unclean, unchaste.

Down Reason then, at least vain reasonings down,
 Though Reason here aver
 That moral verdict quits her of unclean:
 Unchaste was subsequent, her stain not his. 325

But see! here comes thy rev'rend Sire
 With careful step, Locks white as down,
 Old *Manoa*: advise
 Forthwith how thou ought'st to receive him.

Samf. Ah me, another inward grief awak'd 330
 With

92 SAMSON AGONISTES.

With mention of that name renews th' assault.

Man. Brethren and men of *Dan*, (for such ye seem,
Though in this uncouth place;) if old respect,
As I suppose, tow'rd your once glory'd friend,
My Son, now Captive, hither hath inform'd 335
Your younger feet, while mine cast back with age,
Came lagging after; say, if he be here.

Chor. As signal now in low dejected state,
As erst in highest; behold him where he lies.

Man. O miserable change! is this the man, 340
That invincible *Samson*, far renown'd,
The dread of *Israel*'s foes, who with a strength
Equivalent to Angels walk'd their streets,
None off'ring fight; who single combatant
Duell'd their Armies rank'd in proud array, 345
Himself an Army; now unequal match
To save himself against a coward arm'd
At one spear's length? O ever-failing trust
In mortal strength! and oh! what not in man
Deceivable and vain? Nay, what thing good 350
Pray'd for, but often proves our woe, our bane?
I pray'd for Children, and thought barrenness
In wedlock a reproach; I gain'd a Son,
And such a Son, as all men hail'd me happy.
Who would be now a Father in my stead? 355
O wherefore did God grant me my request,
And as a blessing with such pomp adorn'd?
Why are his gifts desirable, to tempt
Our earnest Pray'rs, then giv'n with solemn hand
As Graces, draw a Scorpion's tail behind? 360
For this did th'Angel twice descend? for this

Ordain'd

SAMSON AGONISTES. 93

Ordain'd thy nurture holy, as of a Plant;
 Select and Sacred, Glorious for a while,
 The miracle of men; then in an hour
 Ensnar'd, assaulted, overcome, led bound, 365
 Thy Foes derision, Captive, Poor and Blind,
 Into a Dungeon thrust, to work with Slaves?
 Alas! methinks whom God hath chosen once
 To worthiest deeds, if he through frailty err,
 He should not so o'erwhelm, and as a thrall 370
 Subject him to so foul indignities,
 Be it but for honour's sake of former deeds.

Sams. Appoint not heav'nly disposition, Father;
 Nothing of all these evils hath befall'n me
 But justly: I myself have brought them on, 375
 Sole Author, I, sole cause: if aught seem vile,
 As vile hath been my folly, who have profan'd
 The mystery of God, giv'n me under pledge
 Of vow, and have betray'd it to a woman,
 A Canaanite, my faithless enemy. 380
 This well I knew, nor was at all surpriz'd,
 But warn'd by oft experience; did not she
 Of *Timna* first betray me, and reveal
 The secret wrested from me in her height
 Of Nuptial love profess, carrying it straight 385
 To them who had corrupted her, my Spies,
 And Rivals? In this other was there found
 More Faith? who also in her prime of love,
 Spousal embraces, vitiated with Gold,
 Though offer'd only, by the scent conceiv'd 390
 Her spurious first-born, Treason against me?
 Thrice she assay'd with flatt'ring pray'rs and sighs,
 And

And amorous reproaches to win from me
 My capital secret, in what part my strength [know ;
 Lay stor'd, in what part summ'd, that she might
 Thrice I deluded her, and turn'd to sport 396
 Her importunity, each time perceiving
 How openly, and with what impudence
 She purpos'd to betray me, and (which was worse
 Than undissembled hate) with what contempt 400
 She thought to make me Traitor, to myself;
 Yet the fourth time, when mustering all her wiles,
 With blandisht parleys, feminine assaults,
 Tongue-batteries, she surceas'd not day nor night
 To storm me over-watch'd, and weary'd out. 405
 At times when men seek most repose and rest,
 I yielded, and unlock'd her all my heart ;
 Who, with a grain of manhood well resolv'd,
 Might easily have shook off all her snares :
 But foul effeminacy held me yok'd 410
 Her bond-slave ; O indignity ! O blot
 To Honour and Religion ! servile mind
 Rewarded well with servile punishment !
 The base degree to which I now am fall'n,
 These rags, this grinding, is not yet so base 415
 As was my former servitude, ignoble,
 Unmanly, ignominious, infamous,
 True slavery, and that blindness worse than this,
 That saw not how degen'rately I serv'd. 419

Man. I cannot praise thy Marriage-choices, Son,
 Rather approv'd them not ; but thou didst plead
 Divine impulsion prompting how thou might'st
 Find some occasion to infest our Foes.

I state not that; this I am sure, our Foes
 Found soon occasion thereby to make thee 425
 Their Captive, and their Triumph; thou the sooner
 Temptation found'st, or over-potent charms
 To violate the sacred trust of silence
 Deposited within thee; which to have kept
 Tacit, was in thy pow'r: true; and thou bear'st 430
 Enough, and more the burthen of that fault;
 Bitterly hast thou paid, and still art paying
 That rigid score. A worse thing yet remains:
 This day the *Philistins* a pop'lar Feast
 Here celebrate in *Gaza*; and proclaim 435
 Great Pomp, and Sacrifice, and Praises loud
 To *Dagon*, as their God, who hath deliver'd
 Thee, *Samson*, bound and blind into their hands,
 Them out of thine, who slew'st them many a slain.
 So *Dagon* shall be magnify'd, and God, 440
 Besides whom is no God, compar'd with Idols,
 Disglorify'd, blasphem'd, and had in scorn
 By the Idolatrous rout amidst their wine;
 Which to have come to pass by means of thee,
Samson, of all thy sufferings think the heaviest, 445
 Of all reproach the most with shame, that ever
 Could have befall'n thee, and thy Father's house.
Samf. Father, I do acknowledge and confess
 That I this honour, I this pomp have brought
 To *Dagon*, and advanc'd his praises high 450
 Among the Heathen round; to God have brought
 Dishonour, obloquy, and op'd the mouths
 Of Idolists, and Atheists; have brought scandal
 To *Israel*, diffidence of God, and doubt

96 SAMSON AGONISTES.

In feeble hearts propense enough before 455
 To waver, or fall off and join with Idols;
 Which is my chief affliction, shame and sorrow,
 The anguish of my Soul, that suffers not
 Mine eye to harbour sleep, or thoughts to rest.
 This only hope relieves me, that the strife 460
 With me hath end; all the contest is now
 'Twixt God and *Dagon*: *Dagon* hath presum'd,
 Me overthrown, to enter lists with God,
 His Deity comparing and preferring
 Before the God of *Abraham*. He be sure, 465
 Will not connive, or linger, thus provok'd;
 But will arise and his great name assert:
Dagon must stoop, and shall ere long receive
 Such a discomfit as shall quite despoil him
 Of all these boasted Trophies won on me, 470
 And with confusion blank his Worshippers. [words
Man. With cause this hope relieves thee, and these
 I as a Prophecy receive; for God,
 Nothing more certain, will not long defer
 To vindicate the glory of his Name 475
 Against all competition; nor will long
 Endure it, doubtful whether God be Lord,
 Or *Dagon*. But for thee what shall be done?
 Thou must not in the mean while here forgot
 Lie in this miserable loathsom plight 480
 Neglected. I already have made way
 To some *Philistian* Lords, with whom to treat
 About thy ransom: well they may by this
 Have satisfy'd their utmost of revenge 484
 By pains and slav'ries, worse than death, inflicted
 On

SAMSON AGONISTES. 97

On thee, who now no more canst do them harm.

Samf. Spare that proposal, Father, spare the trouble

Of that sollicitation ; let me here,
As I deserve, pay on my punishment ;
And expiate, if possible, my crime, 490

Shameful garrulity. To have reveal'd
Secrets of men, the secrets of a friend,
How heinous had the fact been, how deserving
Contempt and scorn of all, to be excluded
All friendship, and avoided as a blab, 495

The mark of fool set on his front ? But I
God's counsel have not kept, his holy secret
Presumptuously have publish'd, impiously,
Weakly at least, and shamefully : A Sin
That *Gentiles* in their Parables condemn, 500
To their abyss and horrid pains confin'd.

Man. Be penitent, and for thy fault contrite,
But act not in thy own affliction, Son ;
Repent the Sin, but if the punishment
Thou canst avoid, self-preservation bids : 505
Or th'execution leave to high disposal,
And let another hand, not thine, exact
Thy penal forfeit from thyself. Perhaps
God will relent, and quit thee all his debt ;
Who ever more approves, and more accepts 510
(Best pleas'd with humble and filial submission)
Him, who imploring mercy sues for life,
Than who self-rigorous chuses death as due ;
Which argues over-just, and self-displeas'd
For self-offence, more than for God offended. 515

F

Reject

98 SAMSON AGONISTES.

Reject not then what offer'd means ; who knows
 But God hath set before us, to return thee
 Home to thy Country and his sacred House,
 Where thou may'st bring thy off'rings, to avert
 His farther ire, with pray'rs and vows renew'd ? 520

Samf. His pardon I implore ; but as for life,
 To what end should I seek it ? when in strength
 All mortals I excell'd, and great in hopes,
 With youthful courage, and magnanimous thoughts
 Of birth from Heav'n foretold and high exploits,
 Full of divine instinct, after some proof 526
 Of Acts indeed heroic, far beyond

The Sons of *Anak*, famous now and blaz'd,
 Fearless of danger, like a petty God,
 I walk'd about, admir'd of all and dreaded 530
 On hostile ground, none daring my affront.

Then swell'd with pride into the snare I fell
 Of fair fallacious looks, venereal trains,
 Soften'd with pleasure and voluptuous life ;
 At length to lay my head and hallow'd pledge 535
 Of all my strength in the lascivious lap
 Of a deceitful Concubine, who shor'd me,
 Like a tame Wether, all my precious fleece ;
 Then turn'd me out ridiculous, despoil'd,
 Shav'n and disarm'd among mine enemies. 540

Cbor. Desire of wine and all delicious drinks,
 Which many a famous warrior overturns,
 Thou could'st repress ; nor did the dancing Ruby
 Sparkling, out-pour'd, the flavour of the smell,
 Or taste, that cheers the heart of Gods and Men,
 Allure thee from the cool Crystalline stream. 546
Samf.

SAMSON AGONISTES. 99

Samf. Where-ever fountain or fresh current flow'd
Against the Eastern ray, translucent, pure,
With touch ethereal of Heav'n's fiery rod,
I drank ; from the clear milky juice allaying 550
Thirst, and refresht ; nor envy'd them the grape,
Whose heads that turbulent liquor fills with fumes.

Chor. O madness, to think use of strongest wines
And strongest drinks our chief support of health,
When God with these forbidd'n made choice to rear
His mighty Champion, strong above compare ; 556
Whose drink was only from the liquid brook !

Samf. But what avail'd this temp'rance, not
compleat

Against another object more enticing ?
What boots it at one gate to make defence, 560

And at another to let in the Foe,
Effeminately vanquish'd ? by which means,
Now blind, disheartn'd, sham'd, dishonour'd, quell'd,
To what can I be useful, wherein serve

My Nation, and the work from Heav'n impos'd ?
But to sit idle on the Household-hearth, 566

A burd'nous drone ; to visitants a gaze,
Or pity'd object ; these redundant locks
Robustious to no purpose clustring down,
Vain monument of strength : till length of years 570

And sedentary numbness craze my limbs,
To a contemptible old Age obscure.

Here rather let me drudge and earn my bread,
Till vermin or the draff of servile food

Consume me, and oft invocated death 575
Hasten the welcome end of all my pains.

100 SAMSON AGONISTES.

Man. Wilt thou then serve *Philistians* with that
gift

Which was expressly giv'n thee to annoy them ?
Better at home lie bed-rid, not only idle,
Inglorious, unemploy'd, with age outworn. 580
But God, who caus'd a Fountain at thy Pray'r
From the dry ground to spring, thy thirst t' allay
After the brunt of Battel, can as easy
Cause light again within thy eyes to spring,
Wherewith to serve him better than thou hast: 585
And I persuade me so ; why else this strength
Mirac'lous yet remaining in those locks ?
His might continues in thee not for nought,
Nor shall his wondrous gifts be frustrate thus. 589

Samf. All otherwise to me my thoughts portend ;
That these dark Orbs no more shall treat with light,
Nor th' other light of life continue long,
But yield to double darkness nigh at hand :
So much I feel my genial Spirits droop,
My hopes all flat, Nature within me seems 595
In all her functions weary of herself ;
My race of Glory run, and race of Shame,
And I shall shortly be with them that rest.

Man. Believe not these suggestions, which proceed
From anguish of the mind, and humours black, 600
That mingle with thy fancy. I however
Must not omit a Father's timely care
To prosecute the means of thy deliverance
By ransom, or how else : mean while be calm,
And healing words from these thy friends admit. 605

Samf. O that torment should not be confin'd

SAMSON AGONISTES. 101

To the body's wounds and sores,
 With maladies innumerable
 In heart, head, breast, and reins ;
 But must secret passage find 610
 To th' inmost mind ;
 There exercise all his fierce accidents,
 And on her purest spirits prey,
 As on entrails, joints and limbs,
 With answerable pains, but more intense, 615
 Though void of corporal sense !
 My griefs not only pain me,
 As a lingring disease,
 But finding no redress, ferment and rage,
 Nor less than wounds immedicable 620
 Rankle, and fester, and gangreen,
 To black mortification.
 Thoughts, my Tormenters arm'd with deadly stings,
 Mangle my apprehensive tenderest parts,
 Exasperate, exulcerate, and raise 625
 Dire inflammation, which no cooling herb
 Or medicinal liquor can assuage,
 Nor breath of vernal Air from snowy *Alp.*
 Sleep hath forfok and giv'n me o'er
 To death's benumbing Opium, as my only cure ;
 Thence faintings, swoonings of despair, 631
 And sense of Heav'n's desertion.

I was his nursling once, and choice delight,
 His destin'd from the womb,
 Promis'd by Heav'nly message twice descending 635
 Under his special eye
 Abstemious I grew up, and thriv'd amain ;

102 SAMSON AGONISTES:

He led me on to mightiest deeds,
 Above the nerve of mortal arm,
 Against the uncircumcis'd, our enemies : 640
 But now hath cast me off as never known,
 And to those cruel enemies,
 Whom I by his appointment had provok'd,
 Left me all helpless, with th' irreparable loss
 Of fight, reserv'd alive to be repeated 645
 The subject of their cruelty or scorn.
 Nor am I in the list of them that hope ;
 Hopeless are all my evils, all remediless.
 This one Prayer yet remains, might I be heard,
 No long petition, speedy death, 650
 The close of all my miseries, and the balm.

Chor. Many are the Sayings of the Wise
 In ancient and in modern books enroll'd,
 Extolling Patience as the truest fortitude ;
 And to the bearing well of all calamities, 655
 All chances incident to man's frail life:

Consolatories writ
 With study'd argument, and much persuasion sought,
 Lenient of grief and anxious thought.
 But to th'afflicted in his pangs their sound 660
 Little prevails, or rather seems a tune
 Harsh, and of dissonant mood from his complaint ;
 Unless he feel within
 Some source of consolation from above ;
 Secret refreshings, that repair his strength, 665
 And fainting Spirits uphold.

God of our Fathers ! what is man !
 That thou towards him with hand so various,
 Or

Or might I say contrarious,
Temper'ft thy providence through his short course,
Not ev'nly, as thou rul'ft 671

Th' Angelic orders and inferior creatures mute,
Irrational and brute!

Nor do I name of men the common rout,
That wandering loose about, 675

Grow up and perish, as the summer-fly,
Heads without name no more remembred;

But such as thou hast solemnly elected,
With gifts and graces eminently adorn'd,
To some great work, thy glory, 680

And people's safety, which in part they effect:

Yet toward these thus dignify'd, thou oft
Amidst their height of noon,

Changeft thy countenance, and thy hand with no
regard

Of highest favours past 685

From thee on them, or them to thee of service.

Nor only dost degrade them, or remit
To life obscur'd, which were a fair dismissal,
But throw'ft them lower than thou didst. exalt
them high;

Unseemly falls in human eye, 690

Too grievous for the trespass or omission;

Oft leav'ft them to the hostile sword

Of heathen and prophane, their carcases

To dogs and fowls a prey, or else captiv'd;

Or to th' unjust tribunals under change of times, 695

And condemnation of th' ingrateful multitude.

If these they 'scape, perhaps in poverty

104 SAMSON AGONISTES.

With sickness and disease thou bow'st them down,
Painful diseases and deform'd,
In crude old age : 700

Though not disordinate, yet causeless suffering
The punishment of dissolute days ; in fine,
Just or unjust, alike seem miserable,
For oft alike, both come to evil end.

So deal not with this once thy glorious Champion,
The Image of thy strength and mighty Minister. 706
What do I beg? how hast thou dealt already?
Behold him in his state calamitous, and turn
His labours, for thou canst, to peaceful end.

But who is this, what thing of Sea or Land? 710
Female of sex it seems,

That so bedeckt, ornate, and gay,
Comes this way sailing,

Like a stately Ship

Of *Tarsus*, bound for th' Isles 715

Of *Javan* or *Gadier*,

With all her bravery on; and tackle trim,

Sails fill'd, and streamers waving,

Courted by all the winds that hold them play ;

An Amber scent of odorous perfume, 720

Her harbinger, a damsel train behind ;

Some rich *Philistian* Matron she may seem :

And now, at nearer view, no other certain

Than *Dalila* thy Wife. 724

Sams. My Wife ! my Trait'res ! let her not come
near me.

Chor. Yet on she moves, now stands and eyes
thee fix'd

About

About t'have spoke, but now, with head declin'd,
Like a fair flow'r furcharg'd with dew, she weeps,
And words address'd seem tears dissolv'd,
Wetting the borders of her filken veil: 730
But now again she makes address to speak.

Dal. With doubtful feet and wavering resolution
I came, still dreading thy displeasure, *Samson*,
Which to have merited, without excuse,
I cannot but acknowledge; yet if tears 735
May expiate, (though the fact more evil drew
In the perverse event than I foresaw)
My penance hath not slacken'd, though my pardon
No way assur'd. But conjugal affection
Prevailing over fear, and timorous doubt, 740
Hath led me on, desirous to behold
Once more thy face, and know of thy estate,
If aught in my ability may serve
To lighten what thou suffer'st, and appease
Thy mind with what amends is in my pow'r; 745
Though late, yet in some part to recompense
My rash, but more unfortunate misdeed.

Samf. Out, out, *Hyæna*; these are thy wonted arts,
And arts of ev'ry woman false like thee,
To break all faith, all vows, deceive, betray; 750
Then as repentant to submit, beseech,
And reconciliation move with feign'd remorse,
Confess, and promise wonders in her change;
Not truly penitent, but chief to try
Her Husband, how far urg'd his patience bears, 755
His virtue or weakness which way to assail:
Then with more cautious and instructed skill

Again transgresses, and again submits ;
 That wisest and best men full oft beguill'd,
 With goodness principled not to reject 760
 The penitent, but ever to forgive,
 Are drawn to wear out miserable days,
 Entangled with a pois'nous bosom snake,
 If not by quick destruction soon cut off,
 As I by thee, to Ages an example. 765

Dal. Yet hear me, *Samson* ; not that I endeavour
 To lessen or extenuate my offence,
 But that on th' other side if it be weigh'd
 By itself, with aggravations not surcharg'd,
 Or else, with just allowance counterpois'd, 770
 I may, if possible, thy pardon find
 The easier tow'rds me, or thy hatred less.
 First granting, as I do, it was a weakness
 In me, but incident to all our sex,
 Curiosity, inquisitive, impertune 775
 Of secrets, then with like infirmity
 To publish them ; both common female faults :
 Was it not weakness also to make known
 For importunity, that is, for nought,
 Wherein consisted all thy strength and safety ? 780
 To what I did thou shew'dst me first the way.
 But I to enemies reveal'd, and should not ; [frailty :
 Nor should'st thou have trusted that to woman's
 Ere I to thee, thou to thyself wast cruel.
 Let weakness then with weakness come to parl, 785
 So near related, or the same of kind,
 Thine forgive mine ; that men may censure thine
 The gentler, if severely thou exact not

More

More strength from me, than in thyself was found.
 And what if Love, which thou interpret'st Hate, 790
 The jealousy of Love, powerful of sway,
 In human hearts, nor less in mine tow'rs thee,
 Caus'd what I did? I saw thee mutable
 Of fancy, fear'd lest one day thou would'st leave me
 As her at *Timna*; sought by all means therefore 795
 How to endear, and hold thee to me firmest:
 No better way I saw than by importuning
 To learn thy secrets, get into my pow'r
 Thy key of strength and safety: thou wilt say,
 Why then reveal'd? I was assur'd by those 800
 Who tempted me, that nothing was design'd
 Against thee but safe custody, and hold.
 That made for me, I knew that liberty
 Would draw thee forth to perilous enterprises,
 While I at home sat full of cares and fears, 805
 Wailing thy absence in my widow'd bed:
 Here I should still enjoy thee day and night
 Mine and Love's pris'ner, not the *Philistines*,
 Whole to myself, unhazarded abroad,
 Fearless at home of partners in my love. 810
 These reasons in Love's law have past for good,
 Though fond and reasonless to some perhaps;
 And love hath oft, well meaning, wrought much wo,
 Yet always pity or pardon hath obtain'd.
 Be not unlike all others, not austere 815
 As thou art strong, inflexible as steel:
 If thou in strength all mortals dost exceed,
 In uncompassionate anger do not so.

Samf. How cunningly the Sorceress displays.

Her

108 SAMSON AGONISTES.

Her own transgressions, to upbraid me mine ! 820
 That malice, not repentance, brought thee hither,
 By this appears: I gave, thou say'st, th' example ;
 I led the way : bitter reproach, but true.
 I to myself was false, ere thou to me :
 Such pardon therefore as I give my folly, 825
 Take to thy wicked deed ; which when thou seest
 Impartial, self-severe, inexorable,
 Thou wilt renounce thy seeking, and much rather
 Confess it feign'd. Weakness is thy excuse,
 And I believe it ; weakness to resist 830
Philistian gold : if weakness may excuse,
 What Murderer, what Traitor, Parricide,
 Incestuous, Sacrilegious, but may plead it ?
 All wickedness is weakness : that plea therefore
 With God or Man will gain thee no remission. 835
 But Love constrain'd thee ; call it furious rage
 To satisfy thy lust : Love seeks t' have Love ; [way
 My Love how could'st thou hope, who took'st the
 To raise in me inexpiable hate,
 Knowing, as needs I must, by thee betray'd ? 840
 In vain thou striv'st to cover shame with shame,
 For by evasions thy crime uncover'st more.
Dal. Since thou determin'st weakness for no plea
 In man or woman, though to thy own condemning ;
 Hear what assaults I had, what snares besides, 845
 What sieges girt me round, ere I consented ;
 Which might have aw'd the best resolv'd of Men,
 The constantest, t' have yielded without blame.
 It was not Gold, as to my charge thou lay'st,
 That wrought with me : thou know'st the Magistrates
 And

And Princes of my Country came in person, 851
 Solicited, commanded, threatned, urg'd,
 Adjur'd by all the Bonds of civil Duty
 And of Religion, press'd how just it was,
 How honourable, how glorious to entrap 855
 A common enemy, who had destroy'd
 Such numbers of our Nation: and the Priest
 Was not behind, but ever at my ear,
 Preaching how meritorious with the Gods
 It would be to ensnare an irreligious 860
 Dishonourer of *Dagon*: what had I
 T'oppose against such powerful Arguments?
 Only my love of thee held long debate;
 And combated in silence all their reasons
 With hard contest. At length that grounded maxim,
 So rise and celebrated in the mouths 866
 Of wisest men, that to the public good
 Private respects must yield, with grave authority
 Took full possession of me, and prevail'd;
 Virtue, as I thought, Truth, Duty so enjoining. 870
Sams. I thought where all thy circling wiles would
 In feign'd Religion, smooth hypocrisie. [end;
 But had thy love, still odiously pretended,
 Been as it ought, sincere, it wou'd have taught thee
 Far other reasonings, brought forth other deeds. 875
 I before all the daughters of my Tribe
 And of my Nation chose thee from among
 My enemies; lov'd thee, as too well thou knew'st,
 Too well, unbosom'd all my secrets to thee,
 Not out of levity, but overpower'd 880
 By thy request, who could deny thee nothing;
 Yet

110 SAMSON AGONISTES.

Yet now am judg'd an enemy. Why then
 Didst thou at first receive me for thy Husband?
 Then, as since then, thy country's foe protest?
 Being once a Wife, for me thou wast to leave 885
 Parents and country; nor was I their subject,
 Nor under their protection but my own;
 Thou mine, not theirs. If aught against my life
 Thy Country sought of thee, it sought unjustly,
 Against the law of nature, law of nations; 890
 No more thy country, but an impious crew
 Of men conspiring to uphold their state
 By worse than hostile deeds, violating the ends
 For which our Country is a name so dear;
 Not therefore to be obey'd. But zeal mov'd thee;
 To please thy Gods thou didst it; Gods unable 895
 T' acquit themselves and prosecute their Foes
 But by ungodly deeds: The contradiction
 Of their own Deity Gods cannot be;
 Less therefore to be pleas'd, obey'd or fear'd. 900
 These false pretexs and varnish'd colours failing,
 Bare in thy guilt, how foul must thou appear?

Dal. In argument with Men a Woman ever
 Goes by the worse, whatever be her cause. [breath;

Samf. For want of words no doubt, or lack of
 Witness when I was worried with thy peals. 906

Dal. I was a fool, too rash, and quite mistaken
 In what I thought would have succeeded best.
 Let me obtain forgiveness of thee, *Samson*,
 Afford me place to shew what recompence 910
 Towards thee I intend for what I have misdone,
 Misguided; only what remains past cure

Eear

Bear not too sensibly, nor still insist
T' afflict thyself in vain : tho' sight be lost,
Life yet hath many solaces, enjoy'd 915
Where other senses want not their delights,
At home in leisure and domestic ease,
Exempt from many a care and chance, to which
Eye-sight exposes daily men abroad.

I to the Lords will intercede, not doubting 220
Their favourable ear, that I may fetch thee
From forth this loathsome prison-house, t' abide
With me ; where my redoubled love and care
With nursing diligence, to me glad office,
May ever tend about thee to old age, 925
With all things grateful chear'd, and so supply'd,
That what by me thou hast lost thou least shalt miss.

Samf. No, no, of my condition take no care ;
It fits not ; thou and I long since are twain ;
Nor think me so unwary or accurst 930
To bring my feet again into the snare
Where once I have been caught : I know thy trains,
Tho' dearly to my cost, thy ginns, and toils :
Thy fair enchanted cup, and warbling charms
No more on me have pow'r, their force is null'd ;
So much of Adder's wisdom I have learnt 936
To fence my ear against thy Sorceries.

If in my flower of youth and strength, when all men
Lov'd, honour'd, fear'd me, thou alone could'st hate me
Thy Husband, slight me, sell me, and forego me ; 940
How would'st thou use me now, blind, and thereby
Deceivable ; in most things as a child
Helpless, thence easily contemn'd, and scorn'd,

And

112 SAMSON AGONISTES.

And last neglected? How would'st thou insult,
When I must live uxorious to thy will 945

In perfect thralldom, how again betray me,
Bearing my words and doings to the Lords,
To gloss upon, and censuring, frown or smile?
This Gaol I count the House of Liberty

To thine, whose Doors my feet shall never enter. 950

Dal. Let me approach at least, and touch thy hand.

Samf. Not for thy life; lest fierce remembrance wake
My sudden rage to tear thee joint by joint.

At distance I forgive thee, go with that;
Bewail thy falshood, and the pious works 955

It hath brought forth to make thee memorable
Among illustrious Women, faithful Wives:
Cherish thy hasten'd widowhood with the gold
Of matrimonial treason: so farewell.

Dal. I see thou art implacable, more deaf 960
To pray'rs than winds and seas; yet winds to seas
Are reconcil'd at length, and sea to shore:
Thy anger unappeasable, still rages,
Eternal Tempest never to be calm'd.

Why do I humble thus myself, and suing 965
For Peace, reap nothing but repulse and hate?

Bid go with evil omen, and the brand
Of infamy upon my name denounc'd?
To mix with thy concernments I desist

Henceforth, nor too much disapprove my own. 970
Fame, if not double-fac'd, is double-mouth'd,
And with contrary blast proclaims most deeds,
On both his wings, one black, the other white,
Bears greatest names in his wild airy flight.

My

SAMSON AGONISTES. 113

My name perhaps among the circumcis'd 975
 In *Dan*, in *Judab*, and the bordering Tribes,
 To all posterity may stand defam'd,
 With malediction mention'd, and the blot
 Of falshood most unconjugal traduc'd:
 But in my country where I most desire, 980
 In *Ecron*, *Gaza*, *Asdod*, and in *Gath*
 I shall be named among the famousst
 Of Women, sung at solemn festivals,
 Living and dead recorded, who to save
 Her country from a fierce destroyer, chose 985
 Above the faith of wedlock-bands; my tomb
 With odours visited and annual flow'rs;
 Not less renown'd than in Mount *Ephraim*,
Jael, who with inhospitable guile
 Smote *Sisera* sleeping through the Temples nail'd.
 Nor shall I count it heinous to enjoy 991
 The public marks of honour and reward
 Conferr'd upon me, for the piety
 Which to my country I was judg'd t'have shewn.
 At this whoever envies or repines, 995
 I leave him to his lot, and like my own.

Chor. She's gone, a manifest Serpent by her sting
 Discover'd in the end, till now conceal'd.

Sams. So let her go; God sent her to debase me,
 And aggravate my folly, who committed 1000
 To such a viper his most sacred trust
 Of secrecy, my safety and my life. [pow'r,

Chor. Yet beauty, though injurious, hath strange
 After offence returning, to regain
 Love once possess'd; nor can be easily 1005
 Repulst,

114 SAMSON AGONISTES.

Repulst, without much inward passion felt,
And secret sting of amorous remorse.

Samf. Love-quarrels oft in pleasing concord end,
Not wedlock-treachery endang'ring life.

Chor. It is not virtue, wisdom, valor, wit, 1010
Strength, comeliness of shape, or amplest merit,
That Woman's love can win or long inherit;
But what it is, hard is to say,
Harder to hit,

(Which way soever Men refer it) 1015

Much like thy riddle, *Samson*, in one day
Or seven, though one should musing sit :

If any of these or all, the *Timnian* Bride
Had not so soon preferr'd

Thy Paranymp, worthless to thee compar'd, 1020
Successor in thy Bed,

Nor both so loosely disally'd

Their Nuptials, nor this last so treacherously
Had shorn the fatal Harvest of thy Head.

Is it for that such outward ornament 1025

Was lavish'd on their Sex, that inward gifts
Were left for haste unfinish'd, judgment scant,
Capacity not rais'd to apprehend,
Or value what is best

In choice, but ofttest to affect the wrong? 1030

Or was too much of self-love mixt,
Of constancy no root infix'd,

That either they love nothing or not long ?

Whate'er it be, to wisest Men and best

Seeming at first all heav'nly under virgin Veil, 1035

Soft, modest, meek, demure ;

Once

SAMSON AGONISTES. 115

Once join'd, the contrary she proves, a Thorn
Intestine, war within defensive arms,
A cleaving mischief, in his way to virtue
Adverse and turbulent; or by her charms 1040
Draws him awry, enslav'd
With dotage, and his sense deprav'd
To folly and shameful deeds which ruin ends.
What Pilot so expert but needs must wreck,
Embark'd with such a Steers-mate at the Helm? 1045

Favour'd of Heav'n, who finds
One virtuous rarely found,
That in domestic good combines:
Happy that house! his way to peace is smooth:
But virtue, which breaks through all opposition,
And all temptation can remove, 1051
Most shines, and most is acceptable above.

Therefore God's universal Law
Gave to the Man despotic power
Over his Female in due awe, 1055
Nor from that right to part an hour,
Smile she or lower:
So shall he least confusion draw
On his whole life, not sway'd
By female usurpation, nor dismay'd. 1060
But we had best retire, I see a storm.

Samf. Fair days have oft contracted wind and rain.

Chor. But this another kind of tempest brings.

Samf. Be less abstruse, my riddling days are past.

Chor. Look now for no enchanting voice, nor fear
The bait of honied words; a rougher tongue 1066
Draws hitherward, I know him by his stride,

The

116 SAMSON AGONISTES.

The Giant *Harapba* of *Gath*, his look
 Haughty, as is a pile high-built and proud.
 Comes he in peace? what wind hath blown him hither
 I less conjecture, than when first I saw 1071
 The sumptuous *Dalila* floating this way :
 His habit carries peace, his brow defiance.

Samf. Or peace or not, alike to me he comes.

Chor. His fraught we soon shall know, he now
 arrives. 1075

Har. I come not, *Samson*, to condole thy chance,
 As these perhaps, yet wish it had not been,
 Though for no friendly intent. I am of *Gath*,
 Men call me *Harapba*, of stock renown'd,
 As *Og* or *Anak*, and the *Emims* old 1080
 That *Kiriathaim* held ; thou know'st me now,
 If thou at all art known. Much I have heard
 Of thy prodigious might and feats perform'd
 Incredible to me, in this displeas'd,
 That I was never present on the place 1085
 Of those encounters, where we might have try'd
 Each other's force in camp or list'd field :
 And now am come to see of whom such noise
 Hath walk'd about, and each limb to survey,
 If thy appearance answer loud report. 1090

Samf. The way to know were not to see but taste.

Har. Dost thou already single me? I thought
 Cieves and the Mill had tam'd thee. O that fortune
 Had brought me to the Field, where thou art fam'd
 T' have wrought such wonders with an *Afs's* Jaw ;
 I should have forc'd thee soon with other arms, 1096
 Or left thy carcase where the *Afs* lay thrown :

So

SAMSON AGONISTES. 117

So had the glory of Prowess been recover'd
 To *Palestine*, won by a *Philistin*
 From the unforeseen'd race, of whom thou bear'st
 The highest name for valiant Acts; that honour 1101
 Certain to have won by mortal duel from thee,
 I lose, prevented by thy eyes put out. [but do

Samf. Boast not of what thou wouldst have done,
 What then thou wouldst; thou seest it in thy hand. 1105

Har. To combat with a blind Man I disdain;
 And thou hast need much washing to be touch'd.

Samf. Such usage as your honourable Lords
 Afford me, assassinated and betray'd;
 Who durst not with their whole united pow'rs 1110

In fight withstand me single and unarm'd,
 Nor in the house with chamber Ambushes
 Close-banded durst attack me, no, not sleeping,
 Till they had hir'd a woman with their gold
 Breaking her Marriage-Faith, to circumvent me. 1115

Therefore without feign'd shifts let be assign'd
 Some narrow place enclos'd, where fight may give thee,
 Or rather flight, no great advantage on me;
 Then put on all thy gorgeous arms, thy Helmet
 And Brigandine of brass, thy broad Habergeon, 1120
 Vant-brass, and Greves, and Gauntlet, add thy Spear
 A Weaver's beam, and seven-times folded shield;

I only with an Oaken staff will meet thee,
 And raise such out-cries on thy clatter'd Iron, 1124
 Which long shall not withhold me from thy head;
 That in a little time while breath remains thee,
 Thou oft shalt wish thyself at *Gath*, to boast
 Again in safety what thou wouldst have done

To

118 SAMSON AGONISTES.

To *Samson*, but shalt never see *Gath* more.

Har. Thou durst not thus disparage glorious arms
Which greatest Heroes have in battle worn, 1131
Their ornament and safety, had not spells
And black enchantments, some Magician's Art,
Arm'd thee or charm'd thee strong ; which thou from
Heav'n

Feign'st at thy Birth was giv'n thee in thy Hair, 1135
Where strength can least abide, though all thy Hairs
Were bristles rang'd like those that ridge the back
Of chaf'd wild Boars, or ruff'd Porcupines.

Sam. I know no Spells, use no forbidden Arts ;
My trust is in the living God, who gave me 1140
At my Nativity this strength, diffus'd
No less through all my sinews, joints and bones,
Than thine, while I preserv'd these locks unshorn,
The pledge of my unviolated vow.

For proof hereof, if *Dagon* be thy God, 1145
Go to his Temple, invoke his aid
With solemnest devotion, spread before him
How highly it concerns his glory now
To frustrate and dissolve these magic Spells,
Which I to be the power of *Israel's* God 1150
Avow, and challenge *Dagon* to the test,
Off'ring to combat thee his Champion bold,
With th' utmost of his Godhead seconded :
Then thou shalt see, or rather to thy sorrow 1154
Soon feel, whose God is strongest, thine or mine.

Har. Presume not on thy God ; whate'er he be,
Thee he regards not, owns not, hath cut off
Quite from his people, and deliver'd up

Into

Into thy Enemies hand, permitted them
 To put out both thine eyes, and fetter'd send thee
 Into the common Prison, there to grind 1161
 Among the Slaves and Asses thy comrades,
 As good for nothing else ; no better service
 With those thy boyst'rous locks, no worthy match
 For Valour to assail, nor by the sword 1165
 Of noble Warriour, so to stain his honour,
 But by the Barber's razor best subdu'd.

Samf. All these indignities, for such they are
 From thine, these evils I deserve and more,
 Acknowledge them from God inflicted on me 1170
 Justly, yet despair not of his final pardon,
 Whose ear is ever open, and his eye
 Gracious to re-admit the suppliant ;
 In confidence whereof I once again
 Desie thee to the trial of mortal fight, 1175
 By combat to decide whose God is God,
 Thine, or whom I with *Israel's* Sons adore.

Har. Fair honour that thou dost thy God, in trusting
 He will accept thee to defend his cause,
 A Murtherer, a Revolter, and a Robber. 1180

Samf. Tongue-doughty Giant, how dost thou
 prove me these ?

Har. Is not thy Nation subject to our Lords ?
 Their Magistrates confest it, when they took thee
 As a League-breaker, and deliver'd bound
 Into our hands : for hadst thou not committed 1185
 Notorious murther on those thirty men
 At *Askalon*, who never did thee harm ;
 Then like a Robber strip'dst them of their robes ?

The

120 SAMSON AGONISTES.

The *Philistins*, when thou hadst broke the league,
Went up with armed pow'rs, thee only seeking, 1190
To others did no violence nor spoil.

Samsf. Among the Daughters of the *Philistins*
I chose a Wife, which argu'd me no foe ;
And in your City held my nuptial Feast :
But your ill-meaning Politician Lords, 1195
Under pretence of bridal friends and guests,
Appointed to await me thirty Spies ;
Who threatning cruel death constrain'd the Bride
To wring from me and tell to them my secret,
That solv'd the riddle which I had propos'd. 1200
When I perceiv'd all set on enmity,
As on my enemies, where ever chanc'd,
I us'd hostility, and took their spoil
To pay my Underminers in their coin.
My Nation was subjected to your Lords : 1205
It was the force of Conquest ; force with force
Is well ejected when the Conquer'd can.
But I a private person, whom my Country
As a league-breaker gave up bound, presum'd
Single Rebellion, and did hostile Acts : 1210
I was no private person, but was rais'd
With strength sufficient and command from Heav'n
To free my Country ; if their servile minds
Me their deliverer sent would not receive,
But to their Masters gave me up for nought, 1215
Th' unworthier they ; whence to this day they serve.
I was to do my part from Heav'n assign'd,
And had perform'd it if my known offence
Had not disabled me, not all your force.

These

SAMSON AGONISTES. 121

These shifts refuted, answer thy appellant, 1220
Though by his blindness maim'd for high attempts,
Who now defies thee thrice to single fight,
As a petty enterprise of small enforce.

Har. With thee, a Man condemn'd, a Slave enroll'd,
Due by the Law to capital punishment? 1225

To fight with thee no man of arms will deign. [me,

Samf. Can'st thou for this, vain boaster, to survey
To descant on my strength, and give thy verdict?
Come nearer, part not hence so slight inform'd;
But take good heed my hand survey not thee. 1230

Har. O *Baal-zebub*! can my ears unus'd
Hear these dishonours, and not render death?

Samf. No man withholds thee, nothing from thy
Fear I incurable; bring up thy van, [hand
My heels are fetter'd, but my fist is free. 1235

Har. This insolence other kind of answer fits.

Samf. Go, baffl'd coward, lest I run upon thee,
Though in these chains, bulk without spirit vast,
And with one buffet lay thy structure low;
Or swing thee in the Air, then dash thee down 1240
To th' hazard of thy brains and shatter'd sides.

Har. By *Astaroth* ere long thou shalt lament
These braveries, in Irons loaden on thee.

Chor. His Giantship is gone somewhat crest-fall'n,
Stalking with less unconscionable strides, 1245
And lower looks, but in a sultry chafe.

Samf. I dread him not, nor all his Giant-brood,
Tho' fame divulge him Father of five Sons,
All of Gigantic size, *Goliath* chief.

Chor. He will directly to the Lords, I fear. 1250

G

And

122 SAMSON AGONISTES.

And with malicious counsel stir them up
Some way or other yet farther to afflict thee.

Samf. He must alledge some cause, and offer'd
Will not dare mention, lest a question rise [fight
Whether he durst accept the offer or not : 1255

And that he durst not, plain enough appear'd.
Much more affliction than already felt
They cannot well impose, nor I sustain ;
If they intend advantage of my labours,
The work of many hands, which earns my keeping
With no small profit daily to my owners. 1261

But come what will, my deadliest Foe will prove
My speediest Friend, by death to rid me hence,
The worst that he can give, to me the best.
Yet so it may fall out, because their end 1265
Is hate, not help to me, it may with mine
Draw their own ruin who attempt the deed.

Chor. Oh! how comely it is, and how reviving
To the Spirits of just men long oppress'd ;
When God into the hands of their deliverer 1270
Puts invincible might

To quell the mighty of the earth, th' oppresser,
The brute and boist'rous force of violent men,
Hardy and industrious to support
Tyrannic pow'r, but raging to pursue 1275
The righteous and all such as honour Truth !
He all their Ammunition

And feats of War defeats,
With plain Heroic magnitude of mind
And celestial vigour arm'd, 1280

Their Armories and Magazines contemns,
Renders

SAMSON AGONISTES. 123

Renders them useleſs, while
 With winged expedition,
 Swift as the light'ning glance, he executes
 His errand on the wicked ; who surpriz'd 1285
 Loſe their defence, diſtracted and amaz'd.

But patience is more oft the exerciſe
 Of Saints, the trial of their fortitude,
 Making them each his own Deliverer,
 And Victor over all 1290

That tyranny or fortune can inſlict.
 Either of theſe is in thy lot,
Samſon, with might endu'd
 Above the Sons of men ; but ſight bereav'd
 May chance to number thee with thoſe 1295
 Whom Patience finally muſt crown.

This Idol's day hath been to thee no day of reſt,
 Labouring thy mind
 More than the working day thy hands.

And yet perhaps more trouble is behind ; 1300
 For I deſcry this way

Some other tending, in his hand
 A Scepter or quaint Staff he bears,
 Comes on amain, ſpeed in his look ;
 By his habit I diſcern him now 1305
 A public Officer, and now at hand ;
 His meſſage will be ſhort and voluble.

Off. Hebrews, the Pris'ner *Samſon* here I ſeek.

Chor. His manacles remark him, there he ſits.

Off. Samſon, to thee our Lords thus bid me ſay ;
 This day to *Dagon* is a ſolemn Feaſt, 1311
 With Sacrifices, Triumph, Pomp, and Games :

124 SAMSON AGONISTES.

Thy strength they know surpassing human rate,
 And now some public proof thereof require
 To honour this great Feast, and great Assembly. 1315
 Rise therefore with all speed, and come along,
 Where I will see thee heartned and fresh clad
 T' appear as fits before th' illustrious Lords. [them
Samf. Thou know'st I am an *Hebrew*, therefore tell
 Our Law forbids at their religious Rites 1320
 My presence ; for that cause I cannot come.

Off. This answer, be assur'd, will not content them.

Samf. Have they not Sword-players, and ev'ry sort
 Of Gymnic Artists, Wrestlers, Riders, Runners,
 Juglers and Dancers, Antics, Mummers, Mimics, 1325
 But they must pick me out with shackles tir'd,
 And over-labour'd at their public Mill,
 To make them sport with blind activity ?
 Do they not seek occasion of new quarrels
 On my refusal to distress me more, 1330
 Or make a game of my calamities ?
 Return the way thou cam'st, I will not come.

Off. Regard thyself, this will offend them highly.

Samf. Myself ? my conscience and internal peace.
 Can they think me so broken, so debas'd 1335
 With corporal servitude, that my mind ever
 Will condescend to such absurd commands,
 Altho' their drudge, to be their fool or jester ;
 And in my midst of sorrow and heart-grief
 To shew them feats, and play before their god, 1340
 The worst of all indignities, yet on me,
 Join'd with extreme contempt ? I will not come.

Off. My message was impos'd on me with speed,
 Brooks

Brooks no delay: is this thy resolution? 1344

Samf. So take it with what speed thy message needs.

Off. I am sorry what this stoutness will produce.

Samf. Perhaps thou shalt have cause to sorrow indeed.

Chor. Consider, *Samson*; matters now are strain'd
Up to the heighth, whether to hold or break:

He's gone, and who knows how he may report 1350

Thy words, by adding fuel to the flame?

Expect another message more imperious,

More Lordly thund'ring than thou well wilt bear.

Samf. Shall I abuse this consecrated gift
Of strength, again returning with my hair 1355

After my great transgression; so requite

Favour renew'd, and add a greater sin,

By prostituting holy things to idols;

A *Nazarite* in place abominable

Vaunting my strength in honour to their *Dagon*? 1360

Besides, how vile, contemptible, ridiculous,

What act more execrably unclean, prophane?

Chor. Yet with this strength thou serv'st the *Phi-*
Idolatrous, uncircumcis'd, unclean. [listens,

Samf. Not in their Idol-worship, but by labour
Honest and lawful, to deserve my food 1366

Of those who have me in their civil power.

Chor. Where the heart joins not, outward acts
defile not. [holds:

Samf. Where outward force constrains, the sentence
But who constrains me to the Temple of *Dagon*,

Not dragging? the *Philistian* Lords command: 1371

Commands are no constraints. If I obey them,

126 SAMSON AGONISTES.

I do it freely, vent'ring to displease
 God for the fear of Man, and Man prefer,
 Set God behind: which in his jealousy 1475
 Shall never, unrepented, find forgiveness.
 Yet that he may dispense with me or thee,
 Present in Temples at idolatrous Rites
 For some important cause, thou need'st not doubt.

Chor. How thou wilt here come off surmounts
 my reach. 1380

Samf. Be of good courage; I begin to feel
 Some rousing motions in me, which dispose
 To something extraordinary my thoughts.
 I with this messenger will go along,
 Nothing to do, be sure, that may dishonour 1385
 Our Law, or stain my vow of *Nazarite*.
 If there be aught of presage in the mind,
 This day will be remarkable in my life
 By some great act, or of my days the last. 1389

Chor. In time thou hast resolv'd; the man returns.

Off. Samson, this second message from our Lords
 To thee I am bid say: Art thou our Slave,
 Our Captive, at the public Mill our drudge,
 And dar'st thou at our sending and command
 Dispute thy coming? come without delay; 1395
 Or we shall find such Engines to assail
 And hamper thee, as thou shalt come of force,
 Though thou wert firmlier fastn'd than a Rock.

Samf. I could be well content to try their Art,
 Which to no few of them would prove pernicious:
 Yet knowing their advantages too many, 1401
 Because they shall not trail me through their streets
 Like

Like a wild Beast, I am content to go.
 Masters commands come with a power resistless
 To such as owe them absolute subjection : 1405
 And for a life who will not change his purpose ?
 (So mutable are all the ways of men.)
 Yet this be sure, in nothing to comply
 Scandalous, or forbidden in our Law.

Off. I praise thy resolution, doff these links : 1410
 By this compliance thou wilt win the Lords
 To favour, and perhaps to set thee free.

Samsf. Brethren farewell ; your company along
 I will not wish, lest it perhaps offend them
 To see me girt with Friends ; and how the sight 1415
 Of me as of a common Enemy,
 So dreaded once, may now exasperate them,
 I know not : Lords are Lordliest in their wine ;
 And the well-seasted Priest then soonest fir'd
 With zeal, if aught Religion seem concern'd : 1420
 No less the People on their Holy-days
 Impetuous, insolent, unquenchable.
 Happ'n what may, of me expect to hear
 Nothing dishonourable, impure, unworthy
 Our God, our Law, my Nation or myself : 1425
 The last of me or no I cannot warrant.

Chor. Go, and the Holy One
 Of *Israel* be thy guide [name
 To what may serve his glory best, and spread his
 Great among the Heathen round ; 1430
 Send thee the Angel of thy Birth to stand
 Fast by thy side, who from thy Father's field
 Rode up in flames, after his message told

128 SAMSON AGONISTES.

Of thy conception, and be now a shield
 Of fire; that Spirit that first rusht on thee 1435
 In the camp of *Dan*

Be efficacious in thee now at need:
 For never was from Heav'n imparted
 Measure of strength so great to mortal seed,
 As in thy wond'rous actions hath been seen. 1440

But wherefore comes old *Manoa* in such haste
 With youthful steps? much livelier than ere while
 He seems: supposing here to find his Son,
 Or of him bringing to us some glad news? [hither

Man. Peace with you, Brethren; my inducement
 Was not at present here to find my Son, 1446
 By order of the Lords new parted hence
 To come and play before them at their Feast.

I heard all as I came; the City rings,
 And numbers thither flock: I had no will, 1450
 Left I should see him forc'd to things unseemly.

But that which mov'd my coming now, was chiefly
 To give you part with me what hope I have
 With good success to work his liberty. 1454

Chor. That hope would much rejoice us to partake
 With thee: say, Reverend Sire; we thirst to hear.

Man. I have attempted one by one the Lords
 Either at home, or through the high-street passing,
 With supplication prone, and Father's tears,
 T' accept of ransom for my Son their pris'ner. 1460

Some much averse I found and wondrous harsh,
 Contemptuous, proud, set on revenge and spite;
 That part most reverenc'd *Dagon* and his priests:
 Others more moderate seeming, but their aim

Private

SAMSON AGONISTES. 129

Private reward, for which both God and State 1465

They easily would set to sale: a third

More generous far and civil, who confess'd

They had enough reveng'd, having reduc'd

Their foe to misery beneath their fears,

The rest was magnanimity to remit, 1470

If some convenient ransom was propos'd.

What noise or shout was that? it tore the Skie.

Chor. Doubtless the people shouting, to behold

Their once great dread, captive, and blind before
them, 1474

Or at some proof of strength before them shown.

Man. His ransom, if my whole inheritance

May compass it, shall willingly be paid

And number'd down: much rather I shall chuse

To live the poorest in my Tribe, than richest,

And he in that calamitous prison left. 1480

No, I am fixt not to part hence without him;

For his redemption all my Patrimony,

If need be, I am ready to forego

And quit: not wanting him, I shall want nothing.

Chor. Fathers are wont to lay up for their Sons,

Thou for thy Son art bent to lay out all; 1486

Sons wont to nurse their Parents in old age,

Thou in old age car'st how to nurse thy Son,

Made older than thy age through eye-sight lost.

Man. It shall be my delight to tend his eyes, 1490

And view him sitting in the house, enobl'd

With all those high exploits by him atchiev'd,

And on his shoulders waving down those locks,

That of a Nation arm'd the strength contain'd:

130 SAMSON AGONISTES.

And, I persuade me, God had not permitted 1495

His strength again to grow up with his hair,

Garrison'd round about him like a Camp

Of faithful Soldiery, were not his purpose

To use him farther yet in some great service ;

Not to sit idle with so great a gift 1500

Useless, and thence ridiculous about him.

And since his strength with eye-sight was not lost,

God will restore him eye-sight to his strength.

Chor. Thy hopes are not ill founded, nor seem vain

Of his delivery, and thy joy thereon 1505

Conceiv'd, agreeable to a Father's love ;

In both which we, as next, participate. [noise !

Man. I know your friendly minds and---O what

Mercy of Heav'n, what hideous noise was that,

Horribly loud, unlike the former shout! 1510

Chor. Noise call you it, or universal groan,

As if the whole inhabitation perish'd ?

Blood, death, and deathful deeds are in that noise,

Ruin, destruction at the utmost point.

Man. Of ruin indeed me-thought I heard the noise :

Oh ! it continues ; they have slain my Son. 1516

Chor. Thy Son is rather slaying them ; that outcry

From slaughter of one Foe could not ascend.

Man. Some dismal accident it needs must be ;

What shall we do ? stay here, or run and see ? 1520

Chor. Best keep together here, lest running thither

We unawares run into danger's mouth.

This evil on the *Philistins* is fall'n ;

From whom could else a general cry be heard ?

The sufferers then will scarce molest us here ; 1525

From

SAMSON AGONISTES. 131

From other hands we need not much to fear.

What if his eye-sight (for to *Israel's* God

Nothing is hard) by miracle restor'd,

He now be dealing dole among his Foes,

And over heaps of slaughter'd walk his way? 1530

Man. That were a joy presumptuous to be thought.

Chor. Yet God hath wrought things as incredible
For his people of old; what hinders now?

Man. He can, I know, but doubt to think he will;
Yet hope would fain subscribe and tempts belief:

A little stay will bring some notice hither. 1536

Chor. Of good or bad so great, of bad the sooner;
For evil news rides post, while good news baits.

And to our wish I see one hither speeding,

An *Hebrew*, as I guess, and of our Tribe. 1540

Mess. O whither shall I run, or which way flee
The sight of this so horrid spectacle,

Which erst my eyes beheld, and yet behold?

For dire imagination still pursues me.

But Providence, or instinct of Nature seems, 1545

Or Reason, though disturb'd, and scarce consulted

To have guided me aright, I know not how,

To thee first, reverend *Manoa*, and to these

My countrymen; whom here I knew remaining,

As at some distance from the place of horror, 1550

So in the sad event too much concern'd.

Man. The accident was loud, and here before thee
With rueful cry, yet what it was we hear not;

No preface needs, thou seest we long to know.

Mess. It would burst forth; but I recover breath

And sense distract, to know well what I utter. 1556

Man.

Man. Tell us the sum, the circumstance defer.

Mess. Gaza yet stands, but all her Sons are fall'n ;
All in a moment overwhelm'd and fall'n.

Man. Sad, but thou know'st to *Israelites* not saddest
The desolation of a hostile City. 1561

Mess. Feed on that first ; there may in grief be surfeit.

Man. Relate by whom. *Mess.* By *Samson*. *Man.*
That still lessens

The sorrow, and converts it nigh to joy.

Mess. Ah ! *Manoa*, I refrain, too suddenly 1565
To utter what will come at last too soon ;
Left evil tidings, with too rude irruption
Hitting thy aged ear, should pierce too deep.

Man. Suspense in news is torture ; speak them out.

Mess. Then take the worst in brief, *Samson* is
dead. 1570

Man. The worst indeed : O all my hopes defeated
To free him hence ! but death, who sets all free,
Hath paid his ransom now and full discharge.
What windy joy this day had I conceiv'd,
Hopeful of his Deliv'ry, which now proves 1575
Abortive, as the first-born bloom of Spring,
Nipt with the lagging reer of winter's frost ?
Yet, ere I give the reins to grief, say first,
How dy'd he ? death to life is crown or shame.

All by him fell thou say'st ; by whom fell he ? 1580
What glorious hand gave *Samson* his death's wound ?

Mess. Unwounded of his enemies he fell.

Man. Wearied with slaughter then, or how ? ex-

Mess. By his own hands. [plain. 1585

Man. Self-violence ! what cause
Brought

Brought him so soon at variance with himself
Among his Foes ?

Mess. Inevitable cause,
At once both to destroy and be destroyed :
The Edifice, where all were met to see him, 1590
Upon their heads and on his own he pull'd.

Man. O lastly over-strong against thyself !
A dreadful way thou took'st to thy revenge.
More than enough we know ; but while things yet
Are in confusion, give us if thou canst, 1595
(Eye-witness of what first or last was done,) Relation more particular and distinct.

Mess. Occasions drew me early to this City,
And as the gates I enter'd with Sun-rise,
The Morning Trumpets Festival proclaim'd 1600
Through each high-street : little I had dispatch'd,
When all abroad was rumour'd that this day
Samson should be brought forth to shew the people
Proof of his mighty strength in feats and games.
I sorrow'd at his captive state, but minded 1605
Not to be absent at that spectacle.

The building was a spacious Theatre,
Half-round, on two main Pillars vaulted high,
With seats where all the Lords, and each degree
Of fort, might sit in order to behold ; 1610
The other side was open, where the throng
On banks and scaffolds under Skie might stand ;
I among those aloof obscurely stood.

The Feast and Noon grew high, and Sacrifice 1614
Had fill'd their hearts with mirth, high cheer and wine,
When to their sports they turn'd. Immediately

Was

134 SAMSON AGONISTES.

Was *Samson* as a public servant brought,
 In their state Livery clad ; before him Pipes
 And Timbrels ; on each side went armed guards,
 Both horse and foot, before him and behind 1620
 Archers, and Slingers, Cataphracts, and Spears.
 At sight of him the people with a shout
 Risted the Air, clamouring their God with praise,
 Who had made their dreadful enemy their thrall.
 He patient, but undaunted, where they led him, 1625
 Came to the place ; and what was set before him,
 Which without help of eye might be assay'd,
 To heave, pull, draw, and break, he still perform'd
 All with incredible stupendous force,
 None daring to appear Antagonist. 1630
 At length for intermission-sake they led him
 Between the Pillars ; he his guide requested
 (For so from such as nearer stood we heard)
 As overtir'd, to let him lean a while 1634
 With both his arms on those two massie Pillars,
 That to the arched roof gave main support.
 He unsuspecting led him ; which when *Samson*
 Felt in his arms, with head a while inclin'd,
 And eyes fast fixt, he stood as one who pray'd,
 Or some great matter in his mind revolv'd ; 1640
 At last with head erect thus cry'd aloud.
 Hitherto, Lords, what your commands impos'd
 I have perform'd, as reason was, obeying,
 Not without wonder or delight beheld :
 Now of my own accord such other trial 1645
 I mean to shew you of my strength, yet greater,
 As with amaze shall strike all who behold.

This

SAMSON AGONISTES. 135

This utter'd, straining all his nerves he bow'd,
 As with the force of winds and waters pent,
 When Mountains tremble, those two massie Pillars
 With horrible convulsion to and fro 1651
 He tugg'd, he shook, till down they came, and drew
 The whole roof after them, with burst of thunder,
 Upon the heads of all who sat beneath,
 Lords, Ladies, Captains, Counsellors, or Priests,
 Their choice Nobility and Flower, not only 1656
 Of this but each *Philistian* City round,
 Met from all parts to solemnize this Feast.
Samson with these immixt, inevitably
 Pull'd down the same destruction on himself; 1660
 The vulgar only scap'd, who stood without.

Chor. O dearly-bought revenge, yet glorious!
 Living or dying thou hast fulfill'd
 The work for which thou wast foretold
 To *Israel*, and now ly'st victorious 1665
 Among thy slain self-kill'd,
 Not willingly, but tangl'd in the fold
 Of dire necessity; whose law in death conjoin'd
 Thee with thy slaughter'd Foes, in number more
 Than all thy life had slain before. 1670

Semichor. While their hearts were jocund and sub-
 Drunk with Idolatry, drunk with Wine, [lime,
 And fat regorg'd of Bulls and Goats,
 Chaunting their Idol, and preferring
 Before our living Dread, who dwells 1675
 In *Silo*, his bright Sanctuary;
 Among them he a spirit of phrenzie sent,
 Who hurt their minds,

And

136 SAMSON AGONISTES.

And urg'd them on with mad desire
To call in haste for their destroyer: 1630

They, only set on sport and play,
Unweetingly importun'd
Their own destruction to come speedy on them.

So fond are mortal men,
Fall'n into wrath divine, 1635

As their own ruin on themselves t' invite,
Insensate left, or to sense reprobate,
And with blindness internal struck.

Semichor. But he, though blind of sight,
Despis'd, and thought extinguish'd quite, 1640

With inward eyes illuminated,
His fiery virtue rous'd
From under ashes into sudden flame;

And as ev'ning Dragon came,
Assailant on the perched roosts, 1645

And nests in order rang'd
Of tame villatic Fowl; but as an Eagle,
His cloudless thunder bolted on their heads.

So virtue giv'n for lost,
Deprest, and overthrown, as seem'd 1700

Like that self-begott'n Bird

In the *Arabian* Woods embost,
That no second knows, nor third,

And lay ere while a Holocaust,
From out her ashie womb now teem'd, 1705

Revives, re-flourishes, then vigorous most,
When most unactive deem'd,

And though her body die, her fame survives,

A secular Bird ages of lives, 1709
Man.

SAMSON AGONISTES. 137

Man. Come, come, no time for lamentation now,
 Nor much more cause ; *Samson* hath quit himself
 Like *Samson*, and heroickly hath finish'd
 A life Heroic ; on his Enemies
 Fully reveng'd, hath left them years of mourning,
 And lamentation to the Sons of *Caphtor* 1715
 Through all *Philistian* bounds ; to *Israel*
 Honour hath left, and freedom, let but them
 Find courage to lay hold on this occasion,
 T' himself and Father's house eternal fame :
 And, which is best and happiest yet, all this 1720
 With God not parted from him, as was fear'd,
 But favouring and assisting to the end.
 Nothing is here for tears, nothing to wail
 Or knock the breast, no weakness, no contempt,
 Dispraise, or blame ; nothing but well and fair, 1725
 And what may quiet us in a death so noble.
 Let us go find the Body, where it lies
 Soak'd in his enemies blood, and from the stream
 With lavers pure and cleansing herbs wash off
 The clotted gore. I with what speed the while 1730
 (*Gaza* is not in plight to say us nay)
 Will send for all my kindred, all my friends,
 To fetch him hence, and solemnly attend
 With silent obsequy and funeral train 1734
 Home to his Father's house : there will I build him
 A Monument, and plant it round with shade
 Of Laurel ever-green, and branching Palm,
 With all his Trophies hung, and Acts enroll'd
 In copious Legend, or sweet Lyric Song.
 Thither shall all the valiant Youth resort, 1740
 And

138 SAMSON AGONISTES.

And from his memory inflame their breasts
To matchless valour, and adventures high:
The Virgins also shall on feastsful days
Visit his Tomb with flowers, only bewailing
His lot unfortunate in nuptial choice, 1745
From whence captivity and loss of eyes.

Chor. All is best, though we oft doubt
What th' unsearchable dispose
Of highest wisdom brings about,
And ever best found in the close. 1750
Oft he seems to hide his face,
But unexpectedly returns,

And to his faithful Champion hath in place
Bore witness gloriously; whence *Gaza* mourns,
And all that band them to resist 1755
His uncontrollable intent:

His Servant he with new acquit
Of true experience from this great event,
With peace and consolation hath dismiss'd,
And calm of mind, all passion spent. 1760

T H E E N D.





P O E M S, &c.

U P O N

S E V E R A L O C C A S I O N S,

I N

E N G L I S H *and* L A T I N, &c.

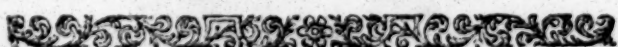
Compos'd at several times.

By J O H N M I L T O N.

----- *Baccare frontem*

Cingite, ne vati noceat mala lingua futuro.

Virgil. Eclog. 7.



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LYCIDAS.

In this Monody the Author bewails a learned Friend, unfortunately drown'd in his passage from Chester on the Irish Seas, 1637. And by occasion foretells the ruin of our corrupted Clergy then in their height.



ET once more, O ye Laurels, and once more

Ye myrtles brown, with Ivy never-fear,
I come to pluck your Berries harsh and crude,

And with forc'd fingers rude,
Shatter your leaves before the mellowing year,
Bitter constraint, and sad occasion dear,
Compels me to disturb your season due ;
For *Lycidas* is dead, dead ere his prime,
Young *Lycidas*, and hath not left his peer :
Who would not sing for *Lycidas* ? he knew
Himself to sing, and build the lofty rhyme.
He must not flote upon his watry bier
Unwept, and welter to the parching wind,
Without the meed of some melodious tear.

Begin

142 POEMS on several Occasions.

Begin then, Sisters of the sacred well,
That from beneath the seat of *Jove* doth spring,
Begin, and somewhat loudly sweep the string.
Hence with denial vain, and coy excuse :
So may some gentle Muse
With lucky words favour my destin'd Urn ;
And as she passes turn,
And bid fair peace be to my sable shroud.
For we were nurs'd upon the self-same hill,
Fed the same flock, by fountain, shade, and rill.

Together both, ere the high Lawns appear'd
Under the opening eye-lids of the morn,
We drove a-field, and both together heard
What time the Gray-fly winds her sultry horn,
Batt'ning our flocks with the fresh dews of night,
Oft till the Star, that rose at Ev'ning bright,
Toward Heav'n's descent had slop'd his westering
Mean while the Rural ditties were not mute, [wheel.
Temper'd to th'Oaten Flute ;
Rough *Satyrs* danc'd, and *Fauns* with cloven heel
From the glad sound would not be absent long,
And old *Dametas* lov'd to hear our song.

But O the heavy change, now thou art gone,
Now thou art gone, and never must return !
Thee, Shepherd, thee the Woods, and desert Caves
With wild Thyme and the gadding Vine o'ergrown,
And all their echoes mourn.
The Willows, and the Hazel Copfes green,
Shall now no more be seen,
Fanning thy joyous Leaves to thy soft layes.
As kill the Canker to the Rose,

Or

POEMS on several Occasions. 143

Or taint-worm to the weanling Herds that graze,
Or Frost to Flowers, that their gay wardrobe wear,
When first the White-Thorn blows;
Such, *Lycidas*, thy loss to Shepherds ear.

Where were ye, Nymphs, when the remorseless deep
Clos'd o'er the head of your lov'd *Lycidas*?
For neither were ye playing on the steep,
Where your old *Bards*, the famous *Druids*, lie,
Nor on the shaggy top of *Mona* high,
Nor yet where *Deva* spreads her wifard stream:
Ah me, I fondly dream!

Had ye been there---for what could that have done?
What could the Muse herself, that *Orpheus* bore,
The Muse herself for her enchanting son,
Whom universal nature did lament,
When by the rout, that made the hideous roar,
His goary visage down the stream was sent,
Down the swift *Hebrus* to the *Lesbian* shore?

Alas! what boots it with incessant care
To tend the homely slighted Shepherds trade,
And strictly meditate the thankless Muse?
Were it not better done, as others use,
To sport with *Amaryllis* in the shade,
Or with the tangles of *Neæra*'s hair?
Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise
(That last infirmity of noble mind)
To scorn delights, and live laborious days;
But the fair Guerdon when we hope to find,
And think to burst out into sudden blaze,
Comes the blind *Fury* with th' abhorred shears,
And slits the thin-spun life,---But not the praise,

Phæbus

144 POEMS on several Occasions.

Phæbus reply'd, and touch'd my trembling ears :
Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil,
 Nor in the glistering foil
 Set off to th' world, nor in broad rumour lies ;
 But lives and spreads aloft by those pure eyes
 And perfect witness of all-judging *Jove* :
 As he pronounces lastly on each deed,
 Of so much fame in Heav'n expect thy meed.

O Fountain *Arctuse*, and thou honour'd fload,
 Smooth-sliding *Mincius*, crown'd with vocal reeds,
 That strain I heard was of a higher mood :
 But now my Oate proceeds,
 And listens to the Herald of the Sea,
 That came in *Neptune's* plea ;
 He ask'd the Waves, and ask'd the Felon Winds,
 What hard mishap hath doom'd this gentle Swain ;
 And question'd every gust of rugged winds,
 That blows from off each beaked Promontory :
 They knew not of his story,
 And sage *Hippotades* their answer brings,
 That not a blast was from his dungeon stray'd,
 The air was calm, and on the level brine,
 Sleek *Panope* with all her sisters play'd.
 It was that fatal and perfidious Bark,
 Built in th' eclipse, and rigg'd with curses dark,
 That sunk so low that sacred head of thine.

Next *Camus*, reverend Sire, went footing slow,
 His Mantle hairy, and his Bonnet sedge,
 Inwrought with figures dim, and on the edge
 Like to that sanguine flower inscrib'd with woe ;
 Ah! who hath rest (quoth he) my dearest pledge ?

Laft

Last came, and last did go
 The Pilot of the *Galilean* lake ;
 Two massy Keys he bore of metals twain,
 (The Golden opes, the Iron shuts amain)
 He shook his miter'd locks, and stern bespake :
 How well could I have spar'd for thee, young swain,
 Anow of such as for their bellies sake
 Creep and intrude, and climb into the fold ?
 Of other care they little reck'ning make,
 Than how to scramble at the shearers feast,
 And shove away the worthy bidden guest ; [to hold
 Blind mouths! that scarce themselves know how
 A sheep-hook, or have learn'd aught else the least
 That to the faithful Herdman's art belongs !
 What recks it them ? What need they ? They are sped ;
 And, when they list, their lean and flashy songs
 Grate on their scrannel Pipes of wretched straw ;
 The hungry sheep look up, and are not fed,
 But swoln with wind, and the rank mist they draw,
 Rot inwardly, and foul contagion spread :
 Besides what the grim Wolf with privy paw
 Daily devours apace, and nothing said
 But that two-handed engine at the door
 Stands ready to smite once, and smite no more.

Return, *Alpheus*, the dread voice is past,
 That shrunk thy streams ; Return, *Sicilian Muse*
 And call the Vales, and bid them hither cast
 Their Bells, and Flourets of a thousand hues.
 Ye valleys low, where the mild whispers use,
 Of shades, and wanton winds, and gushing brooks,
 On whose fresh lap the swart Star sparely looks,

H

Throw

146 POEMS on several Occasions.

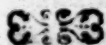
Throw hither all your quaint enamel'd eyes,
 That on the green turf suck the honied showers,
 And purple all the ground with vernal flowers.
 Bring the rathe Primrose, that forsaken dies,
 The tufted Crow-toe, and pale Jessamine,
 The white Pink and the Pansie streakt with jeat,
 The glowing Violet,
 The musk-rose, and the well-attir'd Woodbine,
 With Cowslips wan that hang the pensive head,
 And every flower that sad embroidery wears :
 Bid *Amarantbus* all his beauty shed,
 And Daffadillies fill their cups with tears,
 To strew the Laureat Herse where *Lycid* lies:
 For so to interpose a little ease,
 Let our frail thoughts daily with false surmise.
 Ah me! Whilst thee the shores, and sounding Seas
 Wash far away, where-e'er thy bones are hurl'd,
 Whether beyond the stormy *Hebrides*,
 Where thou perhaps under the whelming tide
 Visit'st the bottom of the monstrous world ;
 Or whether thou, to our moist vows deny'd,
 Sleep'st by the fable of *Bellerus* old,
 Where the great Vision of the guarded Mount
 Looks tow'rd *Namantas* and *Bayona's* hold ;
 Look homeward Angel now, and melt with ruth,
 And, O ye *Dolphins*, waft the hapless youth.

Weep no more, woful Shepherds, weep no more ;
 For *Lycidas*, your sorrow, is not dead ;
 Sunk though he be beneath the watry floor,
 So sinks the day-star in the Ocean-bed,
 And yet anon uprears his drooping head,

And

And tricks his beams, and with new-spangled Ore
 Flames in the forehead of the morning sky :
 So *Lycidas* sunk low, but mounted high,
 Through the dear might of him that walk'd the waves,
 Where other groves, and other streams along,
 With *Nectar* pure his oozy Locks he laves,
 And hears the unexpressive nuptial Song
 In the blest Kingdoms meek of joy and love.
 There entertain him all the Saints above,
 In solemn troops, and sweet Societies,
 That sing, and singing in their glory move,
 And wipe the tears for ever from his eyes.
 Now, *Lycidas*, the Shepherds weep no more ;
 Henceforth thou art the Genius of the shore,
 In thy large recompense, and shalt be good
 To all that wander in that perilous flood.

Thus sang the uncouth Swain to th' oaks and rills,
 While the still morn went out with Sandals gray ;
 He touch'd the tender stops of various Quills,
 With eager thought warbling his *Dorick* lay.
 And now the Sun had stretch'd out all the hills,
 And now was dropt into the Western Bay :
 At last he rose, and twitch'd his Mantle blue ;
 To-morrow to fresh Woods, and Pastures new.





L' A L L E G R O.



HENCE loathed Melancholy,
Of *Cerberus* and blackest midnight born,
In *Stygian* Cave forlorn,
'Mongst horrid shapes, and shrieks, and
fights unholy,

Find out some uncouth cell,

Where brooding darkness spreads his jealous wings,
And the night-Raven sings;
There under *Ebon* shades, and low-brow'd Rocks,
As ragged as thy Locks,

In dark *Cimmerian* desert ever dwell.
But come thou Goddess fair and free,
In Heav'n yclep'd *Euphrosyne*,
And by men heart-easing Mirth,
Whom lovely *Venus* at a birth
With two Sister-Graces more
To Ivy-crowned *Bacchus* bore;
Or whether (as some Sager sing)
The frolick Wind, that breathes the Spring,
Zephyr with *Aurora* playing,
As he met her once a Maying,
There on beds of Violets blue,
And fresh-blown Roses washt in dew,
Fill'd her with thee, a daughter fair,
So bucksom, blith, and debonair;

Haste

Haste thee, Nymph, and bring with thee
 Jest and youthful Jollity,
 Quips and Cranks, and wanton Wiles,
 Nods, and Becks, and wreathed Smiles,
 Such as hang on *Hebe's* cheek,
 And love to live in dimple sleek ;
 Sport, that wrinkled Care derides,
 And Laughter, holding both his sides.
 Come, and trip it, as you go,
 On the light fantastick toe :
 And in thy right hand lead with thee
 The Mountain Nymph, sweet Liberty ;
 And if I give the honour due,
 Mirth, admit me of thy crew,
 To live with her, and live with thee,
 In unreprieved pleasures free ;
 To hear the Lark begin his flight,
 And singing startle the dull night,
 From his watch-tow'r in the skies,
 Till the dappled dawn doth rise ;
 Then to come in spite of sorrow,
 And at my window bid good morrow,
 Through the Sweet-Briar, or the Vine,
 Or the twisted Eglantine :
 While the Cock with lively din
 Scatters the rear of darkness thin ;
 And to the stack, or the Barn-door,
 Stoutly struts his Dames before.
 Oft list'ning how the Hounds and Horn
 Chearly rouse the slumbring morn,
 From the side of some Hoar Hill

150 POEMS on several Occasions.

Through the high wood echoing shrill.
 Sometime walking not unseen
 By Hedge-row Elms, on Hillocks green,
 Right against the Eastern gate,
 Where the great Sun begins his state,
 Rob'd in Flames, and Amber light,
 The Clouds in thousand Liveries dight.
 While the plow-man near at hand
 Whistles o'er the furrow'd Land,
 And the Milkmaid singing blithe,
 And the Mower whets his scythe,
 And every Shepherd tells his tale
 Under the Hawthorn in the dale.
 Straight mine eye hath caught new pleasures,
 Whilst the Landskip round it measures;
 Russet Lawns, and Fallows gray,
 Where the nibbling flocks do stray,
 Mountains, on whose barren breast
 The labouring Clouds do often rest,
 Meadows trim with Daisies pide,
 Shallow Brooks, and Rivers wide:
 Towers and Battlements it sees
 Bosom'd high in tufted Trees,
 Where perhaps some beauty lies,
 The Cynosure of neighbouring eyes.
 Hard by a Cottage chimney smokes,
 From betwixt two aged Oaks,
 Where *Corydon* and *Thyrsis* met,
 Are at their savory dinner set
 Of Herbs and other Country Messes,
 Which the neat-handed *Phyllis* dresses;

And

And then in haste her Bower she leaves,
 With *Thestylis* to bind the Sheaves ;
 Or if the earlier Season lead
 To the tann'd Haycock in the Mead,
 Sometimes with secure delight
 The up-land Hamlets will invite,
 When the merry Bells ring round,
 And the jocond rebecks sound
 To many a Youth, and many a Maid,
 Dancing in the chequer'd shade ;
 And young and old come forth to play
 On a Sunshine Holy-day,
 Till the live-long day-light fail :
 Then to the spicy nut-brown Ale,
 With stories told of many a feat,
 How *Fairy Mab* the junkets eat ;
 She was pincht, and pull'd, she said,
 And he by Frier's Lanthorn led ;
 Tells how the drudging *Goblin* sweat,
 To earn his Cream-bowl duly fet,
 When in one night, ere glimpse of morn,
 His shadowy Flail hath thresh'd the Corn,
 That ten day-labourers could not end,
 Then lies him down the Lubbar Fiend,
 And stretch'd out all the Chimney's length,
 Basks at the fire his hairy strength ;
 And Crop-full out of doors he flings,
 Ere the first Cock his Mattin rings.
 Thus done the Tales, to bed they creep,
 By whispering Winds soon lull'd asleep.
 Towred Cities please us then,

152 POEMS on several Occasions.

And the busie humm of men,
 Where throngs of Knights and Barons bold,
 In weeds of Peace high triumphs hold ;
 With store of Ladies, whose bright Eyes
 Rain influence, and judge the prize
 Of Wit or Arms, while both contend
 To win her Grace, whom all commend.
 There let *Hymen* oft appear
 In Saffron robe, with Taper clear,
 And pomp, and feast, and revelry,
 With mask, and antique Pageantry,
 Such sights as youthful Poets dream
 On Summer Eves by haunted stream.
 Then to the well-trod Stage anon,
 If *Johnson's* learned Sock be on,
 Or sweetest *Shakespeare*, fancy's child,
 Warble his native Wood-notes wild ;
 And ever against eating Cares
 Lap me in soft *Lydian* Aires,
 Married to immortal verse,
 Such as the meeting Soul may pierce
 In notes, with many a winding bout
 Of linked sweetness long drawn out,
 With wanton heed, and giddy cunning,
 The melting voice through mazes running ;
 Untwisting all the chains that-tye
 The hidden soul of harmony :
 That *Orpheus'* self may heave his head
 From golden slumber on a Bed
 Of heapt *Elysian* flowers, and hear
 Such strains as would have won the ear

Of

Of *Pluto*, to have quite set free
His half-regain'd *Eurydice*.
These delights if thou canst give,
Mirth, with thee I mean to live.



IL PENSEROSO.

HENCE vain deluding joys,
The brood of folly without father bred,
How little you bested,
Or fill the fixed mind with all your
toys;

Dwell in some idle brain,
And fancies fond with gaudy shapes possess,
As thick and numberless
As the gay motes that people the Sun beams,
Or likest hovering dreams,
The fickle Pensioners of *Morpheus'* train.
But hail! thou Goddess, sage and holy,
Hail! divinest Melancholy,
Whose Saintly visage is too bright
To hit the Sense of human sight;
And therefore to our weaker view
O'er-laid with black, staid Wisdom's hue;
Black, but such as in esteem,
Prince *Memnon's* Sister might beseem;
Or that starr'd *Ethiops* Queen that strove
To set her beauty's praise above

154 POEMS on several Occasions.

The Sea-Nymphs, and their powers offended :
 Yet thou art higher far descended ;
 Thee bright-hair'd *Vesta* long of yore
 To solitary *Saturn* bore ;
 His daughter she (in *Saturn*'s reign
 Such mixture was not held a stain)
 Oft in glimmering bow'rs, and glades,
 He met her, and in secret shades
 Of woody *Ida*'s inmost grove,
 While yet there was no fear of *Jove*.
 Come pensive Nun, devout and pure,
 Sober, stedfast, and demure,
 All in robe of darkest grain,
 Flowing with majestic train,
 And sable stole of *Cypress* Lawn,
 O'er thy decent shoulders drawn.
 Come, but keep thy wonted state,
 With even step, and musing gait,
 And looks commercing with the skies,
 Thy rapt soul sitting in thine eyes :
 There held in holy passion still,
 Forget thyself to Marble, till
 With a sad leaden downward cast,
 Thou fix them on the earth as fast :
 And join with thee calm Peace, and Quiet,
 Spare Fast, that oft with Gods doth diet,
 And hears the Muses in a ring
 Ay round about *Jove*'s Altar sing ;
 And add to these retired Leisure,
 That in trim Gardens takes his pleasure.
 But first, and chiefest, with thee bring

Him,

Him, that yon soars on golden wing,
 Guiding the fiery-wheeled throne,
 The Cherub Contemplation,
 And the mute Silence hift along ;
 'Lefs *Philomel* will deign a Song,
 In her sweetest, saddest plight,
 Smoothing the rugged brow of night ;
 While *Cynthia* checks her Dragon yoke
 Gently o'er th' accustom'd Oak :
 Sweet Bird, that shunn'ft the noise of folly,
 Most musical, most melancholy !
 Thee chauntrefs oft the Woods among
 I woo to hear thy Even-Song ;
 And missing thee, I walk unseen
 On the dry smooth-shaven Green,
 To behold the wand'ring Moon,
 Riding near her highest noon,
 Like one that had been led astray
 Through the Heav'n's wide pathless way ;
 And oft, as if her head she bow'd,
 Stooping through a fleecy cloud.
 Oft on a Plat of rising ground
 I hear the far-off *Curfeu* sound,
 Over some wide-water'd shoar,
 Swinging slow with sullen roar.

Or if the Air will not permit,
 Some still removed place will fit,
 Where glowing Embers through the room
 Teach light to counterfeit a gloom ;
 Far from all resort of mirth,
 Save the Cricket on the hearth,

156 POEMS on several Occasions.

Or the Belman's drowfie charm,
 To blefs the doors from nightly harm.
 Or let my Lamp at midnight hour
 Be feen in fome high lonely Tow'r,
 Where I may oft out-watch the *Bear*,
 With thrice-great *Hermes*, or unfphear
 The fpirit of *Plato*, to unfold
 What Worlds, or what vaft Regions hold
 Th' immortal Mind, that hath forfook
 Her manfion in this flefhly nook:
 And of thofe *Dæmons*, that are found
 In fire, air, flood, or under ground,
 Whofe power hath a true confent
 With Planet, or with Element.
 Sometimes let gorgeous Tragedy
 In fcepter'd Pall come fweeping by,
 Prefenting *Thebes* or *Pelops'* line,
 Or the tale of *Troy* divine:
 Or what (though rare) of later age,
 Ennobled hath the Bufkin'd ftage.
 But, O fad Virgin, that thy power
 Might raife *Mufæus* from his bower,
 Or bid the Soul of *Orpheus* fmg
 Such notes as, warbled to the ftring,
 Drew Iron tears down *Pluto's* cheek,
 And made Hell grant what Love did feek;
 Or call up him that left half told
 The ftory of *Cambufcan* bold,
 Of *Camball*, and of *Algarfife*,
 And who had *Canace* to wife,
 That own'd the virtuous Ring and Glafs,

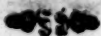
And

And of the wondrous Horse of Brass,
 On which the *Tartar* King did ride ;
 And if ought else, great *Bards* beside,
 In sage and solemn tunes have sung,
 Of Turnies and of Trophies hung ;
 Of Forests, and Inchantments drear,
 Where more is meant than meets the ear.
 Thus, night, oft see me in thy pale career,
 Till civil-suited Morn appear,
 Not trickt and frounc't, as she was wont,
 With the Attick Boy to hunt,
 But cherchef't in a comely Cloud,
 While rocking Winds are piping loud,
 Or usher'd with a shower still,
 When the gulf hath blown his fill,
 Ending on the rustling Leaves,
 With minute drops from off the Eaves,
 And when the Sun begins to fling
 His flaming beams, me, Goddess, bring
 To arched walks of twilight groves,
 And shadows brown, that *Sylvan* loves,
 Of Pine, or monumental Oak,
 Where the rude Ax with heaved stroke
 Was never heard the Nymphs to daunt ;
 Or fright them from their hallow'd haunt ;
 There in close covert by some brook,
 Where no profaner eye may look,
 Hide me from Day's garish eye,
 While the Bee with honied thigh,
 That at her flow'ry work doth sing,
 And the Waters murmuring,
 With such consort as they keep,

Entice

158 POEMS on several Occasions.

Entice the dewy-feather'd Sleep;
 And let some strange mysterious dream
 Wave at his Wings in airy stream,
 Of lively portraiture display'd,
 Softly on my eye-lids laid:
 And, as I wake, sweet musick breathe
 Above, about, or underneath,
 Sent by some spirit to mortals good,
 Or th' unseen Genius of the Wood.
 But let my due feet never fail
 To walk the studious Cloysters pale,
 And love the high embowed Roof,
 With antique Pillars massy proof,
 And storied Windows richly dight,
 Casting a dim religious light:
 There let the pealing Organ blow,
 To the full-voic'd Choir below,
 In Service high, and Anthems clear,
 As may with sweetness through mine ear
 Dissolve me into extasies,
 And bring all Heav'n before mine eyes.
 And may at last my weary age
 Find out the peaceful hermitage,
 The hairy Gown, and mossy Cell,
 Where I may sit, and rightly spell
 Of every Star that heav'n doth shew,
 And every Herb that sips the dew;
 Till old experience do attain
 To something like Prophetic strain.
 These pleasures, *Melancholy*, give,
 And I with thee will choose to live.





ARC A D E S.

*Part of an Entertainment presented to
the Countess Dowager of Derby at
Harefield, by some Noble Persons of
her Family, who appear on the Scene
in Pastoral Habit, moving toward
the Seat of State, with this Song.*

I. S O N G.

LOOK Nymphs, and Shepherds look !
What sudden blaze of Majesty
Is that which we from hence descry,
Too divine to be mistook ?
This, this is she
To whom our vows and wishes bend,
Here our solemn search hath end.
Fame, that her high worth to raise,
Seem'd erst so lavish and profuse,
We may justly now accuse
Of detraction from her praise ;
Less than half we find exprest,
Envy bid conceal the rest.
Mark what radiant state she spreads,
In circle round her shining throne,

Shooting

160 POEMS on several Occasions.

Shooting her beams like silver threads :

This, this is she alone,

Sitting like a Goddess bright,

In the center of her light.

Might she the wife *Latona* be,

Or the towred *Cybele*,

Mother of a hundred gods,

Juno dares not give her odds ;

Who had thought this clime had held

A Deity so unparallel'd ?

*As they come forward, the Genius of the Wood appears,
and turning toward them, speaks.*

Gen. **S**tay gentle Swains ; for tho' in this disguise,
I see bright honour sparkle through your
eyes,

Of famous *Arcady* ye are, and sprung

Of that renowned flood, so often sung,

Divine *Alpheus*, who by secret sluice,

Stole under Seas to meet his *Arctuse* ;

And ye the breathing Roses of the Wood,

Fair silver-buskin'd Nymphs as great and good,

I know, this quest of yours, and free intent

Was all in honour and devotion meant

To the great Mistress of yon princely shrine,

Whom with low reverence I adore as mine,

And with all helpful service will comply

To further this night's glad solemnity ;

And lead ye, where ye may more near behold

What shallow-searching *Fame* hath left untold :

Which I full oft amidst these shades alone

Have

POEMS on several Occasions. 161

Have sat to wonder at, and gaze upon:
 For know, by lot from *Jove*, I am the pow'r
 Of this fair Wood, and live in Oaken bow'r,
 To nurse the saplings tall, and curl the grove
 With Ringlets quaint, and wanton windings wove,
 And all my Plants I save from nightly ill
 Of noisom winds, and blasting Vapours chill;
 And from the Boughs brush off the evil dew
 And heal the harms of thwarting thunder blue,
 Or what the cross dire-looking Planet smites,
 Or hurtful Worm with canker'd venom bites.
 When Ev'ning gray doth rise, I fetch my round
 Over the mount, and all this hallow'd ground,
 And early, ere the odorous breath of morn
 Awakes the slumb'ring leaves, or tassel'd horn
 Shakes the high thicket, haste I all about,
 Number my ranks, and visit every sprout
 With puissant words, and murmurs made to bless;
 But else in deep of night, when drowsiness
 Hath lockt up mortal Sense, then listen I
 To the celestial *Sirens* harmony,
 That sit upon the nine enfolded Spheres,
 And sing to those that hold the vital shears,
 And turn the Adamantine spindle round,
 On which the fate of gods and men is wound.
 Such sweet compulsion doth in musick lie,
 To lull the daughters of *Necessity*,
 And keep unsteady Nature to her law,
 And the low world in measur'd motion draw
 After the heavenly tune, which none can hear
 Of humane mould with gross unpurged ear;

And

162 P O E M S on *several Occasions.*

And yet such musick worthiest were to blaze
The peerless height of her immortal praise,
Whose lustre leads us, and for her most fit,
If my inferior hand or voice could hit
Inimitable sounds: yet as we go,
What-e'er the skill of lesser gods can show,
I will assay, her worth to celebrate;
And so attend ye tow'rd her glittering state:
Where ye may all that are of noble stem
Approach, and kiss her sacred vestures hem.

II. S O N G.

O 'E R the smooth enamel'd green,
Where no print of step hath been,
Follow me, as I sing,
And touch the warbled string.
Under the shady roof
Of branching Elm star-proof,
Follow me.
I will bring you where she sits,
Clad in splendor, as befits
Her Deity.
Such a rural Queen
All *Arcadia* hath not seen.

III. S O N G.

N Ymphs and Shepherds, dance no more
By sandy *Ladon's* lillied banks;
On old *Lycæus*, or *Cyllene* hoar
Trip no more in twilight ranks:
Though *Erymanth* your loss deplore,
A better soil shall give ye thanks.

From

POEMS on several Occasions. 163

From the stony *Mænalus*

Bring your Flocks, and live with us ;

Here ye shall have greater grace,

To serve the Lady of this place :

Though *Syrinx* your *Pan*'s Mistress were,

Yet *Syrinx* well might wait on her,

Such a rural Queen

All *Arcadia* hath not seen.



8 MA64



A
M A S K

PRESENTED

At LUDLOW-CASTLE, 1634.

BEFORE THE

Earl of BRIDGEWATER, *then*
President of WALES.





The Copy of a Letter written by
Sir HENRY WOOTTON, to
the Author, upon the follow-
ing Poem.

From the College, this 13th of *April*, 1638.

S I R,

Twas a special Favour, when
you lately bestow'd upon me
here the first taste of your Ac-
quaintance, though no longer than to
make me know that I wanted more
time to value it, and to enjoy it right-
ly; and in truth, if I could then have
imagin'd your farther stay in these parts,
which I understood afterwards by
Mr. H. I would have been bold in
our vulgar phrase, to mend my draught,
(for you left me with an extreme thirst)
and to have begged your conversation
again, jointly with your said learned
Friend, at a poor meal or two, that
we

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we might have banded together some good Authors of the antient time: Among which, I observed you to have been familiar.

Since your going you have charg'd me with new Obligations, both for a very kind Letter from you dated the sixth of this Month, and for a dainty piece of entertainment which came therewith. Wherein I should much commend the Tragical part, if the Lyrical did not ravish me with a certain Dorique delicacy in your Songs and Odes, whereunto I must plainly confess to have seen yet nothing parallel in our Language: Ipsa mollities. But I must not omit to tell you, that I now only owe you thanks for intimating unto me (how modestly soever) the true Artificer. For the Work itself I had view'd some good while before, with singular delight, having receiv'd it from our common Friend Mr. R. in the very close of the late R's Poems, printed at Oxford, whereunto it was added (as I now suppose

suppose) that the Accessory might help out the Principal, according to the Art of Stationers, and to leave the Reader Con la bocca dolce.

Now, Sir, concerning your Travels, wherein I may challenge a little more privilege of Discourse with you; I suppose you will not blanch Paris in your way; therefore I have been bold to trouble you with a few Lines to Mr. M. B. whom you shall easily find attending the young Lord S. as his Governor; and you may surely receive from him good directions for the shaping of your farther journey into Italy, where he did reside by my choice some time for the King, after mine own recesses from Venice.

I should think that your best Line will be thorow the whole length of France to Marseilles and thence by Sea to Genoa, whence the passage into Tuscany is as Diurnal as a Gravesend Barge: I hasten as you do, to Florence, or Siena, the rather to tell you a short
I story,

flory, from the interest you have given me in your safety.

*At Siena I was tabled in the House of one Alberto Scipioni, an old Roman Courtier in dangerous times, having been Steward to the Ducca di Pagliano, who with all his Family were strangled, save this only man, that escap'd by foresight of the Tempest: With him I had often much chat of those affairs; into which he took pleasure to look back from his Native Harbour; and at my departure towards Rome (which had been the centre of his experience) I had won confidence enough to beg his advice, how I might carry myself securely there, without offence of others, or of mine own Conscience. Signior Arrigo mio (says he) I pensieri stretti, & il viso sciolto, will go safely over the whole World: Of which Delphian Oracle (for so I have found it) your judgment doth need no commentary; and therefore (Sir) I will commit you with it to
the*

A Letter from Sir *H. Wootton.* 171
*the best of all securities, God's dear
Love, remaining*

Your Friend, as much at command

as any of longer date,

Henry Wootton.

P O S T S C R I P T.

S I R,

I Have expressly sent this my Foot-boy to prevent your departure without some acknowledgment from me of the receipt of your obliging Letter, having myself thro' some business, I know not how, neglected the ordinary conveyance. In any part where I shall understand you fixed, I shall be glad, and diligent to entertain you with Home-Novelties; even for some fomentation of our friendship, too soon interrupted in the Cradle.

The PERSONS.

*The attendant Spirit, afterwards in the habit
of Thyrsis.*

COMUS *with his Crew.*

The Lady.

1 Brother.

2 Brother.

SABRINA *the Nymph.*

The chief Persons who presented, were,

The Lord BRACKLY.

Mr. THOMAS EGERTON *his Brother.*

The Lady ALICE EGERTON.



A
M A S K
PRESENTED
At LUDLOW-CASTLE, 1634.

The first Scene discovers a wild Wood.

The attendant Spirit descends or enters.



Efore the starry threshold of *Jove's* Court,
My mansion is, where those immortal
Shapes
Of bright aerial Spirits live insphear'd
In regions mild of calm and serene Air,
Above the smoak and stir of this dim spot,
Which Men call Earth, and with low-thoughted care
Confin'd, and pester'd in this pin-fold here,
Strive to keep up a frail and feverish Being,
Unmindful of the Crown that Virtue gives,

174 POEMS on several Occasions.

After this mortal change, to her true Servants
Amongst th' enthroned Gods on fainted seats,
Yet some there be, that by due steps aspire
To lay their just hands on that Golden Key,
That opes the Palace of Eternity :
To such my errand is ; and but for such ;
I would not soil these pure Ambrosial Weeds
With the rank Vapours of this Sin-worn Mould.

But to my task. *Neptune*, besides the sway
Of ev'ry salt Flood, and each ebbing Stream,
Took in by lot 'twixt high and neather *Jove*,
Imperial rule of all the Sea girt Isles,
That like to rich and various Gems inlay
The unadorned bosom of the Deep,
Which he, to grace his tributary Gods,
By course commits to several Governments,
And gives them leave to wear their Sapphire Crowns,
And wield their little Tridents ; but this Isle,
The greatest and the best of all the Main,
He quarters to his blue-hair'd Deities ;
And all this tract that fronts the falling Sun
A nobler Peer of mickle trust and power
Has in his charge, with temper'd awe to guide
An old, and haughty Nation, proud in Arms :
Where his fair offspring, nurs'd in princely lore,
Are coming to attend their Father's state,
And new-entrusted Scepter, but their way
Lies through the perplex'd paths of this drear Wood,
The nodding horror of whose shady brows
Threats the forlorn and wand'ring Passenger ;
And here their tender age might suffer peril,

But

But that by quick command from Sovereign *Jove*
 I was dispatcht for their defence and guard :
 And listen why ; for I will tell ye now
 What never yet was heard in Tale or Song,
 From old or modern Bard, in Hall or Bow'r.

Bacchus, that first from out the purple Grape
 Crusht the sweet poison of mis-used Wine,
 After the *Tuscan* Mariners transform'd,
 Coasting the *Tyrrbene* shore, as the winds list'd,
 On *Circe's* Island fell ; (Who knows not *Circe*,
 The Daughter of the Sun ; whose charmed Cup
 Whoever tasted, lost his upright shape,
 And downward fell into a groveling Swine ?)
 This Nymph, that gaz'd upon his clustring locks,
 With Ivy-Berries wreath'd, and his blithe youth,
 Had by him, ere he parted thence, a Son
 Much like his Father, but his Mother more,
 Whom therefore she brought up, and *Comus* nam'd :
 Who ripe, and frolick of his full grown age,
 Roving the *Celtick* and *Iberian* fields,
 At last betakes him to this ominous Wood,
 And in thick shelter of black shades imbowr'd,
 Excels his Mother at her mighty Art,
 Off'ring to every weary Traveller
 His orient Liquor in a Crystal Glass, [taste,
 To quench the drouth of *Phæbus*, which as they
 (For most do taste through fond intemperate thirst)
 Soon as the Portion works, their human count'nance,
 Th'express resemblance of the Gods, is chang'd
 Into some brutish form of Wolf, or Bear,
 Or Ounce, or Tiger, Hog, or bearded Goat,

176 POEMS on several Occasions.

All other parts remaining as they were ;
 And they, so perfect is their misery,
 Not once perceive their foul disfigurement,
 But boast themselves more comely than before,
 And all their friends and native home forget,
 To roll with pleasure in a sensual stie.
 Therefore, when any favour'd of high *Jove*,
 Chances to pass through this advent'rous glade,
 Swift as the Sparkle of a glancing Star
 I shoot from Heav'n, to give him safe convoy ;
 As now I do : But first I must put off
 These my skie robes spun out of *Iris*' Wooff,
 And take the weeds and likeness of a Swain,
 That to the Service of this house belongs,
 Who with his soft Pipe, and smooth dittied Song,
 Well knows to still the wild winds when they roar,
 And hush the waving Woods ; nor of less faith,
 And in this office of his Mountain watch
 Likeliest, and nearest to the present aid
 Of this occasion. But I hear the tread
 Of hateful steps ; I must be viewless now.

*Comus enters with a Charming-Rod in one hand,
 his Glass in the other ; with him a rout of Mon-
 sters beaded like sundry sorts of wild Beasts,
 but otherwise like Men and Women, their Ap-
 parel glistering ; they come in making a riotous
 and unruly noise, with Torches in their hands.*

Comus. The Star, that bids the Shepherd fold,
 Now the top of Heav'n doth hold,
 And the gilded Car of Day

His

His glowing Axle doth allay
 In the steep *Atlantic* stream,
 And the slope Sun his upward beam
 Shoots against the dusky Pole,
 Pacing toward the other goal
 Of his Chamber in the East.
 Mean while welcome Joy, and Feast,
 Midnight shout, and revelry,
 Tipfie dance, and Jollity :
 Braid your Locks with rosie Twine,
 Dropping Odours, dropping Wine.
 Rigour now is gone to bed,
 And Advice with scrupulous head,
 Strict Age, and sour Severity,
 With their grave Saws in slumber lie.
 We, that are of purer fire,
 Imitate the Starry Choir,
 Who in their nightly watchful Sphears,
 Lead in swift round the Months and Years.
 The Sounds and Seas, with all their finny drove,
 Now to the Moon in wavering Morrice move,
 And on the tawny Sands and Shelves,
 Trip the pert Fairies, and the dapper Elves ;
 By dimpled Brook, and Fountain brim,
 The Wood-Nymphs, deckt with Daisies trim,
 Their merry wakes and pastimes keep :
 What hath Night to do with sleep ?
 Night hath better sweets to prove ;
Venus now wakes, and wakens Love.
 Come, let us our rites begin ;
 'Tis only day-light that makes Sin,

178 P O E M S on several Occasions.

Which these dun shades will ne'er report.
 Hail, Goddess of Nocturnal sport,
 Dark vail'd *Ceryne*, t' whom the secret flame
 Of midnight Torches burns ; mysterious Dame,
 That ne'er art call'd, but when the Dragon womb
 Of *Stygian* darkness spits her thickest gloom,
 And makes one blot of all the Air,
 Stay thy cloudy Ebon Chair,
 Wherein thou rid'st with *Hecat*', and befriend
 Us thy vow'd Priests, till utmost end
 Of all thy dues be done, and none left out ;
 Ere the blabbing eastern Scout,
 The nice Morn, on th' *Indian* steep
 From her cabin'd loop-hole peep,
 And to the tell-tale Sun descry
 Our conceal'd Solemnity.
 Come, knit hands, and beat the ground
 In a light fantastick round.

The Measure.

Break off, break off ; I feel the different pace
 Of some chaste footing near about this ground.
 Run to your shrouds, within these Brakes and Trees
 Our number may affright : Some Virgin sure
 (For so I can distinguish by mine Art,)
 Benighted in these Woods. Now to my charms,
 And to my wily trains. I shall ere long
 Be well-stock'd with as fair a herd, as graz'd
 About my Mother *Circe*. Thus I hurl
 My dazzling Spells into the spongy air,
 Of pow'r to cheat the eye with blear illusion,

And

And give it false presentments, lest the place
 And my quaint habits breed astonishment,
 And put the Damsel to suspicious flight ;
 Which must not be : for that's against my course.
 I under fair pretence of friendly ends,
 And well-plac'd words of glozing courtesie,
 Baited with reasons not unplaufible,
 Wind me into the easy-hearted man,
 And hug him into snares. When once her eye
 Hath met the virtue of this Magic dust,
 I shall appear some harmless Villager,
 Whom thrift keeps up about his Country gear.
 But here she comes, I fairly step aside
 And hearken, if I may, her business here.

The Lady Enters.

This way the noise was, if mine ear be true,
 My best guide now ; methought it was the sound
 Of Riot and ill-manag'd Merriment,
 Such as the jocond Flute, or gamesome Pipe
 Stirs up among the loose unletter'd Hinds,
 When for their teeming Flocks, and granges full
 In wanton dance they praise the bounteous *Pan*,
 And thank the Gods amiss. I should be loth
 To meet the rudeness, and swill'd insolence
 Of such late Waffailers ; yet O where else
 Shall I inform my unacquainted feet
 In the blind mazes of this tangl'd Wood ?
 My Brothers when they saw me wearied out
 With this long way, resolving here to lodge
 Under the spreading favour of these Pines,

Stept

180 POEMS on several Occasions.

Stept, as they said, to the next Thicket side,
 To bring me Berries, or such cooling fruit,
 As the kind hospitable Woods provide.
 They left me then, when the gray-hooded Ev'n
 Like a sad Votarist in Palmer's weed
 Rose from the hindmost wheels of *Phæbus'* wain.
 But where they are, and why they came not back,
 Is now the labour of my thoughts; 'tis likeliest
 They had engag'd their wandring steps too far,
 And envious darkness, ere they could return,
 Had stole them from me; else, O thievish night,
 Why should'st thou, but for some felonious end,
 In thy dark lanthorn thus close up the Stars,
 That Nature hung in Heav'n, and fill'd their Lamps
 With everlasting oil, to give due light
 To the mis-led and lonely Traveller?
 This is the place, as well as I may guess,
 Whence even now the tumult of loud Mirth
 Was rise, and perfect in my list'ning ear;
 Yet nought but single darkness do I find.
 What might this be? A thousand fantasies
 Begin to throng into my memory,
 Of calling shapes, and beck'ning shadows dire,
 And airy tongues, that syllable mens names
 On Sands, and Shoars, and desert Wilderneesses.
 These thoughts may startle well, but not astound
 The virtuous mind, that ever walks attended
 By a strong siding champion, Conscience.
 O welcome, pure-ey'd faith, white-handed Hope,
 Thou hovering Angel girt with golden wings,
 And thou unblemisht form of Chastity;

I see ye visibly, and now believe
 That he, the supreme Good, t'whom all things ill
 Are but as slavish officers of vengeance,
 Would send a glist'ring Guardian, if need were
 To keep my life and honour unassail'd,
 Was I deceiv'd, or did a fable cloud
 Turn forth her silver lining on the night?
 I did not err, there does a fable cloud
 Turn forth her silver lining on the night,
 And casts a gleam over this tufted Grove.
 I cannot hallow to my Brothers, but
 Such noise as I can make to be heard farthest
 I'll venture, for my new enliven'd spirits
 Prompt me; and they perhaps are not far off.

S O N G.

SWEET Echo, sweetest Nymph, that liv'st unseen
 Witbin thy airy spell,
 By slow Meander's margent green,
 And in the violet-embroider'd vale,
 Where the love-lorn Nightingale
 Nightly to thee her sad Song mourneth well;
 Canst thou not tell me of a gentle Pair
 That likest thy Narcissus are?
 O if thou have
 Hid them in some flow'ry Cave,
 Tell me but where,
 Sweet Queen of Parly, Daughter of the Sphere;
 So may'st thou be translated to the skies,
 And give resounding grace to all Heav'n's harmonies.

Camus.

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Comus. Can any mortal mixture of Earth's mould
Breathe such Divine enchanting ravishment ?
Sure something holy lodges in that breast,
And with these raptures moves the vocal air
To testify his hidden residence ;
How sweetly did they float upon the wings
Of silence, through the empty-vaulted night,
At every fall smoothing the raven down
Of darkness till it smil'd : I have oft heard
My Mother *Circe* with the Sirens three,
Amidst the flow'ry-kirtled *Naiades*,
Culling their potent herbs, and baleful drugs,
Who, as they sung, would take the prison'd Soul,
And lap it in *Elysium* ; *Scylla* wept,
And chid her barking waves into attention,
And fell *Charybdis* murmur'd soft applause :
Yet they in pleasing slumber lull'd the Sense,
And in sweet madness robb'd it of itself.
But such a sacred, and home-felt delight,
Such sober certainty of waking Bliss
I never heard till now. I'll speak to her,
And she shall be my Queen. Hail, foreign wonder,
Whom certain these rough shades did never breed ;
Unless the Goddesses that in rural shrine
Dwell'ft here with *Pan*, or *Silvan*, by blest Song
Forbidding every bleak unkindly Fog
To touch the prosperous growth of this tall Wood.

La. Nay, gentle Shepherd, ill is lost that praise,
That is address'd to unattending Ears :
Not any boast of skill, but extreme shift
How to regain my sever'd company,

Com-

Compell'd me to awake the courteous Echo,
To give me answer from her mossie Couch.

Co. What chance, good Lady, hath bereft you thus ?

La. Dim darkness, and this leafy Labyrinth.

Co. Could that divide you from near-ushering guides ?

La. They left me weary on a grassie turf.

Co. By falsehood, or discourtesie, or why ?

La. To seek i'th' Vally some cool friendly Spring.

Co. And left your fair side all unguarded, Lady ?

La. They were but twain, and purpos'd quick
return.

Co. Perhaps forestalling night prevented them.

La. How easie my misfortune is to hit !

Co. Imports their loss, beside the present need ?

La. No less than if I should my Brothers lose.

Co. Were they of manly prime, or youthful bloom ?

La. As smooth as *Hebe's* their unrazor'd lips.

Co. Two such I saw, what time the labour'd Oxe
In his loose traces from the furrow came,
And the swink't hedger at his supper sat ;
I saw them under a green mantling Vine,
That crawls along the side of yon small hill,
Plucking ripe clusters from the tender shoots ;
Their port was more than human, as they stood :
I took it for a fairy vision

Of some gay creatures of the Element,
That in the colours of the Rainbow live,
And play i'th' plighted clouds. I was aw-struck,
And, as I past, I worship't ; if those you seek,
It were a journey like the path to Heav'n,
To help you find them. *La.* Gentle Villager,

What

184 POEMS *on several Occasions.*

What readiest way would bring me to that Place ?

Co. Due west it rises from this shrubby point.

La. To find out that, good Shepherd, I suppose
In such a scant allowance of Star-light
Would over-task the best Land-Pilot's art,
Without the sure guess of well-practis'd feet.

Co. I know each lane, and every alley green,
Dingle, or bushy dell of this wild Wood,
And every bosky bourn from side to side,
My daily walks and ancient neighbourhood ;
And if your stray attendance be yet lodg'd,
Or shroud within these limits, I shall know
Ere morrow wake, or the low-roofed Lark
From her thatch't pallat rowse : if otherwise,
I can conduct you, Lady, to a low
But loyal cottage, where you may be safe
Till further quest. *La.* Shepherd, I take thy word,
And trust thy honest offer'd courtesie,
Which oft is sooner found in lowly sheds
With smoaky rafters, than in tap'stry Halls
And Courts of Princes, where it first was nam'd,
And yet is, most pretended : In a place
Less warranted than this, or less secure,
I cannot be, that I should fear to change it.
Eye me, blest Providence, and square my trial
To my proportion'd strength. Shepherd, lead on.--

Enter the two Brothers.

Eld. Bro. Unmuffle, ye faint Stars ; and thou fair
Moon,
That wont'st to love the travellers benizon,
Stoop

Stoop thy pale visage through an amber cloud,
 And disinherit *Chaos*, that reigns here
 In double night of darkness, and of shades :
 Or if your influence be quite dam'd up
 With black usurping mists, some gentle taper,
 Though 'a Rush-Candle from the wicker hole
 Of some clay habitation, visit us
 With thy long levell'd rule of streaming light ;
 And thou shalt be our Star of *Arcady*,
 Of *Tyrian* Cynosure. *Y. Bro.* Or if our eyes
 Be barr'd that happiness, might we but hear
 The folded flocks pen'd in their watled cotes,
 Or sound of pastoral reed with oaten stops ;
 Or whistle from the Lodge, or village Cock
 Count the night-watches to his feathery Dames,
 'Twould be some solace yet, some little chearing
 In this close Dungeon of innumerable boughs.
 But O that hapless Virgin, our lost sister !
 Where may she wander now, whither betake her
 From the chill dew, amongst rude burs and
 thistles ?

Perhaps some cold bank is her Boughster now,
 Or 'gainst the rugged bark of some broad Elm
 Leans her unpillow'd head, fraught with sad fears.
 What if in wild amazement, and affright,
 Or, while we speak, within the direful grasp
 Of savage hunger, or of savage heat ?

Eld. Bro. Peace, Brother ; be not over-exquisite
 To cast the fashion of uncertain evils ;
 For grant they be so, while they rest unknown,
 What need a man forestall his date of grief,

And

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And run to meet what he would most avoid ?
 Or if they be but false alarms of Fear,
 How bitter is such self-delusion ?
 I do not think my Sister so to seek,
 Or so unprincipled in Virtue's book,
 And the sweet peace that goodness bosoms ever,
 As that the single want of light and noise
 (Not being in danger, as I trust she is not)
 Could stir the constant mood of her calm Thoughts,
 And put them into misbecoming plight.
 Virtue could see to do what Virtue would
 By her own radiant light, though Sun and Moon
 Were in the flat Sea sunk : And Wisdom's self
 Oft seeks to sweet retired Solitude :
 Where with her best nurse, Contemplation,
 She plumes her feathers, and lets grow her wings,
 That in the various bustle of resort
 Were all too ruffled, and sometimes impair'd.
 He that has light within his own clear breast,
 May sit i'th' Center, and enjoy bright day ;
 But he, that hides a dark soul, and foul thoughts,
 Benighted walks under the mid-day Sun ;
 Himself is his own dungeon.

Y. Bro. 'Tis most true,
 That musing meditation most affects
 The pensive secrecy of desert Cell,
 Far from the cheerful haunt of men and herds,
 And sits as safe as in a Senate House :
 For who would rob a Hermit of his Weeds,
 His few Books, or his Beads, or Maple Dish,
 Or do his gray Hairs any violence ?

But

But Beauty, like the fair Hesperian Tree
Laden with blooming Gold, had need the guard
Of Dragon-watch with uninchant'd eye,
To save her blossoms and defend her fruit
From the rash hand of bold incontinence.
You may as well spread out the unsunn'd heaps
Of Miser's Treasure by an Outlaw's den,
And tell me it is safe, as bid me hope
Danger will wink on Opportunity,
And let a single helpless Maiden pass
Uninjur'd in this wild surrounding waste,
Of night or loneliness, it reck's me not;
I fear the dread events that dog them both,
Lest some ill-greeting touch attempt the person
Of our unowned Sister.

Eld. Bro. I do not, Brother,
Infer, as if I thought my Sister's state
Secure, without all doubt or controversy:
Yet where an equal poise of hope and fear
Does arbitrate th' Event, my Nature is
That I incline to hope rather than fear,
And gladly banish squint suspicion.
My Sister is not so defenceless left
As you imagine; she has a hidden strength,
Which you remember not.

Y. Bro. What hidden strength,
Unless the strength of Heav'n, if you mean that?

Eld. Bro. I mean that too; but yet a hidden
strength,
Which, if Heav'n gave it, may be term'd her own:
'Tis chastity, my Brother, chastity.

She

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She that has that, is clad in compleat steel,
 And like a quiver'd Nymph with Arrows keen
 May trace huge Forests, and unharbour'd Heaths,
 Infamous Hills, and sandy perilous wilds ;
 Where, through the sacred rays of Chastity,
 No Savage fierce, Banditti, or Mountaneer
 Will dare to soyl her Virgin purity :
 Yea there, where very desolation dwells
 By grots, and caverns shag'd with horrid shades,
 She may pass on with unblench'd majesty,
 Be it not done in pride, or in presumption.
 Some say no evil thing that walks by night,
 In fog, or fire, by lake, or moorish fen,
 Blue meager Hag, or stubborn unlaid Ghost,
 That breaks his magic chains at *Curfew* time,
 No Goblin, or swart Fairy of the Mine,
 Hath hurtful power o'er true Virginity
 Do ye believe me yet, or shall I call
 Antiquary from the old Schools of *Greece*,
 To testify the arms of Chastity ?
 Hence had the huntress *Diana* her dread bow,
 Fair silver-shafted Queen, for ever chaste,
 Wherewith she tamed the brindled Lionsess,
 And spotted mountain Pard, but set at nought
 The frivolous bolt of *Cupid* ; Gods and men [Woods.
 Fear'd her stern frown, and she was Queen o'th'
 What was that snaky-headed *Gorgon* shield
 That wise *Minerva* wore, unconquer'd Virgin,
 Wherewith she freez'd her foes to congeal'd stone,
 But rigid looks of chaste austerity,
 And noble grace, that dash'd brute violence

With

With sudden adoration, and blank awe ?
 So dear to Heav'n is Saintly Chastity,
 That when a Soul is found sincerely so,
 A thousand livery'd Angels lacquey her,
 Driving far off each thing of sin and guilt,
 And in clear dream, and solemn vision,
 Tell her of things, that no gross ear can hear ;
 Till oft converse with heav'nly habitants
 Begin to cast a beam on th' outward shape,
 The unpolluted Temple of the mind,
 And turn it by degrees to the Soul's essence,
 Till all be made immortal : but when Lust,
 By unchaste looks, loose gestures, and foul talk,
 But most by leud and lavish act of sin,
 Lets in defilement to the inward parts,
 The Soul grows clotted by contagion,
 Imbodies, and imbrutes, till she quite lose
 The divine property of her first being.
 Such are those thick and gloomy shadows damp,
 Oft seen in Charnel Vaults, and Sepulchres,
 Lingring, and sitting by a new-made grave,
 As loth to leave the Body, that it lov'd,
 And linkt itself by carnal sensuality
 To a degenerate and degraded state.

Y. Bro. How charming is divine Philosophy !
 Not harsh, and crabbed, as dull fools suppose,
 But musical as is *Apollo's* Lute,
 And a perpetual feast of nectar'd sweets, [hear
 Where no crude surfeit reigns. *Eld. Bro.* List, list ; I
 Some far-off hollow break the silent Air.

Y. Bro. Methought so too ; what should it be ?

Eld. Bro. For certain

Either

190 POEMS on several Occasions.

Either some one like us night-founder'd here,
Or else some Neighbour Woodman, or, at worst,
Some roving Robber calling to his fellows.

Y. Bro. Heav'n keep my sister. Again! again!
Best draw, and stand upon our guard. [and near!

Eld. Bro. I'll hallow;
If he be friendly he comes well; if not,
Defence is a good cause, and heav'n be for us.

The attendant Spirit, habited like a Shepherd.
That hallow I should know; what are you? speak.
Come not too near, you fall on Iron stakes else.

Spir. What voice is that? my young Lord? speak
agen. [sure.

Y. Bro. O brother, 'tis my Father's Shepherd

Eld. Bro. *Thyrsis*? whose artful strains have oft
The huddling brook to hear his madrigal, [delay'd
And sweeten'd ev'ry musk-rose of the dale?

How cam'st thou here, good Swain? hath any ram
Slipt from the fold or young Kid lost his dam,
Or straggling Weather the pent flock forfook?

How could'st thou find this dark sequester'd nook?

Spir. O my lov'd Master's heir, and his next joy,
I came not here on such a trivial toy

As a stray'd Ewe, or to pursue the stealth
Of pilfering Wolf; not all the fleecy wealth
That doth enrich these downs, is worth a thought
To this my errand, and the care it brought.

But, O my Virgin Lady, where is she,
How chance she is not in your company?

Eld. Bro. To tell thee sadly, Shepherd, without
blame,

Or

Or our neglect, we lost her as we came.

Spir. Ah me unhappy! then my fears are true,

Eld. Bro. What fears, good *Thyrsis*? Prithee briefly

Spir. I'll tell ye, 'tis not vain or fabulous, [shew.

(Though so esteem'd by shallow ignorance)

What the sage Poets, taught by th' heav'nly Muse,

Story'd of old in high immortal verse,

Of dire *Cbimera's*, and enchanted Isles,

And rifted Rocks, whose entrance leads to Hell;

For such their be, but unbelief is blind.

Within the navel of this hideous Wood,

Immur'd in Cypress shades a Sorcerer dwells,

Of *Bacchus* and of *Circe* born, great *Comus*,

Deep skill'd in all his Mother's Witcheries;

And here to every thirsty wanderer,

By sly enticement gives his baneful cup,

With many murmurs mixt, whose pleasing poison

The visage quite transforms of him that drinks,

And the inglorious likeness of a beast

Fixes instead, unmoulding reason's mintage

Character'd in the face; this have I learnt,

Tending my flocks hard by i'th' hilly crofts,

That brow this bottom glade, whence night by night

He and his monstrous rout are heard to howl

Like stabled Wolves, or Tigers at their prey,

Doing abhorred rites to *Hecate*

In their obscured haunts of inmost bowers.

Yet have they many baits, and guileful spells

To inveigle and invite th' unwary sense

Of them, that pass unweeting by the way.

This evening late, by then the chewing flocks

Had

192 POEMS on several Occasions.

Had ta'en their supper on the savoury Herb
 Of knot-grafs dew-besprent, and were in fold,
 I sat me down to watch upon a bank
 With Ivy canopied, and interwove
 With flaunting Honey-suckle, and began,
 Wrapt in a pleasing fit of Melancholy,
 To meditate my rural minstrelsie,
 Till fancy had her fill ; but ere a close
 The wonted roar was up amidst the Woods,
 And fill'd the air with barbarous dissonance ;
 At which I ceas'd, and listen'd them a while,
 Till an unusual stop of sudden silence
 Gave respite to the drowsie frightened steeds
 That draw the litter of close-curtain'd sleep.
 At last a soft and solemn breathing sound
 Rose like a steam of rich distill'd perfumes,
 And stole upon the Air, that even Silence
 Was took ere she was ware, and wisht she might
 Deny her Nature, and be never more
 Still to be so displac'd. I was all ear,
 And took in strains, that might create a Soul
 Under the ribs of Death ; but O ere long
 Too well I did perceive it was the voice
 Of my most honour'd Lady, your dear Sister.
 Amaz'd I stood, harrow'd with grief and fear,
 And, O poor hapless Nightingale, thought I,
 How sweet thou sing'st, how near the deadly snare !
 Then down the Lawns I ran with headlong haste,
 Through paths and turnings often trod by day,
 Till guided by mine ear I found the place
 Where that damn'd wifard, hid in sly disguise,

(For

POEMS on several Occasions. 193

(For so by certain signs I knew) had met
 Already, ere my best speed could prevent,
 The idleſs innocent Lady his wiſht prey ;
 Who gently ask'd if he had ſeen ſuch two,
 Suppoſing him ſome neighbour villager :
 Longer I durſt not ſtay, but ſoon I gueſs'd
 Ye were the two ſhe meant, with that I ſprung
 Into ſwift flight, till I had found you here.
 But farther know I not. *Y. Bro.* O night and ſhades,
 How are ye join'd with Hell in triple knot,
 Againſt th' unarmed weakneſs of one Virgin
 Alone, and helpleſs ! Is this the confidence [ſtill,
 You gave me, Brother ? *Eld. Bro.* Yes, and keep it
 Lean on it ſafely ; not a period
 Shall be unſaid for me : againſt the threats
 Of malice or of forcery, or that power,
 Which erring men call Chance, this I hold firm,
 Virtue may be aſſail'd, but never hurt,
 Surpriz'd by unjuſt force, but not inthrall'd ;
 Yea even that, which miſchief meant moſt harm,
 Shall in the happy trial prove moſt glory.
 But evil on itſelf ſhall back recoil,
 And mix no more with goodneſs, when at laſt
 Gather'd like ſcum, and ſettl'd to itſelf,
 It ſhall be in eternal reſtleſs change
 Self-fed, and ſelf-conſumed ; if this fail,
 The pillar'd firmament is rottenneſs, [on :
 And earth's baſe built on ſtubble. But come, let's
 Againſt th' oppoſing will and arm of Heav'n,
 May never this juſt Sword be lifted up ;
 But for that damn'd Magician, let him be girt

K

With

194 POEMS on several Occasions.

With all the griesly legions that troop
Under the sooty flag of *Acheron*,
Harpyes and *Hydras*, or all the monstrous forms
'Twixt *Africa* and *Inde*, I'll find him out,
And force him to restore his purchase back,
Or drag him by the curls to a foul death,
Curs'd as his life.

Spir. Alas! good vent'rous Youth,
I love thy courage yet, and bold Emprise,
But here thy Sword can do thee little stead;
Far other arms, and other weapons must
Be those, that quell the might of hellish Charms:
He with his bare wand can unthread thy joints,
And crumble all thy sinews.

Eld. Bro. Why, prithee, Shepherd,
How durst thou then thyself approach so near,
As to make this Relation?

Spir. Care and utmost shifts
How to secure the Lady from surprisal,
Brought to my mind a certain Shepherd Lad,
Of small regard to see to, yet well skill'd
In every virtuous Plant and healing Herb,
That spreads her verdant leaf to th' morning ray:
He lov'd me well, and oft would beg me sing,
Which when I did, he on the tender grass
Would sit, and hearken ev'n to extasie,
And in requital ope his leathern scrip,
And shew me simples of a thousand names,
Telling their strange and vigorous faculties.
Amongst the rest a small unsightly root,
But of divine effect, he cull'd me out;

The

POEMS on several Occasions. 195

The leaf was darkish, and had prickles on it,
 But in another Country, as he said,
 Bore a bright golden Flower, but in this soil
 Unknown, and like esteem'd, and the dull Swain
 Treads on it daily with his clouted shoon,
 And yet more med'cinal is it than that *Moly*
 That *Hermes* once to wise *Ulysses* gave;
 He call'd it *Hæmony*, and gave it me,
 And bad me keep it as of Sov'reign use
 'Gainst all inchantments, mildew, blast or damp,
 Or gastly furies apparition.

I purs'd it up, but little reckoning made,
 Till now that this extremity compell'd,
 But now I find it true; for by this means
 I knew the foul Inchanter, tho' disguis'd,
 Enter'd the very lime-twigs of his spells,
 And yet came off: if you have this about you,
 (As I will give you when we go) you may
 Boldly assault the Necromancer's Hall;
 Where if he be, with dauntless hardihood,
 And brandisht blade rush on him, break his glass,
 And shed the luscious liquor on the ground;
 But seize his wand, though he and his curst crew
 Fierce sign of Battle make, and menace high,
 Or like the Sons of *Vulcan* vomit smoak;
 Yet will they soon retire, if he but shrink.

Eld. Bro. Thyrsis, lead on apace, I'll follow thee;
 And some good Angel bear a shield before us,

196 POEMS on several Occasions.

The Scene changes to a stately Palace, set out with all manner of deliciousness: soft Musick, Tables spread with all dainties. Comus appears with his rabble, and the Lady set in an incanted Chair, to whom he offers his Glass, which she puts by, and goes about to rise.

Comus. Nay, Lady, sit ; if I but wave this Wand,
Your nerves are all chain'd up in Alabaster,
And you a Statue, or, as *Daphne* was,
Root-bound, that fled *Apollo*.

La. Fool, do not boast ;
Thou canst not touch the freedom of my mind
With all thy Charms, although this corporal rind
Thou hast immanacled, while Heav'n sees good.

Co. Why are you vext, Lady ? why do you frown ?
Here dwell no frowns, nor anger ; from these gates
Sorrow flies far : See ! here be all the pleasures
That fancy can beget on youthful thoughts,
When the fresh blood grows lively, and returns
Brisk as the *April* buds in Primrose-season.
And first behold this cordial Julep here,
That flames and dances in his crystal bounds,
With spirits of balm, and fragrant Syrups mixt.
Not that *Nepentes*, which the Wife of *Thone*,
In *Egypt* gave to *Jove-born Helena*,
Is of such power to stir up joy as this,
To life so friendly, or so cool to thirst.
Why should you be so cruel to yourself,
And to those dainty limbs, which Nature lent
For gentle usage, and soft delicacy ?

But

But you invert the Cov'nants of her trust,
And harshly deal, like an ill borrower,
With that which you receiv'd on other terms,
Scorning the unexempt condition,
By which all mortal frailty must subsist,
Refreshment after toil, ease after pain,
That have been tir'd all day without repast,
And timely rest have wanted: but, fair Virgin,
This will restore all soon.

La. 'Twill not, false traitor,
'Twill not restore the truth and honesty,
That thou hast banisht from thy tongue with lyes.
Was this the cottage, and the safe abode
Thou told'st me of? What grim aspects are these,
These owly-headed Monsters? Mercy guard me!
Hence with thy brew'd enchantments, foul deceiver.
Hast thou betray'd my credulous Innocence
With visor'd falshood, and base forgery,
And would'st thou seek again to trap me here
With lickerish baits, fit to insnare a brute?
Were it a draught for *Juno*, when she banquets,
I would not taste thy treasonous offer: none
But such as are good men can give good things,
And that, which is not good, is not delicious
To a well-govern'd and wise appetite.

Co. O foolishness of men! that lend their ears
To those budge Doctors of the *Stoic* Fur;
And fetch their precepts from the *Cynic* Tub,
Praising the lean and fallow Abstinence.
Wherefore did Nature pour her bounties forth
With such a full and unwithdrawing hand,

198 POEMS on several Occasions.

Covering the Earth with odours, fruits, and flocks,
 Thronging the Seas with spawn innumerable,
 But all to please, and fate the curious taste?
 And set to work millions of spinning Worms, [silks,
 That in their green shops weave the smooth-hair'd
 To deck her Sons; and that no corner might
 Be vacant of her plenty, in her own loins
 She hutcht th' all-worshipt Ore, and precious Gems,
 To store her children with? If all the world
 Should in a pet of temperance feed on Pulse,
 Drink the clear stream, and nothing wear but Frieze,
 Th' All-giver would be unthank'd, would be unprais'd
 Not half his riches known, and yet despis'd,
 And we should serve him as a grudging Master,
 As a penurious Niggard of his wealth,
 And live like Nature's bastards not her sons,
 Who would be quite surcharg'd with her own weight,
 And strangl'd with her waste fertility; [plumes,
 Th' earth cumber'd, and the wing'd air darkt with
 The herds would over-multitude their Lords,
 The Sea o'erfraught would swell, and th' unsought
 Diamonds

Would so emblaze the forehead of the Deep,
 And so bestud with Stars, that they below
 Would grow inur'd to light, and come at last
 To gaze upon the Sun with shameless brows.
 Lift, Lady; be not coy, and be not cosen'd
 With that same vaunted name Virginity:
 Beauty is Nature's coin, must not be hoarded,
 But must be current, and the good thereof
 Consists in mutual and partaken blifs,
 Unfavoury in th' injoyment of itself;

If

POEMS on several Occasions. 199

If you let slip time, like a neglected rose,
It withers on the stalk with languish'd head.
Beauty is Nature's brag, and must be shown
In Courts, at Feasts, and high Solemnities,
Where most may wonder at the workmanship:
It is for homely features to keep home,
They had their name thence; coarse complexions,
And cheeks of sorry grain will serve to ply
The sampler, and to teize the housewife's weoll.
What need a vermil-tinctur'd lip for that,
Love-darting eyes, or tresses like the Morn?
There was another meaning in these gifts,
Think what, and be advis'd; you are but young yet.

La. I had not thought to have unlockt my lips
In this unhallow'd air, but that this Jugler
Would think to charm my Judgment, as mine Eyes,
Obtruding false Rules, prankt in Reason's garb.
I hate when vice can bolt her arguments,
And virtue has no tongue to check her pride.
Impostor, do not charge most innocent Nature,
As if she would her children should be riotous
With her abundance; she, good caterefs,
Means her provision only to the good,
That live according to her sober laws,
And holy dictate of spare Temperance.
If every just man, that now pines with want,
Had but a moderate and befeeming share
Of that, which lewdly-pamper'd Luxury
Now heaps upon some few with vast excess,
Nature's full blessings would be well dispens'd,
In unsuperfluous even proportion,

200 POEMS on several Occasions.

And she no whit encumber'd with her store;
 And then the giver would be better thank'd,
 His praise due paid: for swinish gluttony
 Ne'er looks to Heav'n amidst his gorgeous feast,
 But with besotted base ingratitude
 Crams, and blasphemes his feeder. Shall I go on?
 Or have I said enough to him that dares
 Arm his prophane tongue with contemptuous words
 Against the Sun-clad power of Chastity?
 Fain would I something say, yet to what end?
 Thou hast nor Ear, nor Soul to apprehend
 The sublime notion, and high mystery
 That must be utter'd to unfold the sage
 And serious doctrine of Virginity,
 And thou art worthy that thou should'st not know
 More happiness than this thy present lot.
 Enjoy your dear Wit, and gay Rhetorick,
 That hath so well been taught her dazling fence,
 Thou art not fit to hear thyself convince'd;
 Yet should I try, the uncontrouled worth
 Of this pure cause would kindle my rapt spirits
 To such a flame of sacred vehemence,
 That dumb things would be mov'd to sympathize,
 And the brute Earth would lend her nerves, and shake,
 Till all thy magick structures, rear'd so high,
 Were shatter'd into heaps o'er thy false head.

Co. She fables not; I feel that I do fear
 Her words set off by some superior power:
 And tho' not mortal, yet a cold shudd'ring dew
 Dips me all o'er, as when the wrath of *Jove*
 Speaks thunder, and the chains of *Erebus*

To some of *Saturn's* crew. I must dissemble,
 And try her yet more strongly. Come, no more ;
 This is mere moral babble, and direct
 Against the Canon Laws of our Foundation ;
 I must not suffer this, 'tis but the lees
 And settlings of a melancholy blood :
 But this will cure all streight, one sip of this
 Will bathe the drooping spirits in delight,
 Beyond the blifs of dreams. Be wise and taste.---

*The Brothers rush in with Swords drawn, wrest
 his Glass out of his hand, and break it against
 the ground ; his Rout make sign of resistance,
 but are all driven in. The attendant spirit
 comes in.*

Spir. What, have you let the false Enchanter scape ?
 O ye mistook, ye should have snatch'd his wand,
 And bound him fast ; without his rod revers'd,
 And backward mutters of dissevering power,
 We cannot free the Lady that sits here
 In stony fetters fixt, and motionless :
 Yet stay, be not disturb'd, now I bethink me,
 Some other means I have which may be us'd,
 Which once of *Melibæus* old I learnt,
 The sootheft Shepherd that e'er pip'd on Plains.

There is a gentle Nymph, not far from hence ;
 That with moist curb sways the smooth *Severn*
Sabrina is her name, a Virgin pure ; [stream,
 Whilom she was the daughter of *Locrine*,
 That had the Scepter from his Father *Brute* :
 She, guiltless damsel, flying the mad pursuit

202 POEMS on several Occasions.

Of her enraged Stepdame *Guendolen*,
 Commended her fair innocence to the flood,
 That stay'd her flight with his cross-flowing course ;
 The water Nymphs, that in the bottom play'd,
 Held up their pearled wrists and took her in,
 Bearing her freight to aged *Nereus*' Hall ;
 Who piteous of her woes, rear'd her lank head,
 And gave her to his daughters to imbathe
 In nectar'd lavers strew'd with *Asphodil* ;
 And through the porch and inlet of each sense
 Dropt in Ambrosial Oyls till she reviv'd,
 And underwent a quick immortal change,
 Made Goddesses of the River : still she retains
 Her maiden gentleness, and oft at Eve
 Visits the herds along the twilight meadows,
 Helping all Urchin blast, and ill-luck signs
 That the shrewd meddling *Elfe* delights to make,
 Which she with precious viol'd liquors heals.
 For which the Shepherds at their Festivals
 Carrol her goodness loud in rustic lays,
 And throw sweet garland wreaths into her stream
 Of Pansies, Pinks and gaudy *Daffadils*.
 And, as the old Swain said, she can unlock
 The clasping charm, and thaw the numbing spell,
 If she be right invok'd in warbled Song ;
 For maidenhood she loves, and will be swift
 To aid a Virgin, such as was her self,
 In hard-besetting need : this will I try,
 And add the pow'r of some adjuring verse.

SONG,

SONG.

Sabrina fair,

Listen where thou art sitting

Under the glassie, cool, translucent Wave,

In twisted Braids of Lillies knitting

The loose train of thy Amber-dropping Hair ;

Listen, for dear Honour's sake,

Goddess of the Silver Lake ;

Listen and save.

Listen and appear to us,

In name of great *Oceanus*,

By the earth-shaking *Neptune's* mace,

And *Tethys'* grave majestic pace,

By hoary *Nereus'* wrinkled look,

And the *Carpathian* wisard's hook,

By scaly *Triton's* winding shell,

And old sooth-saying *Glaucus'* spell,

By *Leucothea's* lovely hands,

And her Son that rules the strands,

By *Tbetis'* tinsel-slipper'd feet,

And the Songs of *Sirens* sweet,

By dead *Partenope's* dear tomb,

And fair *Ligea's* golden comb,

Wherewith she sits on diamond rocks,

Sleeking her soft alluring locks,

By all the *Nymphs* that nightly dance,

Upon thy streams with wily glance,

Rise, rise, and heave thy rosie head

From thy coral-pav'n bed,

And bridle in thy headlong wave,

Till thou our summons answer'd have.

Listen and save.

Sa-

204 POEMS on several Occasions.

Sabrina rises, attended by Water-Nymphs, and sings.

By the rushy-fringed bank,
Where grows the Willow, and the Osier dank,
My sliding Chariot stays,
Thick set with Agat, and the Azurn sheen
Of Turkis blue, and Emrauld green
That in the channel strays,
Whilst from off the waters fleet
Thus I set my printless feet
O'er the Cowslip's Velvet bead,
That bends not as I tread;
Gentle Swain, at thy request
I am here.

Spir. Goddess dear,
We implore thy powerful hand
To undo the charmed band
Of true Virgin here distressed,
Through the force, and through the wile
Of unblest inchanter vile.

Sab. Shepherd, 'tis my office best
To help insnared chastity :
Brightest Lady look on me,
Thus I sprinkle on thy breast
Drops, that from my fountain pure,
I have kept of precious cure ;
Thrice upon thy fingers tip,
Thrice upon thy rubied lip,
Next this marble venom'd seat
Smear'd with gums of glutinous heat
I touch with chaste palms moist and cold ;

Now

POEMS on several Occasions. 205

Now the spell hath lost his hold :
And I must haste ere morning hour
To wait in *Amphitrite's* bow'r.

Sabrina descends, and the Lady rises out of her Seat.

Spir. Virgin daughter of *Lochrine*,
Sprung of old *Anchises'* line,
May thy brimmed waves for this
Their full tribute never miss,
From a thousand petty rills,
That tumble down the snowy hills :
Summer drought, or finged air
Never scorch thy tresses fair,
Nor wet *October's* torrent flood
Thy molten crystal fill with mud,
May thy billows rowl ashoar
The Beryl, and the golden Ore ;
May thy lofty head be crown'd
With many a Tower and Terrass round,
And here and there thy banks upon
With Groves of Myrrh, and Cinnamon.

Come, Lady, while Heav'n lends us grace,
Let us fly this cursed place,
Lest the Sorcerer us intice
With some other new device.
Not a waste, or needles sound,
Till we come to holier ground ;
I shall be your faithful guide
Through this gloomy Covert wide :
And not many furlongs thence
Is your Father's Residence,

Where,

206 POEMS on several Occasions.

Where, this night, are met in state
 Many a friend to gratulate
 His wish'd presence, and beside
 All the Swains that there abide,
 With Jiggs, and rural dance resort ;
 We shall catch them at their sport,
 And our sudden coming there
 Will double all their mirth and chear.
 Come, let us haste, the Stars grow high,
 But Night sits Monarch yet in the mid-sky.

*The Scene changes, presenting Ludlow Town and
 the President's Castle ; then come in Country
 Dancers, after them the attendant Spirit, with
 the two Brothers, and the Lady.*

S O N G.

Spir. Back, Shepherds, back ; enough your play,
 Till next Sun-shine holiday :
 Here be without duck, or nod,
 Other trippings to be trod
 Of lighter toes, and such Court guise
 As Mercury did first devise,
 With the mincing Dryades
 On the Lawns, and on the Leas.

This second Song presents them to their Father
 and Mother.

Noble Lord and Lady bright,
 I have brought ye new delight,
 Here behold so goodly grown
 Three fair Branches of your own ;

Heav'n

Heav'n bath timely try'd their youth,
 Their faith, their patience, and their truth,
 And sent them here through hard assays
 With a Crown of deathless Praise,
 To triumph in victorious dance
 O'er sensual Folly, and Intemperance.

The Dances ended, the Spirit Epiloguizes.

Spir. To the Ocean now I fly,
 And those happy Climes, that lie
 Where day never shuts his eye,
 Up in the broad fields of the sky :
 There I suck the liquid air,
 All amidst the Gardens fair
 Of *Hesperus*, and his daughters three,
 That sing about the golden tree.
 Along the crisped shades and bowers
 Revels the spruce and jocund Spring,
 The Graces, and the rose-bosom'd Hours,
 Thither all their bounties bring ;
 There eternal Summer dwells,
 And west-winds, with musky wing
 About the cedarn Alleys fling
Nard, and *Cassia*'s balmy smells.
Iris there with humid bow,
 Waters the odorous banks, that blow
 Flowers of more mingled hew
 Than her purpled scarf can shew ;
 And drenches with *Elysian* dew
 (List, mortals, if your ears be true)
 Beds of *Hyacinth* and *Roses*,

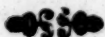
Where

208 POEMS on several Occasions.

Where young *Adonis* oft reposes,
 Waxing well of his deep wound
 In slumber soft, and on the ground
 Sadly sits the *Cyprian Queen* ;
 But far above in spangled sheen
 Celestial *Cupid*, her fam'd Son, advanc'd,
 Holds his dear *Psyche* sweet intranc'd,
 After her wandring labours long,
 Till free consent the Gods among
 Makes her his eternal Bride,
 And from her fair unspotted side
 Two blisful twins are to be born,
 Youth and Joy ; so *Jove* hath sworn.

But now my task is smoothly done,
 I can fly, or I can run
 Quickly to the green earth's end,
 Where the bow'd welkin slow doth bend ;
 And from thence can soar as soon
 To the corners of the Moon.

Mortals, that would follow me,
 Love Virtue ; she alone is free,
 She can teach ye how to climb
 Higher than the Sphery Chime ;
 Or, if virtue feeble were,
 Heav'n it self would stoop to her.





ON THE
M O R N I N G
O F
CHRIST'S NATIVITY.

I.

THIS is the Month, and this the happy Morn,
Wherein the Son of Heav'n's eternal King,
Of wedded Maid, and Virgin Mother born,
Our great Redemption from above did bring;
For so the holy Sages once did sing,
That he our deadly forfeit should release,
And with his Father work us a perpetual peace.

II.

That glorious Form, that Light unsufferable,
And that far-beaming blaze of Majesty,
Wherewith he wont at Heav'n's high Council-Table
To sit the midst of Trinal Unity,
He laid aside; and here with us to be,
Forsook the Courts of everlasting Day,
And chose with us a darksome House of mortal Clay.

III.

Say, Heav'nly Muse, shall not thy sacred vein
Afford a Present to the Infant God?

Hast

210 POEMS on several Occasions.

Hast thou no verse, no hymn, or solemn strain,
To welcome him to this his new abode,
Now while the Heav'n, by the Sun's team untrod,
Hath took no print of the approaching light,
And all the spangled host keep watch in squadrons
bright ?

IV.

See how from far upon the Eastern road
The Star-led Wizards haste with odours sweet ;
O run, prevent them with thy humble ode,
And lay it lowly at his blessed feet :
Have thou the Honour first, thy Lord to greet,
And join thy voice unto the Angel Choir,
From out his secret Altar toucht with hallow'd fire.

The HYMN.

I.

IT was the Winter wild,
While the Heav'n-born Child
All meanly wrapt in the rude manger lies ;
Nature in awe to him
Had doff'd her gawdy trim,
With her great Master so to sympathize :
It was no season then for her
To wanton with the Sun, her lusty Paramour.

II.

Only with speeches fair
She woos the gentle Air,
To hide her guilty front with innocent Snow,
And on her naked shame,
Pollute with sinful blame,

The

POEMS on several Occasions. 211

The Saintly Veil of Maiden white to throw ;
Confounded, that her Maker's eyes
Should look so near upon her foul deformities.

III.

But he, her fears to cease,
Sent down the meek-ey'd Peace ;
She, crown'd with Olive green, came softly sliding
Down through the turning Sphear
His ready Harbinger,
With Turtle wing the amorous clouds dividing ;
And waving wide her myrtle wand,
She strikes a universal Peace through Sea and Land,

IV.

No War, or Battle's found,
Was heard the World around,
The idle spear and shield were high up hung,
The hooked Chariot stood
Unstain'd with hostile blood,
The Trumpet spake not to the armed throng ;
And Kings sat still with awful eye,
As if they surely knew their sovereign Lord was by.

V.

But peaceful was the night,
Wherein the Prince of light
His reign of peace upon the earth began :
The Winds, with wonder whist,
Smoothly the waters kist,
Whispering new joys to the mild Ocean,
Who now hath quite forgot to rave,
While Birds of Calm sit brooding on the charmed
Wave,

VI.

VI.

The Stars with deep amaze
Stand fixt in stedfast gaze,

Bending one way their precious influence,
And will not take their flight,
For all the morning light

Of *Lucifer*, that often warn'd them thence ;
But in their glimmering Orbs did glow,
Until their Lord himself bespake, and bid them go.

VII.

And though the shady gloom
Had giv'n day her room,

The Sun himself with-held his wonted speed,
And hid his head for shame,
As his inferior flame

The new-enlighten'd World no more should need ;
He saw a greater Sun appear [bear.
Than his bright Throne, or burning Axletree could

VIII.

The Shepherds on the Lawn,
Or ere the point of dawn,

Sat simply chatting in a rustie row ;
Full little thought they then,
That the mighty *Pan*

Was kindly come to live with them below ;
Perhaps their loves, or else their sheep,
Was all that did their silly thoughts so busy keep.

IX.

When such musick sweet

Their hearts and ears did greet,

As never was by mortal finger strook,

Divinely

Divinely warbled voice,
 Answ'ring the stringed noise,
 As all their Souls in blissful rapture took :
 The Air such pleasure loth to lose, [close,
 With thousand echos still prolongs each heav'nly

X.

Nature that heard such found
 Beneath the hollow round
 Of *Cynthia's* seat, the airy region thrilling,
 Now was almost won
 To think her part was done,
 And that her reign had here its last fulfilling ;
 She knew such harmony alone
 Could hold all Heav'n and Earth in happier union,

XI.

At last surrounds their fight
 A Globe of circular light,
 That with long beams the shame-fac'd night array'd ;
 The helmed Cherubim,
 And sworded Seraphim,
 Are seen in glittering ranks with wings display'd,
 Harping in loud and solemn Choir,
 With inexpressive notes, to Heav'n's new-born Heir.

XII.

Such Musick (as 'tis said)
 Before was never made,
 But when of old the sons of morning sung,
 While the Creator great
 His Constellations set,
 And the well-ballanc'd world on hinges hung,
 And cast the dark foundations deep,

And

214 POEMS on several Occasions.

And bid the weltring waves their oozy channel keep.

XIII.

Ring out, ye Crystal Sphears,

Once bless our human ears,

(If ye have pow'r to touch our senses so)

And let your silver chime

Move in melodious time,

And let the Bass of Heav'n's deep Organ blow ;

And with your ninefold harmony

Make up full consort to th' Angelic Symphony.

XIV.

For if such holy Song

Enwrap our fancy long,

Time will run back, and fetch the age of gold,

And speckled vanity

Will sicken soon and die,

And leprous sin will melt from earthly mould,

And Hell itself will pass away, [day,

And leave her dolorous mansions to the peering

XV.

Yea, Truth and Justice then

Will down return to men,

Orb'd in a Rain-bow, and like glories wearing :

Mercy will sit between,

Thron'd in Celestial sheen,

With radiant feet the tissued clouds down steering ;

And Heav'n, as at some Festival,

Will open wide the Gates of her high Palace-Hall.

XVI.

But wisest Fate says no,

This must not yet be so ;

POEMS on several Occasions. 215

The Babe lies yet in smiling Infancy,
That on the bitter cross
Must redeem our loss ;
So both himself and us to glorifie ;
Yet first to those ychain'd in sleep, [deep.
The wakeful trump of doom must thunder thro' the

XVII.

With such a horrid clang
As on Mount *Sinai* rang, [brake :
While the red fire, and smouldring clouds out
The aged Earth, aghast
With terrour of that blast,
Shall from the surface to the centre shake ;
When at the world's last session, [throne.
The dreadful Judge in middle Air shall spread his

XVIII.

And then at last our bliss
Full and perfect is ;
But now begins : for from this happy day
Th' old Dragon under ground
In straiter limits bound,
Not half so far casts his usurped sway,
And wroth to see his Kingdom fail,
Swindges the scaly Horror of his folded tail,

XIX.

The Oracles are dumb ;
No voice or hideous hum
Runs through the arched roof in words deceiving ;
Apollo from his shrine
Can no more divine,
With hollow shriek the steep of *Delphos* leaving.

216 POEMS on several Occasions.

No nightly trance, or breathed spell,
Inspires the pale-ey'd Priest from the prophetic cell,

XX.

The lonely mountains o'er,
And the resounding shore,
A voice of weeping heard, and loud lament ;
From haunted spring, and dale,
Edg'd with poplar pale,

The parting Genius is with sighing sent :
With flow'r-inwov'n tresses torn, [mourn.
The Nymphs in twilight shade of tangled thickets

XXI.

In consecrated Earth,
And on the holy Hearth,
Th' *Lares* and *Lemures* moan with midnight plaint ;
In Urns, and Altars round,
A drear and dying sound

Affrights the *Flamins* at their service quaint ;
And the chill Marble seems to sweat,
While each peculiar Pow'r forgoes his wonted seat.

XXII.

Peor and *Baalim*

Forfake their Temples dim,
With that twice batter'd god of *Palestine* ;
And mooned *Ashtaroth*,
Heav'n's Queen and Mother both,

Now sits not girt with Taper's holy shine ;
The Libyc *Hammon* shrinks his horn ; [mourn.
In vain the *Tyrian* Maids their wounded *Thamuz*

And

XXIII.

And sullen *Moloch* fled,
Hath left in shadows dread
His burning Idol all of blackest hue ;
In vain, with Cymbals ring,
They call the griesly King,
In dismal dance about the furnace blue ;
The brutish gods of *Nile* as fast,
Isis and *Orus*, and the Dog *Anubis*, haste.

XXIV.

Nor is *Osiris* seen,
In *Mempbian* Grove, or Green, [loud:
Trampling the unshower'd Grass with lowings
Nor can he be at rest
Within his sacred chest ;
Nought but profoundest Hell can be his shroud :
In vain with timbrel'd Anthems dark
The fable-stoed Sorc'ers bear his worshipp'd Ark.

XXV.

He feels from *Juda's* Land
The dreaded Infant's hand ;
The rays of *Bethlehem* blind his dusky eyn ;
Nor all the Gods beside
Longer dare abide,
Not *Typhon* huge ending in snaky twine :
Our Babe, to shew his Godhead true,
Can in his swadling-bands controul the damned crew.

XXVI.

So when the Sun in bed,
Curtain'd with cloudy red,

L

Pillowe

218 POEMS on several Occasions.

Pillows his chin upon an orient wave,
 The flocking shadows pale,
 Troop to th' infernal Jail;
 Each fetter'd Ghost slips to his several grave;
 And the yellow-skirted *Fayes* [maze.
 Fly after the Night-steeds, leaving their Moon-lov'd

XXVII.

But see! the Virgin blest
 Hath laid her Babe to rest; [ing:
 Time is our tedious Song should here have end.
 Heav'n's youngest teemed Star
 Hath fix'd her polish'd Car, [ing:
 Her sleeping Lord with Handmaid Lamp attend-
 And all about the Courtly Stable,
 Bright-harnest Angels sit in order serviceable.

Anno ætatis 17.

*On the Death of a Fair Infant, a
 Nephew of his, dying of a Cough.*

I.

O Fairest flower, no sooner blown but blasted,
 Soft filken Primrose fading timelessly,
 Summer's chief Honour, if thou hadst out-lasted
 Bleak Winter's force that made thy blossom drie;
 For he being amorous on that lovely die,

That did thy cheek envermeil, thought to kiss,
 But kill'd, alas! and then bewail'd his fatal bliss.

II. For

II.

For since grim *Aquilo* his charioteer
By boist'rous rape th' *Athenian* damsel got,
He thought it toucht his Deity full near,
If likewise he some fair one wedded not,
Thereby to wipe away th' infamous blot
Of long-uncoupled bed, and childless eld,
Which 'mongst the wanton Gods a soul reproach
[was held.

III.

So mounting up in icy-pearled carr,
Through middle empire of the freezing air
He wander'd long, till thee he spy'd from far,
There ended was his quest, there ceas'd his care
Down he descended from his Snow-soft chair;
But all unwares with his cold-kind embrace
Unhous'd thy Virgin Soul from her fair biding-place.

IV.

Yet art thou not inglorious in thy fate;
For so *Apollo*, with unweeting hand,
Whilom did slay his dearly-loved mate,
Young *Hyacinth* born on *Eurota's* strand,
Young *Hyacinth*, the pride of *Spartan* land;
But then transform'd him to a purple flower:
Alack! that so to change thee Winter had no power.

V.

Yet can I not persuade me thou art dead,
Or that thy coarse corrupts in earth's dark womb,
Or that thy beauties lie in wormie bed,
Hid from the World in a low delved tomb;
Could Heav'n for pity thee so strictly doom?

220 POEMS on several Occasions.

Oh no! for something in thy face did shine
Above mortality, that shew'd thou wast divine.

VI.

Resolve me then, oh Soul most surely blest,
(If so it be that thou these plaints dost hear)
Tell me bright Spirit where-e'er thou hoverest,
Whether above that high first-moving Sphere,
Or in th' *Elysian* fields (if such there were;)

O say me true, if thou wert mortal wight,
And why from us so quickly thou didst take thy

VII.

[flight.

Wert thou some Star, which from the ruin'd roof
Of shak'd *Olympus* by mischance didst fall;
Which careful *Jove* in Nature's true behoof
Took up, and in fit place did reinstall?

Or did of late earth's Sons besiege the wall

Of sheenie Heav'n, and thou some goddess fled,
Amongst us here below to hide thy nectar'd head?

VIII.

Or wert thou that just Maid, who once before
Forsook'st the hated earth, O tell me sooth,
And cam'st again to visit us once more?

Or wert thou that sweet smiling Youth?

Or that crown'd Matron, sage white-robed Truth?

Or any other of that Heav'nly brood,

Let down in cloudy throne to do the World some

IX.

[good?

Or wert thou of the golden-winged host,
Who, having clad thy self in human weed,
To earth from thy prefixed seat didst post,
And after short abode fly back with speed,

As if to shew what creatures Heav'n doth breed ;
 Thereby to set the hearts of men on fire
 To scorn the sordid world, and unto Heav'n aspire ?

X.

But oh ! why didst thou not stay here below
 To bless us with thy Heav'n-lov'd innocence,
 To slake his wrath, whom sin hath made our foe,
 To turn swift-rushing black perdition hence,
 Or drive away the slaughtering pestilence,

To stand 'twixt us and our deserved smart ?
 But thou canst best perform that office where thou

XI.

[art.

Then thou, the Mother of so sweet a Child,
 Thy false imagin'd loss cease to lament,
 And wisely learn to curb thy sorrows wild ;
 Think what a present thou to God hast sent,
 And render him with patience what he lent ;

This if thou do, he will an offspring give,
 That till the World's last end shall make thy name
 [to live.

Anno Ætatis 19. *At a Vacation Exercise in the College, part Latin, part English. The Latin Speeches ended, the English thus began.*

HAIL, native Language, that by sinews weak
 Didst move my first endeavouring tongue to
 speak,

222 P O E M s *on several Occasions.*

And mad'st imperfect words with childish trips,
 Half unpronounc'd, slide through my infant lips,
 Driving dumb silence from the portal door,
 Where he had mutely sat two years before :
 Here I salute thee, and thy pardon ask,
 That now I use thee in my latter task :
 Small loss it is that thence can come unto thee,
 I know my tongue but little grace can do thee :
 Thou need'st not be ambitious to be first,
 Believe me I have thither packt the worst :
 And, if it happen as I did forecast,
 The daintiest dishes shall be serv'd up last.
 I pray thee then deny me not thy aid
 For this same small neglect that I have made :
 But haste thee strait to do me once a Pleasure,
 And from thy wardrobe bring thy chiefest treasure ;
 Not those new fangled toys, and trimmings slight,
 Which take our late fantasticks with delight ;
 But cull those richest Robes, and gay'st Attire,
 Which deepest Spirits and choicest Wits desire.
 I have some naked thoughts that rove about,
 And loudly knock to have their passage out ;
 And weary of their place do only stay,
 Till thou hast deck'd them in thy best array ;
 That so they may without suspect or fears
 Fly swiftly to this fair Assembly's ears.
 Yet I had rather, if I were to chuse,
 Thy service in some graver subject use,
 Such as may make thee search thy coffers round,
 Before thou clothe my fancy in fit sound :
 Such where the deep transported mind may soar
 Above the wheeling poles, and at Heav'n's door

Look

Look in, and see each blifsful Deity;
 How he before the thund'rous throne doth lie,
 Lift'ning to what unshorn *Apello* fings
 To th' touch of golden wires, while *Hebe* brings
 Immortal Nectar to her kingly Sire:
 Then passing through the Sphears of watchful fire,
 And misty Regions of wide air next under,
 And hills of Snow, and lofts of piled Thunder,
 May tell at length how green-ey'd *Neptune* ravet,
 In Heav'n's defiance mustering all his waves;
 Then sing of secret things, that came to pass
 When Beldame Nature in her cradle was;
 And last of Kings, and Queens, and Heroes old,
 Such as the wise *Demodocus* once told
 In solemn Songs at King *Alcinous*' feast,
 While sad *Ulysses*' soul and all the rest
 Are held with his melodious harmony
 In willing chains and sweet captivity.
 But fie, my wand'ring Muse, how thou dost stray!
 Expectance calls thee now another way;
 Thou know'st it must be now thy only bent
 To keep in compass of thy *Predicament*:
 Then quick about thy purpos'd business come,
 That to the next I may resign my Room.



Then Ens is represented as Father of the Predicaments his ten Sons, whereof the eldest stood for Substance with his Canons; which Ens, thus speaking, explains.

GOOD luck befriend thee, Son; for at thy birth

The Fairy Ladies danc'd upon the hearth;
 Thy drowsie Nurse hath sworn, she did them spie
 Came tripping to the Room where thou didst lie;
 And sweet'y singing round about thy Bed,
 Strew all their blessings on thy sleeping head. [Still
 She heard them give thee this, that thou should'st
 From eyes of mortals walk invisible:
 Yet there is something, that doth force my fear;
 For once it was my dismal hap to hear
 A Sibyl old, bow-bent with crooked age,
 That far Events full wisely could presage,
 And in Time's long and dark Prospective Glasse
 Fore-saw what future days should bring to pass:
 Your Son, said she, (nor can you it prevent)
 Shall subject be to many an Accident;
 O'er all his Brethren he shall reign as King,
 Yet every one shall make him underling;
 And those, that cannot live from him asunder,
 Ungratefully shall strive to keep him under:
 In worth and excellence he shall out-go them,
 Yet being above them, he shall be below them;

From

From others he shall stand in need of nothing,
 Yet on his Brothers shall depend for Clothing.
 To find a Foe it shall not be his hap,
 And Peace shall lull him in her flow'ry lap;
 Yet shall he live in strife, and at his door
 Devouring War shall never cease to roar:
 Yea, it shall be his natural property
 To harbour those that are at enmity.
 What pow'r, what force, what mighty spell, if not
 Your learned hands, can loose his *Gordian* knot?

*The next Quantity and Quality spake
 in Prose, then Relation was
 call'd by his name.*

RIVERS, arise; whether thou be the Son
 Of utmost *Tweed*, or *Oose*, or gulphie *Dun*,
 Or *Trent*, who like some earth-born Giant spreads
 His thirty Arms along th' indented Meads,
 Or fullen *Mole* that runneth underneath,
 Or *Severn* swift, guilty of Maiden's death,
 Or rockie *Avon*, or of sedgy *Lee*,
 Or coaly *Tine*, or ancient hallow'd *Dee*,
 Or *Humber* loud that keeps the *Scythians* Name,
 Or *Medway* smooth, or royal tow'red *Tbame*.

The rest was Prose.



The PASSION.

I.

ERE while of Musick, and Ethereal mirth,
 Wherewith the stage of Air and Earth did
 ring,

And joyous news of heav'nly Infant's birth,
 My Muse with Angels did divide to sing;
 But headlong joy is ever on the wing,

 In wintry solstice like the shorten'd light,
 Soon swallow'd up in dark and long out-living
 night.

II.

For now to sorrow must I tune my song,
 And set my Harp to notes of saddest woe,
 Which on our dearest Lord did seize ere long, [so,
 Dangers, and snares, and wrongs, and worse than
 Which he for us did freely undergo;

 Most perfect Heroe, try'd in heaviest plight
 Of labours huge and hard, too hard for human
 wight.

III.

He sov'reign Priest stooping his regal head
 That dropt with odorous oil down his fair eyes,
 Poor fleshly Tabernacle entered,
 His starry front low-rooft beneath the skies;
 O what a mask was there, what a disguise!

 Yet more; the stroke of death he must abide,
 Then lies him meekly down fast by his Brethrens
 side,

IV.

IV.

These latter scenes confine my roving verse,
To this Horizon is my *Phæbus* bound :
His Godlike acts, and his temptations fierce,
And former sufferings, otherwhere are found ;
Loud o'er the rest *Cremona's* Trump doth sound :
Me softer airs besit, and softer strings
Of Lute, or Viol still, more apt for mournful things.

V.

Befriend me, Night, best Patroness of grief,
Over the Pole thy thickest mantle throw,
And work my flatter'd fancy to belief,
That Heav'n and earth are colour'd with my wo ;
My sorrows are too dark for day to know :
The leaves should all be black whereon I write,
And letters, where my tears have washt, a wannish
white.

VI.

See, see the Chariot, and those rushing wheels,
That whirl'd the Prophet up at *Chebar* flood ;
My spirit some transporting *Cherub* feels,
To bear me where the Tow'rs of *Salem* stood
Once glorious Towers, now sunk in guiltless blood ;
There doth my Soul in holy vision sit
In pensive trance, and anguish, and ecstasie fit.

VII.

Mine eye hath found that sad Sepulchral rock,
That was the Casket of Heav'n's richest store ;
And here though grief my feeble hands up lock,
Yet on the softened Quarry would I score
My plaining verse as lively as before ;

228 POEMS on several Occasions.

For sure so well instructed are my tears,
That they would fitly fall in order'd Characters.

VIII.

Or should I thence, hurried on viewless wing,
Take up a weeping on the Mountains wild,
The gentle neighbourhood of grove and spring
Would soon unbosom all their Echoes mild,
And I (for grief is easily beguil'd)

Might think th' Infection of my sorrows loud,
Had got a race of mourners on some pregnant cloud.

*This Subject the Author finding to be above the years
he had, when he wrote it, and nothing satisfy'd
with what was begun, left it unfinished.*

On TIME.

FLY, envious Time, till thou run out thy race,
Call on the lazy leaden-stepping hours,
Whose speed is but the heavy Plummets pace;
And glut thy self with what thy womb devours;
Which is no more than what is false and vain,
And merely mortal dross;
So little is our loss,
So little is thy gain.
For when as each thing bad thou hast entomb'd,
And last of all thy greedy self consum'd,
Then long Eternity shall greet our bliss
With an individual kiss,
And joy shall overtake us as a flood;
When every thing, that is sincerely good,

And

230 POEMS on several Occasions.

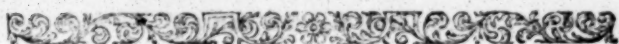
Emptied his glory, ev'n to nakedness;
 And that great Cov'nant which we still transgress
 Intirely satisfi'd,
 And the full wrath beside
 Of vengeful Justice bore for our excess,
 And seals obedience first with wounding smart
 This day: but oh! ere long
 Huge pangs and strong
 Will pierce more near his heart.

At a solemn Musick.

BLeft pair of *Sirens*, pledges of Heav'n's joy,
 Sphear-born harmonious Sisters, Voice and
 Verse,
 Wed your divine sounds, and mixt pow'r employ,
 Dead things with imbreath'd sense able to pierce,
 And to our high-rai'd phantasie present
 That undisturbed Song of pure content,
 Ay sung before the saphire-colour'd throne
 To him, that sits thereon,
 With Saintly shout, and solemn Jubilee,
 Where the bright Seraphim in burning row
 Their loud up-listed Angel-trumpets blow,
 And the Cherubic host in thousand Choirs
 Touch their immortal Harps of golden wires,
 With those just Spirits, that wear victorious Palms,
 Hymns devout and holy Psalms
 Singing everlastingly;
 That we on Earth with undiscording voice
 May rightly answer that melodious noise;

As

As once we did, till disproportion'd sin
 Jarr'd against nature's chime, and with harsh din
 Broke the fair Musick that all creatures made
 To their great Lord, whose love their motion sway'd
 In perfect Diapason, whilst they stood
 In first obedience, and their state of good.
 O may we soon again renew that Song,
 And keep in tune with Heav'n, till God ere long
 To his celestial consort us unite,
 To live with him, and sing in endless morn of light.



A N
 E P I T A P H
 O N T H E
 Marchioness of *Winchester*.

THIS rich Marble doth inter
 The honour'd Wife of *Winchester*,
 A Viscount's daughter, an Earl's heir,
 Besides what her Virtues fair
 Added to her noble Birth,
 More than she could own from Earth.
 Summers three times eight save one
 She had told, alas! too soon,

After

232 POEMS on several Occasions.

After so short time of breath,
 To house with darkness, and with death :
 Yet had the number of her days
 Been as compleat as her praise,
 Nature and fate had had no strife
 In giving limit to her life.
 Her high Birth, and her graces sweet,
 Quickly found a lover meet ;
 The Virgin choir for her request
 The God, that sits at marriage-feast ;
 He at their invoking came,
 But with a scarce-well-lighted flame ;
 And in his Garland as he stood,
 Ye might discern a Cypress bud.
 Once had the early Matrons run
 To greet her of a lovely Son,
 And now with second hope she goes,
 And calls *Lucina* to her throws ;
 But, whether by mischance or blame,
Atropos for *Lucina* came ;
 And with remorseless cruelty
 Spoil'd at once both fruit and tree :
 The hapless babe before his birth
 Had burial, yet not laid in earth ;
 And the languisht Mother's womb
 Was not long a living Tomb.
 So have I seen some tender slip
 Sav'd with care from Winter's nip,
 The pride of her carnation train,
 Pluck'd up by some unheedy swain,
 Who only thought to crop the flower
 New shot up from vernal shower ;

But the fair blossom hangs the head
 Side-ways, as on a dying bed,
 And those Pearls of dew she wears,
 Prove to be presaging tears,
 Which the sad morn had let fall
 On her hast'ning Funeral.
 Gentle Lady, may thy grave
 Peace and quiet ever have;
 After this thy travel fore,
 Sweet rest seize thee evermore,
 That, to give the world increase,
 Shortned hast thy own life's lease.
 Here, besides the sorrowing
 That thy noble House doth bring,
 Here be tears of perfect moan,
 Wept for thee in *Helicon*,
 And some Flowers, and some bays,
 For thy Herse, to strew the ways,
 Sent thee from the banks of *Came*,
 Devoted to thy virtuous name;
 Whilst thou, bright Saint, high sit'st in glory,
 Next her, much like to thee in story,
 That fair *Syrian* Shepherdess,
 Who after years of barrenness,
 The highly favour'd *Joseph* bore
 To him, that serv'd for her before;
 And at her next birth, much like thee,
 Through pangs fled to felicity,
 Far within the bosom bright
 Of blazing Majesty and Light:
 There with thee, new welcome Saint,
 Like fortunes may her soul acquaint,

With

234 POEMS on several Occasions,
With thee there clad in radiant sheen,
No Marchioness, but now a Queen.

SONG. On May Morning.

NOW the bright Morning-Star, Day's harbinger,
Comes dancing from the East, and leads with her
The Flow'ry *May*; who from her green lap throws
The yellow Cowslip, and the pale Primrose,
Hail, bounteous *May*, that dost inspire
Mirth, and youth, and warm desire;
Woods and Groves are of thy Dressing,
Hill and Dale doth boast thy blessing.
Thus we salute thee with our early Song,
And welcome thee, and wish thee long.

On SHAKESPEAR. 1630.

WHAT needs my *Shakespear* for his honour'd
Bones
The labour of an age in piled Stones,
Or that his hallow'd reliques should be hid
Under a Star-ypointing *Pyramid*?
Dear Son of memory, great heir of Fame,
What need'st thou such weak witness of thy name?
Thou in our wonder and astonishment
Hast built thy self a live-long Monument.
For whilst, to th' shame of slow-endeavouring art
Thy easy numbers flow, and that each heart

Hath

Hath from the leaves of thy unvalu'd Book,
Those Delphick lines with deep impressi'on took,
Then thou our fancy of itself bereaving,
Dost make us Marble with too much conceiving;
And so Sepulcher'd in such pomp dost lie,
That Kings for such a Tomb would wish to die.

*On the University Carrier, who
sicken'd in the time of his vacancy,
being forbid to go to London, by
reason of the Plague.*

HERE lies old *Hobson*, Death hath broke his
girt,
And here, Alas! hath laid him in the dirt;
Or else the ways being foul, twenty to one
He's here stuck in a slough, and overthrown.
'Twas such a shifter, that, if truth were known,
Death was half glad when he had got him down;
For he had any time these ten years full,
Dodg'd with him betwixt *Cambridge* and the *Bull*.
And surely death could never have prevail'd,
Had not his weekly course of carriage fail'd:
But lately finding him so long at home,
And thinking now his journey's end was come,
And that he had ta'en up his latest Inn,
In the kind Office of a Chamberlain [night,
Shew'd him his room where he must lodge that
Pull'd off his Boots, and took away the light.

If

236 POEMS on several Occasions.

If any ask for him, it shall be said,
Hobson has fupt, and's newly gone to bed.

Another on the same.

HERE lieth one, who did most truly prove
That he could never die while he could move:
So hung his destiny, never to rot
While he might still jogg on and keep his trot,
Made of Sphear-metal, never to decay
Until his revolution was at stay.
Time numbers motion, yet (without a crime
'Gainst old truth) motion number'd out his time:
And like an Engine mov'd with wheel and weight,
His principles being ceas'd, he ended strait.
Rest, that gives all men life, gave him his death,
And too much breathing put him out of breath;
Nor were it contradiction to affirm,
Too long vacation hasten'd on his term.
Meerly to drive the time away, he sicken'd,
Fainted, and died, nor would with Ale be quicken'd:
Nay, quoth he, on his swooning bed out-stretch'd,
If I mayn't carry, sure I'll ne'er be fetch'd,
But vow, though the cross Doctors all stood hearers,
For one Carrier put down to make six bearers.
Ease was his chief disease, and to judge right,
He dy'd for heaviness that his Cart went light:
His leisure told him that his time was come,
And lack of load made his life burdensom,
That even to his last breath (there be that say't)
As he were prest to death, he cry'd more weight;
But

But had his doings lasted as they were,
He had been an immortal Carrier.
Obedient to the Moon, he spent his date
In course reciprocal, and had his fate
Link'd to the mutual flowing of the Seas,
Yet (strange to think) his wain was his increase:
His letters are deliver'd all and gone,
Only remains this Supercription.

*On the new Forcers of Conscience
under the LONG PARLIAMENT.*

BEcause you have thrown off your Prelate Lord
And with stiff Vows renounc'd his Liturgie,
To seize the widow'd whore Pluralitie
From them, whose sin ye envy'd, not abhorr'd;
Dare ye for this adjure the Civil Sword
To force our Consciences, that Christ set free,
And ride us with a classic Hierarchy
Taught ye by meer *A. S. and Rotherford!*
Men whose Life, Learning, Faith, and pure Intent
Would have been held in high Esteem with *Paul*,
Must now be nam'd and printed Hereticks,
By shallow *Edwards* and *Scotch* what d'ye-call.
But we do hope to find out all your tricks, [*Trent*,
Your plots, and packing, worse than those of
That so the Parliament
May with their wholesome and preventive shears
Clip your Phylacteries, though baulk your Ears,
And succour our just Fears;
When they shall read this clearly in your charge,
New Presbyter is but *Old Priest* writ Large.

Ad PYRRHAM. ODE V.

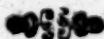
Horatius ex Pyrrhæ illecebris tan-
quam è naufragio enataverat, cu-
jus amore irretitos, affirmat esse
miseros.

QUIS multâ gracilis te puer in rosâ
Perfusus liquidis urget odoribus,
Grato, Pyrrha, sub antro?
Cui flavam religas comam,

Simplex munditiis? heu quoties fidem
Mutatosque deos flebit, & aspera
Nigris æquora ventis
Emirabitur insolens,

Qui nunc te fruitur credulus aurâ:
Qui semper vacuam, semper amabilem
Sperat, nescius auræ
Fallacis! Miseri, quibus

Intentata nites: me tabulâ sacer
Votivâ partes indicat uvida
Suspendisse potenti
Vestimenta maris Deo.



The fifth ODE of Horace, Lib. I.

Rendered almost word for word without Rhyme, according to the Latin Measure, as near as the Language will permit.

WHAT slender Youth, bedew'd with liquid
odours,
Courts thee on Roses in some pleasant Cave,
Pyrrha, for whom bind'st thou
In wreaths thy golden Hair,

Plain in thy neatness? O how oft shall he
On Faith and changed Gods complain, and Seas
Rough with black winds and storms
Unwonted shall admire;

Who now enjoys thee credulous, all Gold,
Who always vacant, always amiable
Hopes thee; of flattering gales
Unmindful! Hapless they,

[vow'd
To whom thou untry'd seem'st fair. Me in my
Picture the sacred wall declares t'have hung
My dank and dropping weeds
To the stern God of Sea.



SONNETS.

SONNET I.

To the Nightingale.

O Nightingale, that on yon bloomy Spray
 Warblest at eve, when all the Woods are still,
 Thou with fresh hope the Lover's heart dost fill,
 While the jolly hours lead on propitious May
 Thy liquid notes that close the eye of Day,
 First heard before the shallow Cuckoo's bill,
 Portend success in Love; O, if Jove's will
 Have link'd that amorous pow'r to thy soft lay,
 Now timely sing, ere the rude Bird of Hate
 Foretel my hopeless doom in some Grove nigh;
 As thou from year to year hast sung too late
 For my relief; yet hadst no reason why:
 Whether the Muse, or Love call thee his mate,
 Both them I serve, and of their train am I.

SONNET II.

*Donna leggiadra il cui bel nome bonora
 L'erbosa val di Rbeno, e il nobil varco,
 Ben è colui d'ogni valore scarco*

Qual

Qual tuo spirto gentil non innamora,
 Che dolcemente mostra sì di fuora
 De sui atti soavi giamai parco,
 E i don', che son d'amor saette ed arco,
 La onde l'alta tua virtù s'infiora.
 Quando tu vaga parli, o lieta canti
 Che mover possa duro alpestre legno,
 Guardi ciascun a gli occhi, ed a gli orecchi
 L'entrata, chi di te si truova indegno;
 Gratia sola di su gli vaglia, inanti
 Che'l disio amoroso al cuor s'invecchi.

SONNET III.

Qual in colle aspro, al imbrunir di sera
 L'avrezza giovinetta pastorella
 Va bagnando l'erbetta strana e bella
 Che mal si spande a disusata spera
 Fuor di sua natia alma prima vera,
 Così Amor meco insu la lingua snella
 Desta il fior novo di strania favella,
 Mentre io di te, vezzosamente altera,
 Canto dal mio buon popol non inteso
 E'l bel Tamigi cangio col bel Arno.
 Amor lo volse, ed io a l'altrui peso
 Seppi ch' Amor cosa mai volse indarmo.
 Deb! foss' il mio cuor lento e'l duro seno
 A chi pianta dal ciel si buon terreno.

CANZONE.

RIdonfi donne e giovani amorosi
 M' accostandosi attorno, e perche scrivi,
 Perche tu scrivi in lingua ignota e strana

M

Verseg-

Qual

*Verseggiando d'amor, e come t'osi ?
 Dinne, se latua speme sia mai vana,
 E de pensieri lo miglier t'arriui ;
 Così mi van burlando, altri rivi
 Altri lidi t'aspettan, & altre onde
 Nelle cui verdi spondè
 Spuntati ad bor, ad bor a la tua chioma
 L'immortal guiderdon d'eterne frondi
 Perche alle spalle tue soverchia soma ?
 Canzon diretti, e tu per me rispondi
 Dicè mia Donna, e'l suo dir, e il mio cuore
 Questa e lingua di cui si vanta Amore.*

SONNET IV.

*Diodati, e te'l diuò con maraviglia,
 Quel ritrosi io ch'amor spreggiar solea
 E de suoi lacci spesso mi ridea
 Già caddi, ov'buom dabben talbor s'impiglia,
 Ne treccie d'oro, ne guancia vermiglia
 M'abbaglian sì, ma sotto nova idea
 Pellegrina bellezza che'l cuor bea,
 Portamenti alti honesti, e nelle ciglia
 Quel sereno fulgor d' amabil nero,
 Parole adorne di lingua piu d'una,
 E'l cantar che di mezzo l' bemispero
 Traviar ben puo la faticosa Luna,
 E degli occhi suoi auventa sì gran fuoco
 Che l'incerar gli orecchi mi fa poco.*

SONNET V.

*Per certo à bei vostr' occhi, Donna mia
 Esser non pua che non fan lo mio sole*

Si mi percuoton forte, come ei suole
 Per l'arene di Libia chi s'invia,
 Mentre un caldo vapor (ne senti pria)
 Da quel lato si spinge ove mi duole
 Che force amanti nelle lor parole
 Chiaman sospir ; io non so che si fia :
 Parte rinchiusa, e turbida si cela
 Scoffo mi il petto, e poi n'uscendo poco
 Qui vi d'attorno o s'agghiaccia, o s'inghiela ;
 Ma quanto a gli occhi giunge a trovar loco
 Tutte le notti a me suol far piovoſe
 Finche mia Alba rivien colma di roſe.

SONNET VI.

Giovane piano, e ſemplicetto amante
 Poi che fuggir me ſteſſo in dubbio ſono,
 Madonna a voi del mio cuor P humil dono
 Faro di voto ; io certo a prove tante
 L'ebbi fedele, intrepido, conſtante,
 De penſieri leggiadro, accorto, e buono ;
 Quando rugge il gran mondo e ſcocca il tuono,
 S'arma di ſe e d' intero diamante,
 Tanto del forſe, e d'invidia ſicuro,
 Di timori, e ſperanze al popol uſe
 Quanto d'ingegno, e d'alto valor vago,
 E di cetra ſonora, e delle muſe :
 Sol troverete in tal parte men duro
 Ove amor miſe l'inſanabil ago.

SONNET VII.

On his being arriv'd to his 23d Year.

How soon hath Time, the subtle thief of youth,
 Stol'n on his wing my three and twentieth year!
 My hasting days flie on with full career,
 But my late spring no bud or blossom shew'th.
 Perhaps my semblance might deceive the truth,
 That I to manhood am arriv'd so near;
 And inward ripeness doth much less appear,
 That some more timely happy spirits indu'th.
 Yet be it less or more, or soon or slow,
 It shall be still in strictest measure ev'n
 To that same lot, however mean or high,
 Tow'rd which Time leads me, and the will of
 All is, if I have grace to use it so, [Heav'n;
 As ever in my great Task-master's eye.

SONNET VIII.

To the Soldier, to spare his Dwelling-place.

Captain, or Colonel, or Knight in Arms,
 Whose chance on these defenceless doors may seize,
 If ever deed of honour did thee please,
 Guard them, and him within protect from harms,
 He can requite thee; for he knows the charms
 That call Fame on such gentle acts as these,
 And he can spread thy name o'er Lands and Seas,
 What-ever clime the Sun's bright circle warms.
 Lift not thy spear against the Muses Bower.

The

The great *Emathian* Conqueror bid spare
The house of *Pindarus*, when Temple and Tower
Went to the ground: And the repeated air
Of sad *Electra's* Poet had the power
To save th' *Armenian* Walls from ruin bare.

SONNET IX.

To a Lady.

Lady, that in the prime of earliest youth
Wisely hast shun'd the broad way and the green,
And with those few art eminently seen,
That labour up the Hill of Heav'nly Truth.
The better part with *Mary* and with *Ruth*
Chosen thou hast, and they that overween,
And at thy growing virtues fret their spleen,
No anger find in thee, but pity and ruth.
Thy care is fixt, and zealously attends
To fill thy odorous Lamp with deeds of light,
And hope that reaps not shame. Therefore be sure
Thou, when the bridegroom with his feastful friends
Passes to bliss at the mid-hour of night,
Hast gain'd thy entrance, Virgin wise and pure.

SONNET X.

*To the Lady Margaret Lee Daughter to
the Earl of Marlborough.*

Daughter to that good Earl, once President
Of *England's* Council, and her Treasury,
Who liv'd in both unstain'd with gold or fee,
And left them both more in himself content,

246 P O E M S on several Occasions.

Till the sad breaking of that Parliament
 Broke him, as that dishonest victory
 At *Charonea*, fatal to Liberty,
 Kill'd with report that old man eloquent.
 Though later born, than to have known the days
 Wherein your Father flourish'd, yet by you,
 Madam, methinks I see him living yet :
 So well your words his noble virtues praise,
 That all both judge you to relate them true,
 And to possess them, Honour'd *Margaret*.

S O N N E T XI.

*On the Reception his Book of Divorce met
 with.*

A Book was writ of late call'd *Tetrachordon* ;
 And woven close, both matter, form and stile ;
 The subject new : it walk'd the Town a while,
 Numb'ring good intellects ; now seldom pored on.
 Cries the stall-reader, Bless us ! what a word on
 A title page is this ! and some in file
 Stand spelling false, while one might walk to *Mile-
 End Green*. Why is it harder, Sirs, than *Gorden*,
Colkitto, or *Macdonnel*, or *Galasp* ?
 Those rugged Names to our like mouths grow
 sleek,
 That would have made *Quintilian* stare and gasp.
 Thy age, like ours, O Soul of Sir *John Cheek*,
 Hated not Learning worse than Toad or Asp,
 When thou taught'st *Cambridge*, and King *Ed-
 ward Greek*,

S O N -

SONNET XII.

On the same.

I did but prompt the age to quit their clogs
By the known rules of ancient Liberty,
When strait a barbarous noise environs me
Of Owls and Cuckoes, Asses, Apes and Dogs:
As when those Hinds that were transform'd to Frogs,
Rail'd at *Latona's* twin-born Progenie,
Which after held the Sun and Moon in fee.
But this is got by casting Pearls to hogs;
That bawl for freedom in their senseless mood,
And still revolt when truth would set them free.
Licence they mean when they cry Liberty;
For who loves that, must first be wise and good:
But from that mark how far they rove we see,
For all this waste of wealth, and loss of blood.

SONNET XIII.

To Mr. H. Lawes, on his Aires.

Harry, whose tuneful and well-measur'd Song
First taught our English Musick how to span
Words with just note and accent, not to scan
With *Midas'* Ears, committing short and long;
Thy worth and skill exempts thee from the throng,
With praise enough for Envy to look wan;
To after age thou shalt be writ the man,

248 POEMS on several Occasions.

That with smooth aire could humour best our
tongue.

Thou honour'st Verse, and Verse must send her wing
To honour thee, the Priest of *Phæbus*' Choir,
That tun'st their happiest lines in Hymn, or Story,
Dante shall give Fame leave to set thee higher
Than his *Casella*, whom he woo'd to sing,
Met in the milder shades of Purgatory.

S O N N E T XIV.

An Elegy.

When Faith and Love, which parted from thee
never,

Had ripen'd thy just Soul to dwell with God,
Meekly thou didst resign this earthly load.

O Death, call'd life ; which us from Life doth
sever !

Thy Works and Alms and all thy good Endeavour
Staid not behind, nor in the Grave were trod ;
But as Faith pointed with her golden rod,
Follow'd thee up to joy and bliss for ever :

Love led them on, and Faith, who knew them best
Thy hand-maids, clad them o'er with purple
beams

And azure wings, that up they flew so drest,
And spake the truth of thee on glorious Theams
Before the Judge ; who thenceforth bid thee rest,
And drink thy fill of pure immortal streams.

S O N

SONNET XV.

On General FAIRFAX.

Fairfax, whose Name in Arms thro' *Europe* rings,
 And fills all mouths with envy or with Praise,
 And all her jealous Monarchs with amaze
 And rumours loud, which daunt remotest things;
 Thy firm unshaken Valour ever brings
 Victory home, while new Rebellions raise
 Their *Hydra* Heads, and the false North displays
 Her broken League to imp her Serpent wings.
 O yet a nobler Task awaits thy Hand,
 For what can War but acts of War still breed,
 Till injur'd Truth from Violence be freed,
 And publick faith be rescu'd from the brand
 Of publick fraud? In vain does Valour bleed,
 While Avarice and Rapine share the Land.

SONNET XVI.

On Sir Henry Vane the younger.

Vane, young in Years, but in sage Counsels old,
 Than whom a better Senator ne'er held [repel'd
 The Helm of *Rome* (when Gowns, not Arms,
 The fierce *Epirot*, and the *African* bold)
 Whether to settle Peace, or to unfold
 The drift of hollow States, hard to be spell'd;
 Then to advise how War may best b' upheld;
 Man'd by her two main Nerves, Iron and Gold,
 In all her Equipage: Besides to know

250 POEMS on several Occasions.

What serves each, thou hast learn'd, which few
have done.

The bounds of either Sword to thee we owe ;
Therefore on thy right hand Religion leans,
And reckons thee in chief her Eldest Son.

S O N N E T XVII.

To O. CROMWELL.

Cromwell, our chief of Men, that thro' a crowd
Not of War only, but Distractions rude,
(Guided by Faith and matchless Fortitude)
To Peace and Truth thy glorious way hast plow'd,
And fought God's Battles and his works pursu'd,
While *Darwent* Streams with blood of *Scots* imbru'd,
And *Dunbar* field resound thy Praises loud,
And *Worcester's* Laureat wreath. Yet much remains
To conquer still ; Peace has her Victories
No less than those of War. New Foes arise,
Threatning to bind our Souls in secular chains :
Help us to save free Conscience from the Paw
Of hireling Wolves, whose Gospel is their Maw.

S O N N E T XVIII.

On the late Massacre in Piemont.

Avenge, O Lord, thy slaughter'd Saints, whose bones
Lie scatter'd on the *Alpine* mountains cold,
Ev'n them who kept thy truth so pure of old,
When all our Fathers worship'd Stocks and Stones,
Forget not : in thy Book record their groans,
Who were thy Sheep, and in their antient Fold
Slain by the bloody *Piemontese* that roll'd

Mother

Mother with Infant down the Rocks. Their moan
The Vales redoubled to the hills, and they
To heav'n. Their martyr'd blood and ashes sow
O'er all th' *Italian* fields, where still doth sway
The triple Tyrant: that from these may grow
A hundred-fold, who having learnt thy way,
Early may fly the *Babylonian* wo.

SONNET XIX.

On Cyriac Skinner.

Cyriac, this three years day, these Eyes tho' clear
To outward view of blemish or of spot,
Berest of Sight, their seeing have forgot ;
Nor to their idle Orbs does day appear,
Or Sun or Moon, or Stars throughout the Year ;
Or Man, or Woman. Yet I argue not
Against Heav'n's Hand, or Will ; nor bate one jot
Of Heart or Hope ; but still bear up, and steer
Right onwards. What supports me, dost thou ask ?
The conscience, friend, t'have lost them overply'd
In Liberty's defence, my noble task,
Whereof all *Europe* rings from side to side.
This Thought might lead me thro' this world's
vain mask,
Content, though blind, had I no other Guide.

SONNET XX.

When I consider how my light is spent,
Ere half my days, in this dark world and wide,
And that one Talent which is death to hide,
Lodg'd with me uselefs, though my Soul more bent
To serve therewith my Maker, and present

My

252 POEMS on several Occasions.

My true account, lest he returning chide.
 Doth God exact day-labour, light deny'd ?
 I fondly ask ; but patience, to prevent
 That murmur, soon replies, God doth not need
 Either man's work or his own gifts ; who best
 Bear his mild yolk, they serve him best ; his State
 Is Kingly : Thousands at his bidding speed,
 And post o'er Land and Ocean without rest ;
 They also serve who only stand and wait.

SONNET XXI.

To Mr. Lawrence, Son to the President of
 Cromwell's Council.

Lawrence, of virtuous Father virtuous Son,
 Now that the Fields are dank, and ways are mire,
 Where shall we sometimes meet, and by the fire
 Help waste a sullen day ; what may be won
 From the hard season gaining ? time will run
 On smoother, till *Favonius* re-inspire
 The frozen earth ; and clothe in fresh attire
 The Lillie and Rose, that neither sow'd nor spun.
 What neat repast shall feast us, light and choice,
 Of Attick taste, with Wine, whence we may rise
 To hear the Lute well toucht, or artful voice
 Warble immortal Notes and *Tuscan* Air ?
 He, who of those delights can judge and spare
 To interpose them oft, is not unwise.

SONNET XXII.

On Cyriac Skinner.

Cyriac, whose Grandfire on the Royal Bench
 Of British *Themis*, with no mean applause

Pre-

POEMS on several Occasions. 253

Pronounc'd, and in his Volumes taught our Laws,
Which others at their Bar so often wrench;
To day deep thoughts resolve with me to drench
In mirth, that after no repenting draws;
Let *Euclid* rest, and *Archimedes* pause,
And what the *Swede* intend, and what the *French*,
To measure life learn thou betimes, and know
Tow'rd solid good what leads the nearest way:
For other things mild Heav'n a time ordains,
And disapproves that care, though wise in show,
That with superfluous burden loads the day,
And, when God sends a chearful hour, refrains.

SONNET XXIII.

On his deceased Wife.

Methought I saw my late espoused Saint
Brought to me, like *Alceftis*, from the grave,
Whom *Jove's* great Son to her glad Husband gave,
Rescu'd from death by force though pale and faint;
Mine, as whom wash'd from spot of child-bed taint,
Purification in th' old Law did save,
And such as yet once more I trust to have
Full sight of her in Heav'n without restraint,
Came vested all in white, pure as her mind:
Her face was vail'd, yet to my fancied sight,
Love, Sweetness, Goodness, in her Person shin'd
So clear, as in no face with more delight.
But oh! as to embrace me she inclin'd,
I wak'd, she fled, and day brought back my night.

Galli

254 POEMS on several Occasions.

*Galli ex concubitu gravidam te, Pontia, Mori,
Quis bene moratam, morigeramque neget?*

*Gaudete, Scombri, & quicquid est piscium Salo,
Qui frigidâ Hyeme incolitis algentes freta,
Vestrûm misertus ille Salmasius eques
Bonus amicire nuditatem cogitat;
Chartæque largus apparat papyrinos
Vobis cucullos præferentes Claudii
Insignia, nomenque & Decus Salmasii,
Gestetis ut per omne cetarium forum
Equitis clientes, scriniis mungentium
Cubito virorum, & capsulis gratissimos.*

*Brutus taking with him Geryon the Diviner
in the inward Shrine of the Temple of the
Goddess Diana, utters his Request thus:*

Divâ potens nemorum, &c.

GOddeſs of ſhades, and Huntreſs, who at will
Walk'ſt on the lowring Sphears, and thro'
the deep,

On thy third Reign the Earth look now, and tell
What Land, what ſeat of reſt thou bid'ſt me ſeek;
What certain Seat, where I may worſhip thee
For aye, with Temples vow'd and Virgin Choirs.

*To whom ſleeping before the Altar, Diana
in a Viſion that Night, thus answered:*

Brute, ſub occaſum ſolis, &c.

Brutus, far to the Weſt in th' Ocean wide
Beyond the Realm of Gaul, a Land there lies,

Sea-girt

Sea-girt it lies, where Giants dwelt of old,
Now void, it fits thy people; thither bend
Thy course, there shalt thou find a lasting Seat,
There to thy Sons another *Troy* shall rise
And Kings be born of thee, whose dreadful might
Shall awe the World, and conquer Nations bold.

Dante in the 19th Canto of Inferno.

Ah *Constantine*, of how much ill was cause,
Not thy Conversion, but those rich Domains,
That the first wealthy Pope receiv'd of thee!

In the 20th Canto of Paradise.

Founded in chaste and humble Poverty, [Horn?
'Gainst them, that rais'd thee, dost thou list thy
Impudent Whore, where hast thou plac'd thy Hope?
In thy Adulterers, or thy ill got Wealth?
Another *Constantine* comes not in haste.

Ariosto, Cant. 34.

And to be short, at last his guide him brings
Into a goodly Valley, where he sees
A mighty mass of things strangely confus'd,
Things that on Earth were lost, or were abus'd.
Then past he to a flow'ry Mountain green,
Which once smelt sweet, now stinks as odiously;
This was that gift (if you the truth will have)
That *Constantine* to good *Silvester* gave.

HORACE

HORACE to Quintius.

Whom do we count a good Man, whom but he
Who keeps the Laws and Statutes of the Senate,
Who judges in great Suits and Controversies,
Whose Witness and Opinion wins the Cause?
But his own House, and the whole Neighbourhood
Sees his soul inside through his whited Skin.

Four Greek Lines out of Euripides.

This is true Liberty when free-born Men
Having t' advise the Publick may speak free,
Which he who can, and will, deserves his Praise;
Who neither can, nor will, may hold his peace;
What can be juster in a State than this?

HORACE.

-----*Valet ima summis*
Mutare, & insignem attenuat Deus,
Obscura promens, &c.

The Pow'r, that did create, can change the scene
Of things; make mean of great, and great of mean;
The brightest Glory can eclipse with might;
And place the most obscure in dazling light.

HORACE.

Te Dacus asper, te profugi Scythæ,
Regumque matres barbarorum, &

Purpure

Purpurei metuunt Tyranni.

Injurioso ne pede proruas

Stantem Columnam, neu populus frequens

Ad arma cessantes, ad arma

Concitet, imperiumque frangat.

All barbarous People, and their Princes too,

All purple Tyrants honour you ;

The very wandring Scythians do.

Support the Pillar of the Roman State,

Lest all men be involv'd in one man's fate,

Continue us in Wealth and Peace ;

Let Wars and Tumults ever cease.

CATULUS.

Tantò pessimus omnium Poeta,

Quantò tu optimus omnium Patronus.

The worst of Poets I my self declare,

By how much you the best of Patrons are.

On SALMASIUS.

Quis expeditivit Salmasio suam Hundredam,

Picamque docuit, verba nostra conari ?

Magister artis venter, & Jacobei

Centum, exulantis viscera marsupii regis.

Quòd si dolosi spes refulserit nummi,

Ipse, Antichristi modò qui primatum Papæ

Minatus uno est dissipare sufflatu,

Cantabit ultro Cardinalitium Melos.

English.

English'd.

Who taught *Salmafius*, that *French* chattering Pye,
 To aim at *English*, and *Hundreda* cry?
 The starving Rascal, flusht with just a hundred
English Jacobus's *Hundreda* blunder'd;
 An Outlaw'd King's last Stock.---A hundred more
 Wou'd make him pimp for th' Antichristian Whore;
 And in *Rome's* Praise imploy his poison'd Breath,
 Who threatened once to stink the Pope to Death.



P S A L M I.

Done into Verse, 1653.

Bless'd is the man, who hath not walk'd astray
 In counsel of the Wicked, and i'th' way
 Of sinners hath not stood, and in the seat
 Of scorers hath not sat: but in the great
Jehovah's Law is ever his delight,
 And in his Law he studies day and night:
 He shall be as a tree, which planted grows
 By watry streams, and in his Season knows
 To yield his fruit, and his leaf shall not fall;
 And what he takes in hand shall prosper all.
 Not so the wicked; but as chaff which fann'd
 The wind drives, so the wicked shall not stand

In

In judgment, or abide their trial then,
Nor sinners in th' assembly of just men.
For the Lord knows th' upright way of the just,
And the way of bad men to ruin must.

PSAL. II. done Aug. 8. 1653. Terzette.

WHy do the Gentiles tumult, and the Nations
Muse a vain thing, the Kings of th' Earth
upstand

With pow'r, and Princes in their Congregations
Lay deep their plots together through each land
Against the Lord and his Messiah dear?

Let us break off, say they, by strength of hand
Their bonds, and cast from us, no more to wear,
Their twisted cords. He who in Heav'n doth
dwell

Shall laugh, the Lord shall scoff them, then severe
Speak to them in his wrath, and in his fell
And fierce ire trouble them; but I, saith he,
Anointed have my King (though ye rebel)

On Sion's holy hill. A firm decree
I will declare; The Lord to me hath said,
Thou art my Son, I have begotten thee

This day; ask of me, and the grant is made:
As thy possession, I on thee bestow
Th' Heathen, and, as thy Conquest to be sway'd,
Earth's utmost bounds: them shalt thou bring full
low

With Iron Sceptre bruis'd, and them disperse
Like to a potter's vessel shiver'd so.

And

260 P O E M S *on several Occasions.*

And now be wise at length, ye Kings averse,
 Be taught, ye Judges of the Earth; with fear
Jehovah serve, and let your joy converse
 With trembling; kiss the Son lest he appear
 In anger, and ye perish in the way,
 If once his wrath take fire like fuel sere;
 Happy all those who have in him their stay-

PSAL. III. *Aug. 9. 1653.*

When he fled from Absalom.

Lord, how many are my foes!
 How many those,
 That in arms against me rise!
 Many are they,
 That of my life distrustfully thus say,
 No help for him in God there lies.
 But thou, Lord, art my shield, my glory,
 Thee through my story
 Th' exalter of my head I count;
 Aloud I cry'd
 Unto *Jehovah*; he full soon reply'd,
 And heard me from his holy mount.
 I lay and slept, I wak'd again,
 For my sustain
 Was the Lord. Of many millions
 The populous rout
 I fear not, though encamping round about
 They pitch against me their Pavilions.

Rise,

Rise, Lord, save me, my God, for thou
 Hast smote ere now
 On the cheek-bone all my foes,
 Of men abhorr'd [Lord;
 Hast broke the teeth, This help was from the
 Thy blessing on thy people flows.

PSAL. IV. *Aug.* 10. 1653:

ANswer me, when I call,
 God of my righteousness,
 In straights and in distress
 Thou didst me disenthral
 And set at large; now spare,
 Now pity me, and hear my earnest pray'r.
 Great ones, how long will ye
 My glory have in scorn;
 How long be thus forborn
 Still to love vanity,
 To love, to seek, to prize
 Things false and vain, and nothing else but lyes?
 Yet know, the Lord hath chose,
 Chose to himself apart,
 The good and meek of heart:
 (For whom to choose he knows.)
 Jehovah from on high
 Will hear my voice what time to him I cry.
 Be aw'd, and do not sin;
 Speak to your hearts alone,
 Upon your beds, each one,
 And be at peace within:

Offer

262 POEMS on several Occasions.

Offer the offerings just

Of righteousness, and in Jehovah trust.

Many there be that say,

Who yet will shew us good ?

Talking like this world's brood :

But, Lord, thus let me pray,

On us lift up the light,

Lift up the favour of thy countenance bright.

Into my heart more joy

And gladness thou hast put,

Than when a year of glut

Their stores doth over-cloy,

And from their plenteous grounds

With vast increase their corn and wine abounds.

In peace at once will I

Both lay me down-and sleep,

For thou alone dost keep

Me safe where-e'er I lie ;

As in a rocky Cell,

Thou, Lord, alone in safety mak'st me dwell.

PSAL. V. *Aug.* 12. 1653.

Jehovah, to my words give ear,

My meditation weigh,

The voice of my complaining hear,

My King and God ; for unto thee I pray.

Jehovah, thou my early voice

Shalt in the morning hear,

I'th' morning I to thee with choice

Will rank my Prayers, and watch till thou appear.

For

POEMS on several Occasions. 263

For thou art not a God, that takes
In wickedness delight;
Evil with thee no biding makes,
Fools or mad-men stand not within thy sight.
All workers of iniquity
Thou hat'st; and them unblest
Thou wilt destroy, that speak a lye;
The bloody and guileful man God doth detest,
But I will in thy mercies dear,
Thy numerous mercies, go
Into thy House; I in thy fear
Will towards thy Holy Temple worship low.
Lord, lead me in thy righteousness,
Lead me, because of those
That do observe if I transgress;
Set thy ways right before, where my step goes.
For in his faltring mouth unstable
No word is firm, or sooth;
Their inside, troubles miserable;
An open grave their throat, their tongue they smooth,
God, find them guilty, let them fall
By their own counsels quell'd;
Push them in their rebellions all
Still on, for against thee they have rebell'd.
Then all, who trust in thee, shall bring
Their joy, while thou from blame
Defend'st them; they shall ever sing,
And shall triumph in thee, who love thy name.
For thou, Jehovah, wilt be found
To bless the just man still,
As with a shield thou wilt surround
Him with thy lasting favour and good will.

PSAL.

PSAL. VI. *Aug.* 13. 1653.

Lord, in thine anger do not reprehend me,
 Nor in thy hot displeasure me correct;
 Pity me, Lord, for I am much deject,
 Am very weak and faint; heal and amend me,
 For all my Bones, that even with anguish ake,
 Are troubled, yea my soul is troubled fore;
 And thou, O Lord, how long ? turn, Lord, restore
 My Soul, O save me for thy goodness sake:
 For in death no remembrance is of thee;
 Who in the grave can celebrate thy praise?
 Wearied I am with sighing out my days,
 Nightly my Couch I make a kind of Sea;
 My Bed I water with my tears; mine Eye
 Through grief consumes, is waxen old and dark
 I'th' midst of all mine enemies that mark,
 Depart, all ye that work iniquity,
 Depart from me, for the voice of my weeping
 The Lord hath heard, the Lord hath heard my
 pray'r,
 My supplication with acceptance fair
 The Lord will own, and have me in his keeping.
 Mine Enemies shall all be blank and dash'd
 With much confusion; then grown red with
 shame,
 They shall return in haste the way they came,
 And in a moment shall be quite abash'd.

PSAL. VII. Aug. 14. 1653.

*Upon the words of Chush the Benjamite
against him.*

Lord, my God, to thee I flie,
Save me and secure me under
Thy protection while I cry,
Lest as a Lion (and no wonder)
He haste to tear my Soul asunder,
Tearing, and no rescue nigh.

Lord, my God, if I have thought
Or done this, if wickedness
Be in my hands, if I have wrought
Ill to him that meant me peace,
Or to him have render'd less,
And not freed my foe for nought;

Let th' enemy pursue my soul,
And overtake it, let him tread
My Life down to the earth, and roll
In the dust my glory dead,
In the dust, and there out-spread
Lodge it with dishonour foul.

Rise, Jehovah, in thine ire,
Rouze thy self amidst the rage
Of my foes, that urge like fire;
And wake for me, their fury assuage:

N

Judg-

266 POEMS on several Occasions.

Judgment here thou didst engage,
And command which I desire.

So th' assemblies of each Nation
Will surround thee, seeking right;
Thence to thy glorious habitation
Return on high, and in their fight.
Jehovah judgeth most upright
All people from the world's foundation.

Judge me, Lord, be judge in this
According to my righteousness,
And the innocence which is
Upon me: cause at length to cease
Of evil men the wickedness,
And their power that do amiss.

But the just establish fast,
Since thou art the just God, that tries
Hearts and reins. On God is cast
My defence, and in him lies,
In him, who, both just and wise
Saves th' upright of heart at last.

God is a just Judge and severe,
And God is every day offended;
If th' unjust will not forbear,
His sword he whets, his bow hath bended
Already, and for him intended
The tools of death, that wait him near.

POEMS on *several Occasions.* 267

(His arrows purposely made he
For them that persecute.) Behold!
He travels big with vanity,
Trouble he hath conceiv'd of old
As in a womb, and from that mould
Hath at length brought forth a Lye.

He dig'd a pit, and delv'd it deep,
And fell into the pit he made;
His mischief, that due course doth keep,
Turns on his head, and his ill trade
Of violence will undelay'd
Fall on his crown with ruin steep.

Then will I Jehovah's praise
According to his justice raise,
And sing the Name and Deity
Of Jehovah the most high.

PSAL. VIII. *Aug.* 15. 1653.

O Jehovah our Lord! how wondrous great
And glorious is thy name through all the earth?
So as above the Heav'ns thy praise to set
Out of the tender mouths of latest breath!

Out of the mouths of Babes and Sucklings thou
Hast founded strength, because of all thy foes,
To stint th' enemy, and slack th' avenger's brow,
That bends his rage thy providence t' oppose.

268 POEMS on *several Occasions.*

When I behold thy Heav'ns, thy Fingers art, [let
The Moon and Stars, which thou so bright hast
In the pure firmament, then saith my heart,
Oh! what is man that thou remembrest yet

And think'st upon him; or of man begot,
That him thou visit'st, and of him art found!
Scarce to be less than Gods thou mad'st his lot,
With honour and with state thou hast him crown'd,

O'er the works of thy hand thou mad'st him Lord,
Thou hast put all under his Lordly feet,
All flocks and herds, by thy commanding word,
All beasts, that in the field or forest meet,

Fowl of the Heav'ns, and Fish, that through the waves
Sea-paths in shoals do slide, and know no dearth,
O Jehovah our Lord! how wondrous great
And glorious is thy name through all the Earth!



April,

April, 1648. J. M.

*Nine of the Psalms done into Metre,
wherein all, but what is in a dif-
ferent Character, are the very words
of the Text, translated from the
Original.*

PSAL. LXXX.

THOU, Shepherd, that dost Israel keep,
Give ear in time of need,
Who leadeſt like a flock of ſheep
Thy loved Joſeph's ſeed,
That ſit'ſt between the Cherubs bright,
Between their wings out-ſpread,
Shine forth, and from thy cloud give light
And on our foes thy dread.
In Ephraim's view and Benjamin's
And in Manaſſe's ſight,
Awake * thy ſtrength, come, and be ſeen * Gnorera,
To ſave us by thy might.
3 Turn us again, thy grace divine
To us, O God, vouchſafe;
Cause thou thy face on us to ſhine,
And then we ſhall be ſafe.
4 Lord God of hoſts, how long wilt thou,
How long wilt thou declare
Thy * ſmoking wrath, and angry vow * Gnaſhanta,
Againſt thy People's prayer!

270 POEMS on several Occasions.

- 5 Thou feed'st them with the bread of tears,
 Their bread with tears they eat,
 And mak'st them * largely drink the tears * *Sbalife*
Wherewith their cheeks are wet.
- 6 A strife thou mak'st us, and a prey
 To every neighbour foe,
 Among themselves they * laugh, they * play,
 And * flouts at us they throw. * *Jilgnagu*
- 7 Return us, and thy grace divine,
 O God of Hosts, vouchsafe;
 Cause thou thy face on us to shine,
 And then we shall be safe.
- 8 A Vine from Egypt thou hast brought
 Thy free love made it thine;
 And drov'st out Nations proud and haughty,
 To plant this lovely Vine.
- 9 Thou did'st prepare for it a place,
 And root it deep and fast,
 That it began to grow apace,
 And fill'd the Land at last.
- 10 With her green shade, that cover'd all,
 The hills were over-spread,
 Her Boughs as high as Cedars tall
 Advanc'd their lofty head.
- 11 Her branches on the western side
 Down to the Sea she sent,
 And upward to that River wide
 Her other branches went.
- 12 Why hast thou laid her hedges low,
 And broken down her Fence,
 That all may pluck her, as they go
 With rudest violence?

POEMS on several Occasions. 271

- 13** The *tusked* Boar out of the Wood
Up turns it by the roots,
Wild beasts there brouze and make their food
Her grapes and tender shoots.
- 14** Return now, God of Hosts, look down
From Heav'n, thy Seat divine,
Behold us, *but without a frown,*
And visit this *thy* Vine.
- 15** Visit this Vine, which thy right hand
Hath set, and planted *long,*
And the young branch, that for thy self
Thou hast made firm and strong.
- 16** But now it is consum'd with fire,
And cut *with axes* down,
They perish at thy dreadful ire,
At thy rebuke and frown.
- 17** Upon the Man of thy right hand
Let thy *good* hand be *laid;*
Upon the Son of Man whom thou
Strong for thy self hast made.
- 18** So shall we not go back from thee
To ways of sin and shame;
Quick'n us thou, then *gladly* we
Shall call upon thy Name.
- 19** Return us, and *thy* grace divine,
Lord God of Hosts, *vouchsafe;*
Cause thou thy face on us to shine,
And then we shall be safe.

PSAL. LXXXI.

- 1 **T**O God, our strength, sing loud, *and clear,*
Sing loud to God *our King,*
To Jacob's God, *that all may hear,*
Loud acclamations ring.
- 2 Prepare a Hymn, prepare a Song,
The Timbrel hither bring;
The *cheerful* Psaltry bring along,
And Harp *with pleasant string.*
- 3 Blow, *as is wont,* in the new Moon
With Trumpets *lofty sound,*
Th' appointed time, the day whereon
Our solemn Feast *comes round.*
- 4 This was a Statute *giv'n of old*
For Israel *to observe,*
A Law of Jacob's God, *to hold,*
From whence they might not *swerve.*
- 5 This he a Testimony ordain'd
In Joseph, *not to change,*
When as he pass'd through Egypt's Land,
The Tongue I heard was strange.
- 6 From burden, *and from slavish toil,*
I set his shoulder free:
His hands from pots, *and mirie soil,*
Deliver'd were *by me.*
- 7 When trouble did thee fore assail,
On me then didst thou call,
And I to free thee *did not fail,*
And led thee out of thrall.
- I answer'd thee in * Thunder deep

[ragnam.
* Be Seibter
With

- With clouds encompass'd round ;
 I try'd thee at the water steep
 Of Meriba renown'd.
 8 Hear, O my People, *hearken well,*
 I testify to thee,
 Thou antient flock of Israel,
 If thou wilt list to me;
 9 Throughout the Land of thy abode
 No alien God shall be,
 Nor shalt thou to a foreign God
 In honour bend thy knee.
 10 I am the Lord thy God which brought
 Thee out of Egypt's Land;
 Ask large enough, and I, *besought,*
 Will grant thy full demand.
 11 And yet my people would not *bear,*
 Nor hearken to my voice;
 And Israel, *whom I lov'd so dear,*
 Mislik'd me for his choice.
 12 Then did I leave them to their will,
 And to their wand'ring mind;
 Their own conceits they follow'd still,
 Their own devices blind.
 13 O that my People would *be wise,*
 To serve me *all their days,*
 And O that Israel would *advise*
 To walk my *righteous ways!*
 14 Then would I soon bring down their foes,
 That now so proudly rise,
 And turn my hand against *all these*
 That are their Enemies.

274 POEMS on several Occasions.

15 Who hate the Lord should *then be slain*

To bow to him and bend:

But *they, his People, should remain,*

Their time should have no end.

16 And he would feed them *from the flock*

With Flow'r of finest wheat;

And satisfy them from the Rock

With Honey *for their meat.*

PSAL. LXXXII.

* *Bagnadath-el.*

1 GOD in the * great * assembly stands
Of Kings and lordly States, † *Bekerev.*

† Among the Gods, † on both his hands,

He judges and debates,

2 How long will ye * pervert the right * *Tish pbeu*

With * judgment false and wrong, *gnavel.*

Favouring the wicked *by your might,*

Who thence grow bold and strong?

3 * Regard the * weak and fatherless, * *Shipbtu-dal.*

* Dispatch the * poor man's cause,

And † raise the man in deep distress

By † just and equal Laws.

† *Hatzdika.*

4 Defend the poor and desolate,

And rescue from the hands

Of wicked men the low estate

Of him, *that help demands.*

5 They know not, nor will understand,

In darkness they walk on;

The earth's foundations all are mov'd,

And * out of order gone,

* *Timmata.*

- 6 I said that ye were Gods, yea all
The Sons of God most high ;
7 But ye shall die like men, and fall
As other Princes die.
8 Rise, God, * judge thou the earth in might,
This wicked earth * redress ; * *Skiphta.*
For thou art he, who shalt by right
The Nations all possess.
-

PSAL. LXXXIII.

- 1 **B**E not thou silent now at length,
O God hold not thy peace,
Sit not thou still, O God of strength ;
We cry, and do not cease.
2 For lo ! thy furious foes now swell,
And * storm outrageously, * *Jehemajun.*
And they, that hate thee, proud and fell
Exalt their heads full high.
3 Against thy People they † contrive † *Jagnarimu.*
† Their Plots and Counsels deep ; † *Sod.*
* Them to insnare they chiefly strive,
* *Jithjagnatsu gnal.*
* Whom thou dost hide and keep. * *Tsephuneca.*
4 Come, let us cut them off, say they,
Till they no Nation be,
That Israel's name for ever may
Be lost in memory.
5 For they consult † with all their might,
And all as one in mind, † *Lewjachdan.*
Them

276 POEMS on several Occasions.

Themselves against thee they unite,

And in firm union bind :

6 The tents of Edom, and the brood
Of scornful Ishmael,

Moab, with them of Hagar's blood,
That in the Desert dwell.

7 Gebal and Ammon there conspire,
And hateful Amelec,

The Philistines, and they of Tyre,
Whose bounds the Sea doth check ;

8 With them great Ashur also bands,
And doth confirm the knot ;

All these have lent their armed bands
To aid the Sons of Lot.

9 Do to them as to Midian bold,
That wasted all the coast,

To Sisera, and as is told
Thou didst to Jabin's host,

When at the brook of Kishon old
They were repuls'd and slain,

10 At Endor quite cut off, and roll'd
As dung upon the Plain.

11 As Zeb and Oreb evil sped,
So let their Princes speed ;

As Zeba and Zalmunna bled,
So let their Princes bleed.

12 For they amidst their pride have said,
By right now shall we seize

God's Houses and will now invade

† Their stately Palaces. † Neoth Elobim bears both

13 My God, oh make them as a Wheel,
No quiet let them find ;

Giddy

POEMS on several Occasions. 277

- Giddy and restless let them reel,
Like stubble from the wind.
- 14 As when an aged wood takes fire,
Which on a sudden strays,
The greedy Flame runs higher and higher,
Till all the Mountains blaze;
- 15 So with thy whirl-wind them pursue,
And with thy tempest chase;
- 16 * And till they * yield thee honour due,
Lord fill with shame their face. * *They seek thy*
- 17 Asham'd, and troubled, let them be, *Name, Heb.*
Troubl'd, and sham'd for ever,
Ever confounded and so die
With shame, and scape it never.
- 18 Then shall they know that thou, whose name
Jehovah is alone,
Art the most high, and thou the same,
O'er all the earth art one.
-

PSAL. LXXXIV.

- 1 **H**OW lovely are thy dwellings fair,
O Lord of Hosts! how dear
The pleasant Tabernacles are,
Where thou dost dwell so near!
- 2 My Soul doth long, and almost die,
Thy Courts, O Lord, to see,
My heart and flesh aloud do cry,
O living God for thee.

278 POEMS on several Occasions.

- 3 There ev'n the Sparrow, *freed from wrong,*
Hath found a house of *rest* ;
The swallow there, to lay her young,
Hath built her *brooding nest* :
Ev'n by thy Altars, Lord of Hosts,
They find their safe abode,
And home they fly from round the Coasts
Tow'rd thee, my King, my God.
- 4 Happy, who in thy House reside,
Where thee they ever praise ;
- 5 Happy, whose strength in thee doth bide,
And in their hearts thy ways.
- 6 They pass through Baca's *stirry Vale,*
That dry and barren ground,
As through a fruitful watry Dale
Where Springs and Show'rs abound.
- 7 They journey on from strength to strength.
With joy and gladfom cheer,
Till all before our God at length
In Sion do appear.
- 8 Lord God of Hosts, hear *now* my prayer,
O Jacob's God, give ear ;
- 9 Thou God, our shield, look on the face
Of thy anointed *dear*.
- 10 For one day in thy Courts *to be*
Is better, and more blest,
Than in the joys of *vanity*
A thousand days at *best* :
In the Temple of my God
Had rather keep a door,
Than dwell in Tents, and *rich abode,*
With Sin for evermore.

- 31 For God the Lord both Sun and Shield
 Gives Grace and Glory *bright* ;
 No good from them shall be withheld
 Whose ways are just and right.
- 32 Lord God of Hosts, *that reign'st on high,*
 That man is *truly* blest,
 Who *only* on thee doth rely,
 And in thee only rest.
-

PSAL. LXXXV.

- 1 **T**HY Land to favour graciously
 Thou hast not, Lord, been slack ;
 Thou hast from *hard* Captivity
 Returned Jacob back.
- 2 Th' iniquity thou didst forgive
That wrought thy People's woe,
 And all their Sin, *that did thee grieve,*
 Hast hid *where none should know.*
- 3 Thine anger all thou hast remov'd
 And *calmly* didst return
 From thy † fierce wrath, which we had prov'd
 † Heb. *The burning heat of thy wrath.*
 Far worse than fire to burn.
- 4 God of our saving health and peace,
 Turn us, and us restore ;
 Thine indignation cause to cease
 Tow'rd us, *and chide no more.*
- 5 Wilt thou be angry without end /
 For ever angry thus?

Wilt

180 POEMS on several Occasions.

- Wilt thou thy frowning ire extend
 From age to age on us ?
- 6 Wilt thou not * turn, and *hear our voice,*
 And us again * revive, * *Heb. turn to quicken us,*
 That so thy People may rejoice
 By thee preserv'd alive ?
- 7 Cause us to see thy goodness, Lord,
 To us thy mercy shew;
 Thy saving health to us afford,
And life in us renew.
- 8 *And now* what God the Lord will speak,
 I will go *strait* and hear ;
 For to his People he speaks peace
 And to his Saints *full dear :*
 To his dear Saints he will speak peace,
 But let them never more
 Return to folly, *but surcease*
To trespass as before.
- 9 Surely to such as do him fear
 Salvation is at hand,
 And glory shall *ere long appear*
To dwell within our Land.
- 10 Mercy and Truth *that long were miss'd*
 Now joyfully are met ;
 Sweet Peace and Righteousness have kiss'd,
And hand in hand are set.
- 11 Truth from the Earth, *like to a Flow'r,*
 Shall bud and blossom *then ;*
 And Justice from her Heav'nly bow'r
 Look down *on mortal men.*

- 32 The Lord will also then bestow
 Whatever thing is good,
 Our Land shall forth in plenty throw
 Her fruits *to be our food.*
- 33 Before him Righteousness shall go
His Royal barbinger:
 Then * will he come, and not be slow;
 His footsteps cannot err.
 * Heb. *He will set his steps to the way.*

PSAL. LXXXVI.

- 1 **T**HY *gracious* ear, O Lord, incline;
 O hear me *I thee pray:*
 For I am poor, and almost pine
 With need, and *sad decay.*
- 2 Preserve my Soul, for † I have trod † Heb. *I am*
 Thy ways, and love the just; *good, loving a*
 Save thou thy Servant, O my God, *deer of good and*
 Who *still* in thee doth trust: *holy things.*
- 3 Pity me, Lord, for daily thee
 I call; 4 O make rejoice
 Thy Servant's Soul; for, Lord, to thee
 I lift my Soul *and voice.*
- 5 For thou art good, thou, Lord, art prone
 To pardon, thou to all
 Art full of mercy, thou *alone*
 To them that on thee call.
- 6 Unto my supplication, Lord,
 Give ear, and to the cry

Of

282 POEMS on several Occasions.

Of my incessant Prayers afford

Thy hearing graciously.

7 I in the day of my distress

Will call on thee for aid ;

For thou wilt grant me free access,

And answer what I pray'd.

8 Like thee among the Gods is none,

O Lord, nor any works

Of all, that other Gods have done,

Like to thy glorious works.

9 The Nations all, whom thou hast made,

Shall come and all shall frame

To bow them low before thee, Lord,

And glorifie thy name.

10 For great thou art, and wonders great

By thy strong hand are done ;

Thou in thy everlasting Seat

Remainest God alone.

11 Teach me, O Lord, thy way most right,

I in thy truth will bide ;

To fear thy name my heart unite,

So shall it never slide.

12 Thee will I praise, O Lord my God,

Thee honour, and adore,

With my whole heart, and blaze abroad

Thy name for evermore.

13 For great thy mercy is tow'rd me,

And thou hast freed my Soul,

Ev'n from the lowest Hell set free

From deepest darkness foul.

- 14 O God, the Proud against me rise,
And violent men are met
To seek my life; and in their eyes
No fear of thee have set.
- 15 But thou, Lord, art the God most mild,
Readiest thy grace to shew;
Slow to be angry, and *art styl'd*
Most merciful, most true.
- 16 O turn to me *thy face at length*,
And me have mercy on;
Unto thy servant give thy strength,
And save thy hand-maid's Son.
- 17 Some sign of good to me afford,
And let my foes *then* see,
And be ashamed, because thou, Lord,
Dost help and comfort me.
-

P S A L. LXXXVII.

- 1 **A**mong the holy Mountains *high*
Is his foundation fast;
There seated in his Sanctuary,
His Temple there is plac'd.
- 2 Sion's *fair* Gates the Lord loves more
Than all the dwellings *fair*
Of Jacob's Land; *though there be store,*
And all within his care.
- 3 City of God, most glorious things
Of thee *abroad* are spoke;

284 POEMS on several Occasions.

- 4 I mention Egypt, *where proud Kings*
Did our Forefathers yoke :
 I mention Babel to my friends,
Philistia full of scorn,
 And Tyre with Ethiops' *utmost ends,*
Lo ! this man there was born.
 5 But *twice that praise shall in our ear*
Be said of Sion last,
 This and this man was born in her ;
High God shall fix her fast.
 6 The Lord shall write it in a Scroll
That ne'er shall be out-worn,
 When he the nations doth enroll,
That this man there was born.
 7 Both they who sing, and they who dance,
With sacred Songs are there ;
 In thee *fresh brooks, and soft streams glance,*
And all my fountains clear.
-

PSAL. LXXXVIII.

- 1 **L**ord God, thou dost me save and keep,
 All day to thee I cry ;
 And all night long before thee *weep,*
Before thee prostrate lie.
 2 Into thy presence let my pray'r
With sighs devout ascend ;
 And to my cries, that *ceaseless are,*
 Thine ear with favour bend.

- 3 For cloy'd with woes, and trouble sore,
Surcharg'd, my Soul doth lie ;
My life at *death's* *uncbearful* door
Unto the grave draws nigh.
- 4 Reekon'd I am with them that pass
Down to the *dismal* pit ;
I am a * man, but weak alas !
And for that name unfit.
- * Heb. *A man without manly strength.*
- 5 From life discharg'd and parted quite,
Among the dead to *sleep*,
And like the slain in *bloody* fight,
That in the Grave lie *deep* :
Whom thou rememberest no more,
Dost never more regard
Them from thy hand deliver'd o'er
Death's *bideous* house bath barr'd.
- 6 Thou in the lowest Pit profound
Hast set me *all* *forlorn*,
Where thickest darkness *bovers* round,
In horrid deeps to *mourn*.
- 7 Thy wrath, *from which* no shelter saves,
Full sore doth press on me ;
* Thou break'st upon me all thy waves. * *The Hebr.*
* And all thy waves break me. *bears both,*
- 8 Thou dost my friends from me estrange,
And mak'st me odious ;
Me to them odious, *for they* change,
And I here pent up thus.
- 9 Through sorrow, and affliction great,
Mine Eye grows dim and dead ;

Lord,

286 POEMS on several Occasions.

- Lord, all the day I thee intreat,
 My hands to thee I spread.
 10 Wilt thou do wonders on the dead,
 Shall the deceas'd arise,
 And praise thee *from their loathsome bed,*
With pale and hollow eyes?
 11 Shall they thy loving-kindness tell,
 On whom the Grave *batb bold;*
 Or they, *who* in perdition dwell,
 Thy faithfulness unfold?
 12 In darkness can thy mighty hand
 Or wondrous acts be known,
 Thy justice in the gloomy land
 Of dark oblivion?
 13 But I to thee, O Lord, do cry,
Ere yet my life be spent;
 And up to thee my prayer doth bie
 Each morn, and thee prevent.
 14 Why wilt thou, Lord, my Soul forsake,
 And hide thy face from me,
 15 That am already bruis'd, and † shake
 With terror sent from thee? † Heb. *Præ concussions,*
 Bruis'd, and afflicted, and so low,
 As ready to expire,
 While I thy terrors undergo,
 Astonish'd with thine ire.
 16 Thy fierce wrath over me doth flow,
 Thy threatnings cut me through:
 17 All day they round about me go,
 Like waves they me pursue.

18 Lover and friend thou hast remov'd
And sever'd from me far ;
They fly me now whom I have lov'd,
And as in darkness are.

A Paraphrase on Psalm 114.

*This and the following Psalm were done by
the Author at the Age of fifteen.*

WHen the blest Seed of Terab's faithful Son,
After long toil, their liberty had won,
And past from Pbarian Fields to Canaan Land,
Led by the strength of the Almighty's hand,
Jehovah's wonders were in Israel shown,
His praise and glory was in Israel known.
That saw the troubled Sea, and shivering fled,
And fought to hide his froth-becurled head
Low in the earth ; Jordan's clear streams recoil,
As a faint Host that hath receiv'd the foil :
The high, huge-bellied Mountains skip like Rams
Amongst their Ews, the little Hills like Lambs.
Why fled the Ocean ? And why skipt the Mountains ?
Why turned Jordan toward his Crystal Fountains ?
Shake, earth, and at the presence be agast
Of him that ever was, and ay shall last ;
That glassy floods from rugged rocks can crush,
And make soft rills from fiery flint-stones gush.

PSALM

PSALM 136.

LET us with a gladfom mind
Praise the Lord for he is kind :
For his mercies ay endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

Let us blaze his Name abroad,
For of gods he is the God :
For his, &c.

O let us his praises tell,
Who doth the wrathful Tyrants quell :
For his, &c.

Who with his miracles doth make
Amazed Heav'n and Earth to shake :
For his, &c.

Who by his wisdom did create
The painted Heav'ns so full of state :
For his, &c.

Who did the solid Earth ordain
To rise above the watry plain :
For his, &c.

Who

Who by his all-commanding might,
Did fill the new-made world with light:
For his, &c.

And caus'd the golden-tress'd Sun,
All the day long his course to run:
For his, &c.

The horned Moon to shine by night,
Amongst her spangled sisters bright:
For his, &c.

He with his thunder-clasping hand,
Smote the first-born of *Egypt's* Land:
For his, &c.

And in despight of *Pharao* fell,
He brought from thence his *Israel*:
For his, &c.

The ruddy waves he cleft in twain
Of the *Erythraean* main:
For his, &c.

The floods stood still like walls of Glafs,
While the Hebrew Bands did pass:
For his, &c.

But full soon they did devour
The Tawny King with all his pow'r:
For his, &c.

O

His

290 POEMS on several Occasions.

His chosen people he did bless
In the wasteful Wilderness:
For his, &c.

In bloody battle he brought down
Kings of prowess and renown:
For his, &c.

He foil'd bold *Sibon* and his host,
That rul'd the *Amorrean* coast:
For his, &c.

And large-limb'd *Og* he did subdue,
With all his over-hardy crew:
For his, &c.

And to his servant *Israel*
He gave their Land therein to dwell:
For his, &c.

He hath with a piteous eye
Beheld us in our misery:
For his, &c.

And freed us from the slavery
Of the invading enemy:
For his, &c.

All living creatures he doth feed,
And with full hand supplies their need:
For his, &c.

Let us therefore warble forth
His mighty majesty and worth:
For his, &c.

That his mansion hath on high,
Above the reach of mortal eye:
For his mercies ay endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.



8 MA64



JOANNIS MILTONI

LONDINENSIS

POEMATĀ,

Quorum pleraque intra Annum Ætatis
Vicesimum conscripsit.



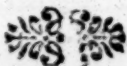




HÆC quæ sequuntur de Authore testimonia, tametsi ipse intelligebat non tam de se quàm supra se esse dicta, eò quòd præclaro ingenio viri, nec non amici ita ferè solent laudare, ut omnia suis potiùs virtutibus, quàm veritati congruentia nimis cupidè affingant; noluit tamen horum egregiam in se voluntatem non esse notam; cùm alii præsertim ut id faceret magnoperè suaderent. Dum enim nimiae laudis invidiam totis ab se viribus amolitur, sibi que, quod plus æquo est, non attributum esse mavult; judicium interim hominum cordatorum atque illustrium quin summo sibi honori ducat, negare non potest.

Joannes Baptista Mansus, Marchio Vilensis Neapolitanus, ad Joannem Mil-tonium Anglum.

UT mens, forma, decor, facies, mos, si pietas sic,
Non Anglus, verùm herclè Angelus ipse fores.



*Ad Joannem Miltonem Anglum, triplici
Poeseos laureâ coronandum, Græcâ ni-
mirum, Latinâ, atque Hetruscâ, Epi-
gramma Joannis Salsilli Romani.*

CEde, Meles, cedat depressâ Mincius urnâ ;
Sebetus Tassum desinat usque loqui ;
At Thamefis victor cunctis ferat altior undas,
Nam per te, Milto, par tribus unus erit.

Ad Joannem Miltonum.

GRæcia Mæonidem, jactet sibi Roma Maronem,
Anglia Miltonum jactat utrique parem.
Selvaggi.

Al Signor Gio. Miltoni Nobile Inglese.

O D E.

ERgimi all' Etra ò Clio
Perche di stelle intreccierò corona
Non più del Biondo Dio
La Fronde eterna in Pindo, e in Elicon,
Dienfi a merto maggior, maggiori i fregi,
A celeste virtù celesti pregi.

Non

*Non puo del tempo edace
Rimaner preda, eterno alto valore
Non può l'oblio rapace
Furar dalle memorie eccelso onore,
Su l'arco di mia cetra un dardo forte
Virtù m' adatti, e ferirò la morte.*

*Del Ocean profondo
Cinta dagli ampi gorgbi Anglia risiede
Saparata dal mondo,
Però che il suo valor l'umano eccede:
Quæsta feconda, sà produrre Eroi,
Cb' hanno a ragion del sovrumano tra noi.*

*Alla virtù sbandita
Danno ne i petti lor fido ricette,
Quella gli è sol gradita,
Perche in lei san trovar gioia, e diletto:
Ridillo tu Giovanni e mostra in tanto
Con tua vera virtù, vero il mio Canto.*

*Lungi dal Patrio lido
Spince Zeusi l'industre ardente brama;
Cb' odio d' Helena il grido
Con aurea tromba rimbombar la fama,
E per poterla effigiare al paro
Dalle più belle Idee trasse il priù raro.*

*Co sil' Ape Ingegnosa
Trae con industria il suo liquor pregiato,*

298 POEMS on several Occasions.

*Dal giglio e dalla rosa,
E quanti vaghi fiori ornano il prato ;
Formano un dolce suon di verse Chorde,
Fan varie voci melodia concorde.*

*Di bella gloria amante
Milton dal Ciel natio per varie parti
Le peregrine piante
Volgesti a ricercar scienze, ed arti ;
Del Gallo regnator vedesti i Regni,
E dell' Italia ancor gl' Eroi piu degni,*

*Fabro quasi di vino
Sol virtù rintracciando il tuo pensiero
Vide in ogni confino
Chi di nobil valor calca il sentiero ;
L' ottimo dal miglior dopo scegliea
Per fabricar d'ogni virtù l' Idea.*

*Quanti nacquero in Flora
O in lei del parlar Tosco appreser l'Arte,
La cui memoria onora
Il mondo fatta eterna in dotte carte.
Volesti ricercar per tuo tesoro,
E parlasti con lor nell' opre loro.*

*Nell' altera Babelle
Per te il parlar confuse Giove in vano,
Che per varie favelle
Di se stessa trofeo cadde su'l piano ;*

*Cb' Ode oltr' all' Anglia il suo piu degno Idioma
Spagna, Francia, Toscana, e Grecia, e Roma.*

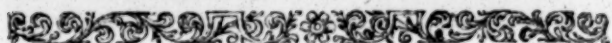
*I piu profondi arcani
Cb' occulta la natura e in cielo e in terra
Cb' à Ingegni sovrumani
Tropo avara tal' hor gli chiude, e serra,
Chiaramenta conosci, e giungi al fine
Della moral virtude al gran confine.*

*Non batte il Tempo l' ale,
Fermisi immoto, e in un sermin si gl' anni,
Che di virtù immortale
Scorron di troppo ingiuriosi a i danni;
Chè s'opre degne di Poema e storia
Furon gia, l'hai presenti alla memoria.*

*Dammi tua dolce Cetra
Se vuoi cb'io dica dil tuo dolce canto :
Cb' inalzandoti all' Etra
Di farti huomo celeste ottiene il vanto,
Il Tamigi il dirà che gl' è concesso
Per te suo cigno pareggiar Permessò.*

*Io che in riva del Arno
Tento spiegar tuo merto alto, e preclaro
So che fatico indarno,
E ad ammirar, non a lodarlo imparo;
Freno dunque la lingua, e ascolto il core
Che ti prende a lidar con lo stupore.*

Del, Sig. Antonio Francini
gentilhuomo Florentino.



JOANNI MILTONI LONDINENSI,

Juveni Patriâ, & virtutibus eximio,



Iro, qui multâ peregrinatione, studio cuncta orbis terrarum loca perspexit, ut novus Ulysses omnia ubique ab omnibus apprehenderet.

Polyglotto, in cujus ore linguæ jam perditæ se reviviscunt, ut idiomata omnia sunt in ejus laudibus insacunda; Et jure ea percillet, ut admirationes & plausus populorum ab propria sapientia excitatos intelligat.

Illi, cujus animi dotes corporisque sensus ad admirationem commovent, & per ipsam motum cuique auferunt; cujus opera ad plausus hortantur, sed vastitate vocem laudatoribus adimunt.

Cui in Memoriam totus Orbis: In intellectu Sapientia: in voluntate ardor gloriæ: in ore Eloquentia: Harmonicos cælestium Sphærarum sonitus, Astronomiâ Duce, audienti; Characteres mirabilium naturæ, per quos Dei Magnitudo describitur, magistrâ Philosophiâ, legenti: Antiquitatum latebras, vetustatis excidia, eruditionis ambages, comite assiduâ antea Lectione, exquirenti, restauranti, percurrenti.

At cur nitor in arduum?

Illi, in cujus virtutibus evulgandis ora Famæ non sufficiant, nec hominum stupor in laudandis satis est, reverentiæ

reverentiæ & amoris ergo, hoc ejus meritis debitum
admirationis tributum offert Carolus Diodatus Patri-
cius Florentinus,

Tanto homini servus, tantæ virtutis amator.



ELEGIARUM

LIBER PRIMUS.

ELEGIA PRIMA

Londoni Laudes.
Ad CAROLUM DIODATUM.



Andem, chare, tuæ mihi pervenere ta-
bellæ,

Pertulit & voces nuntia charta tuas,

Pertulit occiduâ Devæ Cestrensis ab orâ

Vergivium pronò quâ petit amne salum.

Multùm, crede, juvat terras aluisse remotas

Pectus amans nostrî, tamque fidele caput :

Quòdque mihi lepidum tellus longinqua sodalem

Debet, at unde brevi reddere jussa velit.

Me tenet urbs refluâ quam Thamesis alluit undâ,

Meque nec invitum patria dulcis habet :

Jam nec arundiferum mihi cura revisere Camum,

Nec dudum vetiti me laris angit amor.

Nuda nec arva placent, umbrâsque negantia molles :

Quàm malè Phœbicolis convenit ille locus !

Nec duri libet usque minas perferre magistri,

Cæteraque ingenio non subeunda meo.

302 POEMS on several Occasions.

Si sit hoc exilium patrios adiisse penates,
Et vacuum curis otia grata sequi,
Non ego vel profugi nomen, sortemve recuso,
Lætus & exilii conditione fruor.

O utinam vates nunquam graviora tulisset
Ille Tomitano flebilis exul agro ;
Non tunc Ionio quicquam cessisset Homero,
Victorive foret laus tibi prima, Maro.

Tempora nam licet hîc placidis dare libera Mûsis,
Et totum rapiunt me mea vita libri.

Excipit hinc fessum sinuosi pompa theatri,
Et vocat ad plausus garrula scena suos :
Seu catus auditur senior, seu prodigus hæres,
Seu procus, aut posita casside miles adest.

Sive decennali fœcundus lite patronus
Detonat inculto barbara verba foro.

Sæpe vaser gnato succurrit servus amanti,
Et nasum rigidi fallit ubique Patris ;
Sæpe novos illic virgo mirata calores,

Quid sit amor nescit, dum quoque nescit, amat.

Sive cruentatum furiosa Tragoedia sceptrum
Quassat, & effusis crinibus ora rotat ;

Et dolet aspecto, juvat & spectasse dolendo,
Interdum & lachrymis dulcis amaror inest :
Seu puer infelix indelibata reliquit

Gaudia, & abrupto flendus amore cadit ;
Seu ferus è tenebris iterat Styga criminis ultor,
Conscia funereo pectora torre movens :

Seu moeret Pelopeia domus seu nobilis Ili,
Aut luit incestos aula Creontis avos.

Sed neque sub tecto semper, nec in urbe, latemus ;
Irrita nec nobis tempora veris eunt,

Alv. 1

Alv. 2
Aula

Alv. 3

Alv. 4
Theatrum
tragedia

lon.

POEMS on several Occasions. 303

Nos quoque lucus habet vicinâ confitus ulmo,

Atque suburbani nobilis umbra loci.

Sæpius hîc blandas spirantia sydera flammæ

Virgineos videas præteriisse choros.

Ah quoties dignæ stupui miracula formæ,

Quæ posset senium vel reparare Jovis!

Ah quoties vidi superantia lumina gemmas,

Atque faces, quotquot volvit uterque polus!

Collaque, bis vivi Pelopis quæ brachia vincant,

Quæque fluit puro nectare tincta via!

Et decus eximium frontis, tremulosque capillos,

Aurea quâ fallax retia tendit Amor!

Pellacesque genas, ad quas hyacinthina sordet

Purpura, & ipse tui floris, Adoni, rubor!

Cedite, laudatæ toties Heroides olim,

Et quæcunque vagum cepit amica Jovem.

Cedite Achæmenia turritâ fronte puellæ,

Et quot Sufa colunt, Memnoniamque Ninon;

Vos etiam Danaæ fasces submitтите Nymphæ,

Et vos Iliacæ, Romuleæque nurus.

Nec Pompeianas Tarpëia Musa columnas

Jactet, & Aufoniis plena theatra stolis.

Gloria Virginibus debetur prima Britannis;

Extera, sat tibi sit, scemina, posse sequi.

Tuque urbs Dardaniis Londinum structa colonis

Turrigerum latè conspicienda caput,

Tu nimium felix intra tua moenia claudis,

Quicquid formosi pendulus orbis habet.

Non tibi tot cœlo scintillant astra sereno

Endymionæ turba ministra deæ,

Quot tibi conspicuæ formæque aurôque puellæ

Per medias radiant turba videnda vias.

Creditur

304 POEMS on several Occasions.

Creditur huc geminis venisse infecta columbis
 Alma pharetrigero milite cincta Venus:
 Huic Cnidon, & riguas Simöentis flumine valles,
 Huic Paphon, & roseam posthabitura Cypron.
 Ast ego, dum pueri finit indulgentia cæci,
 Mœnia quàm subito linquere fausta paro;
 Et vitare procul malefidæ infamia Circes
 Atria, divini Molyos usus ope.
 Stat quoque juncosas Cami remeare paludes,
 Atque iterum raucae murmur adire Scholæ.
 Interea fidi parvum cape munus amici,
 Paucaque in alternos verba coacta modos.

Elegia secunda, Anno Ætat. 17.
In obitum Præconis Academici Cantabrigienfis.

TE, qui conspicuus baculo fulgente solebas
 Palladium toties ore ciere gregem,
 Ultima præconum, præconem te quoque sæva
 Mors rapit, officio nec favet ipsa suo.
 Candidiora licet fuerint tibi tempora plumis,
 Sub quibus accipimus delituisse Jovem,
 O dignus tamen Hæmonio juvenescere succo,
 Dignus in Æsonios vivere posse dies,
 Dignus quem Stygiis medicâ revocaret ab undis
Artem Arte Coronides, sæpe rogante deâ.
 Tu si jussus eras acies accire togatas,
 Et celer à Phœbo nuntius ire tuo;

Talis in Iliacâ stabat Cyllenius aulâ
 Alipes, æthereâ missus ab arce Patris:
 Talis & Eurybates ante ora furentis Achillei
 Rettulit Atridæ jussa severa ducis.
 Magna sepulchrorum regina, satelles Averni
 Sæva nimis Musis, Palladi sæva nimis,
 Quin illos rapias qui pondus inutile terræ;
 Turba quidem est telis ista petenda tuis.
 Vestibus hunc igitur pullis, Academia, luge,
 Et madeant lachrymis nigra feretra tuis.
 Fundat & ipsa modos querebunda Elegia tristes,
 Personet & totis nania mœsta Scholis.

Elegia tertia, Anno Ætatis 17.

In obitum Præsulis Wintoniensis.
Lanc. Andrews — Oct. 1820.

MOEſtus eram, & tacitus nullo comitante se-
 debam,

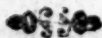
Hærebantque animo tristitia plura meo:
 Protinus en! subiit funestæ cladis imago,
 Fecit in Angliaco quam Libitina solo; [turres
 Dum procerum ingressa est splendentes marmore
 Dira sepulchrali mors metuenda face;
 Pulsavitque auro gravidos & jaspide muros,
 Nec metuit satrapûm sternere falce greges.
 Tunc memini clarique ducis, fratrisque verendî
 Intempestivis ossa cremata rogis:
 Et memini Heroum, quos vidit ad æthera raptos,
 Flevit & amissos Belgia tota duces.

At

306 P O E M S *on several Occasions.*

At te præcipuè luxi, dignissime Præsul,
 Wintoniæque olim gloria magna tuæ;
 Delicui fletu, & tristi sic ore querebar,
 Mors fera Tartareo diva secunda Jovi,
 Nonne fatis quòd sylva tuas persentiat iras,
 Et quòd in herbosos jus tibi detur agros?
 Quodque afflata tuo marcescant lilia tabo,
 Et crocus, & pulchræ Cypridi sacra rosa?
 Nec finis ut semper fluvio contermina quercus
 Miretur lapsus prætereuntis aquæ?
 Et tibi succumbit liquido quæ plurima cœlo
 Evehitur pennis, quamlibet augur, avis.
 Et quæ mille nigris errant animalia sylvis;
 Et quod alunt mutum Proteos antra pecus;
 Invida, tanta tibi cùm sit concessa potestas,
 Quid juvat humanâ tingere cæde manus?
 Nobileque in pectus certas acuisse sagittas,
 Semideamque animam sede fugâsse suâ?
 Talia dum lacrymans alto sub pectore volvo,
 Roscidus occiduis Hesperus exit aquis,
 Et Tartessiaco submerferat æquore curram
 Phœbus ab Eöo littore mensus iter.
 Nec mora, membra cavo posui resovenda cubili,
 Condiderant oculos noxque soporque meos.
 Cum mihi visus eram lato spatiarier agro;
 (Heu! nequit ingenium visa referre meum.)
 Illic puniceâ radiabant omnia luce,
 Ut matutino cùm Juga sole rubent.
 Ac veluti cùm pandit opes Thaumantia proles,
 Vestitu nituit multicolore solum.
 Non dea tam variis ornavit floribus hortos
 Alcinoi, Zephyro Chloris amata levi.

Flumina vernantes lambunt argentea campos,
 Ditior Hesperio flavet arena Tago.
 Serpit odoriferas per opes levis aura Favoni,
 Aura sub innumeris humida nata rosis.
 Talis in extremis terræ Gangetidis oris
 Luciferi regis fingitur esse domus.
 Ipse racemiferis dum densas vitibus umbras
 Et pelluentes miror ubique locos,
 Ecce! mihi subitò præful Wintonius astat,
 Sydereum nitido fulsit in ore jubar;
 Vestis ad auratos defluxit candida talos,
 Insula divinum cinxerat alba caput.
 Dumque senex tali incedit venerandus amictu
 Intremuit læto florea terra sono:
 Agmina gemmatis plaudunt cœlestia pennis,
 Pura triumphali personat æthra tubâ.
 Quisque novum amplexu comitem cantuque salutat,
 Hosque aliquis placido misit ab ore sonos;
 Nate, veni, & patrii felix cape gaudia regni;
 Semper abhinc duro, nate, labore vaca.
 Dixit, & aligeræ tetigerunt nabilia turmæ,
 At mihi cum tenebris aurea pulsa quies.
 Flebam turbatos Cephaleiâ pellice somnos,
 Talia contingant somnia sæpe mihi!



Elegia quarta, Anno Ætatis 18.

*Ad Thomam Junium Præceptorem suum,
apud Mercatores Anglicos, Hamburgæ
agentes, Pastoris munere fungentem.*

Curre per immensum subitò, mea littera, pontum,

I, pete Teutonicos læve per æquor agros;
Segnes rumpe moras, & nil, precor, obstat eunti,
Et festinantis nil remoretur iter.

Ipse ego Sicanio frænantem carcere ventos

Æolon, & virides sollicitabo Deos;

Cæruleamque suis comitatam Dorida Nymphis,

Ut tibi dent placidam per sua regna viam.

At tu, si poteris, celeres tibi sume jugales,

Vecta quibus Colchis fugit ab ore viri;

Aut, queis Triptolemus Scythicas devenit in oras

Gratus Eleusinâ missus ab urbe puer.

Atque ubi Germanas flavere videbis arenas

Ditis ad Hamburgæ mœnia flecte gradum,

Dicitur occiso quæ ducere nomen ab Hamâ,

Cimbrica quem fertur clava dedisse neci.

Vivit ibi antiquæ clarus pietatis honore

Præful, Christicolas pascere doctus oves:

Ille quidem est animæ plusquam pars altera nostræ;

Dimidio vitæ vivere cogor ego.

Hei mihi! quot pelagi, quot montes interjecti

Me faciunt aliâ parte carere mei!

Charior ille mihi, quàm tu, doctissime Graiûm,

Cliniadi, pronepos qui Telamonis erat.

Quàmque

Quàmque Stagirites generoso magnus alumno,
 Quem perperit Libyco Chaonis alma Jovi.
 Qualis Amyntorides, qualis Philyræius Heros
 Myrmidonum regi, talis & ille mihi.
 Primus ego Aonios illo præeunte recessus
 Lustrabam, & bifidi sacra vireta jugi;
 Pieriosque hausi latices, Clioque favente,
 Castalio sparsi læta ter ora mero.
 Flammeus at signum ter viderat arietis Æthon,
 Induxitque auro lanea terga novo;
 Bisque novo terram sparsisti, Chlorig, senilem
 Gramine, bisque tuas abstulit Auster opes:
 Necdum ejus licuit mihi lumina pascere vultu,
 Aut linguæ dulces aure bibisse sonos:
 Vade igitur, cursuque Eurum præverte sonorum;
 Quàm sit opus monitis res docet, ipsa vides.
 Invenies dulci cum conjuge fortè sedentem,
 Mulcentem gremio pignora chara suo;
 Forsitan aut veterum prælarga volumina patrum
 Versantem, aut veri biblia sacra Dei;
 Cœlestive animas saturantem rore tenellas,
 Grande salutiferæ religionis opus.
 Utque solet, multam sit dicere cura salutem,
 Dicere quam decuit, si modò adesset, herum.
 Hæc quoque, paulùm oculos in humum de fixa mo-
 Verba verecundo sis memor ore loqui: [destos
 Hæc tibi, si teneris vacat inter prælia Musis,
 Mittit ab Angliaco littore fida manus.
 Accipe sinceram, quamvis sit sera, salutem;
 Fiat & hoc ipso gratior illa tibi.

Sera

310 POEMS on several Occasions.

Sera quidem, sed vera fuit, quam casta recepit
 Icaris à lento Penelopeia viro.
 Ast ego quid volui manifestum tollere crimen,
 Ipse quod ex omni parte levare nequit?
 Arguitur tardus meritò, noxamque fatetur,
 Et pudet officium deseruisse suum.
 Tu modò da veniam fasso, veniamque roganti;
 Crimina diminui, quæ patuere, solent.
 Non ferus in pavidos rictus diducit hiantes,
 Vulnifico pronos nec rapit ungue leo.
 Sæpe farissipheri crudelia pectora Thracis
 Supplicis ad mœstas deliquere preces.
 Extensæque manus avertunt fulminis ictus,
 Placat & iratos hostia parva Deos.
 Jamque diu scripsisse tibi fuit impetus illi,
 Neve moras ultrà ducere passus Amor.
 Nam vaga Fama refert, heu nuntia vera malorum!
 In tibi finitimis bella tumere locis;
 Teque tuamque urbem truculento milite cingi,
 Et jam Saxonicos arma parasse duces.
 Te circum latè campos populatur Enyo,
 Et fata carne virum jam cruor arva rigat.
 Germanisque suum concessit Thracia Martem,
 Illuc Odrysios Mars pater egit equos.
 Perpetuòque comans jam deflorescit oliva,
 Fugit & ærisonam Diva perosa tubam,
 Fugit Io! terris, & jam non ultima virgo
 Creditur ad superas justa volasse domos.
 Te tamen interea belli circumsonat horror,
 Vivis & ignoto solus inopsque solo;

Et,

Et, tibi quam patrii non exhibuere penates,
 Sede peregrinâ quæris egenus opem.
 Patria, dura parens, & saxis sævior albis,
 Spumea quæ pulsat littoris unda tui :
 Siccine te decet innocuos exponere foetus,
 Siccine in externam ferrea cogis humus ?
 Et finis ut terris quærant alimenta remotis,
 Quos tibi prospiciens miserat ipse Deus,
 Et qui læta ferunt de cœlo nuntia, quique
 Quæ via post cineres ducat ad astra, docent ?
 Digna quidem, Stygiis quæ vivas clausa tenebris,
 Æternâque animæ digna perire fame !
 Haud aliter vates terræ Thesbitidis olim
 Preffit inassueto devia tesqua pede,
 Desertaque Arabum salebras, dum regis Achabi
 Effugit, atque tuas, Sidoni dira, manus.
 Talis &, horrifono laceratus membra flagello,
 Paulus ab Æmathiâ pellitur urbe Cilix,
 Piscosæque ipsum Gergessæ civis Iësum
 Finibus ingratus iussit abire suis.
 At tu fume animos ; nec spes cadat anxia curis,
 Nec tua concutiat decolor ossa metus.
 Sis etenim quamvis fulgentibus obsitus armis,
 Intententque tibi millia tela necem,
 At nullis vel inerme latus violabitur armis,
 Dêque tuo cuspis nulla cruore bibet.
 Namque eris ipse Dei radiante sub ægide tutus ;
 Ille tibi custos, & pugil ille tibi :
 Ille Sionæ qui tot sub mœnibus arcis
 Assyrios fudit nocte silente viros ;
 Inque fugam vertit quos in Samaritidas oras
 Misit ab antiquis prisca Damascus agris ;

Terruit

Plins

Pugil

S. Paul

They brought him to de part.

Et,

312 POEMS on several Occasions.

Terruit & densas pavido cum rege cohortes,
 Aëre dum vacuo buccina clara sonat,
 Cornea pulvereum dum verberat ungula campum,
 Currus arenosam dum quatit actus humum,
 Auditurque hinnitus equorum ad bella ruentum,
 Et strepitus ferri, murmuraque alta virum.
 Et tu (quod superest miseris) sperare memento,
 Et tua magnanimo pectore vince mala.
 Nec dubites quandoque frui melioribus annis,
 Atque iterum patrios posse videre lares.

Elegia quinta, Anno Ætatis 20.

In adventum Veris.

IN se perpetuo Tempus revolubile gyro
 Jam revocat Zephyros vere tepente novos.
 Induiturque brevem Tellus reparata juventam,
 Jamque soluta gelu dulce virefcit humus.
 Fallor ? an & nobis redeunt in carmina vires,
 Ingeniumque mihi munere veris adest,
 Munere veris adest, iterumque vigefcit ab illo
 (Quis putet ?) atque aliquod jam sibi pofcit opus.
 Castalis ante oculos, bifidumque cacumen oberrat,
 Et mihi Pyrenen fomnina nocte ferunt.
 Concitaque arcano fervent mihi pectora motu,
 Et furor, & sonitus me facer intus agit.
 Delius ipse venit, video Penëide lauro
 Implicitos crines, Delius ipse venit.
 Jam mihi mens liquidi raptatur in ardua cœli,
 Perque vagas nubes corpore liber eo :

Perque

Perque umbras, perque antra feror penetralia vatum;
Et mihi sana patent interiora Deum.

Intuiturque animus toto quid agatur Olympo,
Nec fugiunt oculos Tartara cæca meos.

Quid tam grande sonat distento spiritus ore?

Quid parit hæc rabies, quid facer iste furor?

Ver mihi, quod dedit ingenium, cantabitur illo;
Profuerint isto reddita dona modo.

Jam, Philomela, tuos foliis adoperta novellis
Instituis modulos, dum filet omne nemus:

Urbe ego, tu sylvâ, simul incipiamus utrique,
Et simul adventum veris uterque canat.

Veris Io! rediere vices, celebremus honores

Veris, & hoc subeat Musa quotannis opus.

Jam sol, Æthiopus fugiens Tithoniaque arva,
Flectit ad Arctôas aurea lora plagas.

Est breve noctis iter, brevis est mora noctis opacæ,
Horrida cum tenebris exulat illa suis.

Jamque Lycaonius, plaustrum cœleste, Boötes
Non longâ sequitur fessus ut ante viâ.

Nunc etiam solitas circum Jovis atria toto
Excubias agitant sydera rara polo:

Nam dolus, & cædes, & vis cum nocte recessit,
Neve Giganteum Dî timuere scelus.

Fortè aliquis scopuli recubans in vertice pastor,
Roscida cùm primo sole rubescit humus,

Hac, ait, hac certè caruisti nocte puellâ

Phœbe tuâ, celeres quæ retineret equos.

Læta suas repetit sylvas, pharetramque resumit

Cynthia, Luciferas ut videt alta rotas;

Et tenues ponens radios gaudere videtur

Officium fieri tam breve fratris ope.

314 POEMS on several Occasions.

Desere, Phœbus ait, thalamos, Aurora, seniles ;
 Quid juvat effœto procubuisse toro ?
 Te manet Æolides viridi venator in herbâ ;
 Surge, tuos ignes altus Hymettus habet.
 Flava verecundo dea crimen in ore fatetur,
 Et matutinos ocyus urget equos.
 Exuit invisam Tellus rediviva senectam,
 Et cupit amplexus, Phœbe, subire tuos ;
 Et cupit, & digna est ; quid enim formosius illâ,
 Pandit ut omniferos luxuriosa sinus !
 Atque Arabum spirat mœsses, & ab ore venusto
 Mitia cum Paphiis fundit amoma rosis !
 Ecce ! coronatur sacro frons ardua luco,
 Cingit ut Idæam pinea turris Opim !
 Et vario madidos intexit flore capillos,
 Floribus & visa est posse placere suis.
 Floribus effusus ut erat redimita capillos,
 Tænario placuit diva Sicana Deo.
 Aspice, Phœbe, tibi faciles hortantur amores,
 Mellitasque movent flamina verna preces.
 Cinnameâ Zephyrus leve plaudit odorifer alâ,
 Blanditiasque tibi ferre videntur aves.
 Nec sine dote tuos temeraria quærit amores
 Terra, nec optatos poscit egena toros ;
 Alma salutiferum medicos tibi gramen in usus
 Præbet, & hinc titulos adjuvat ipsa tuos.
 Quod, si te pretium, si te fulgentia tangunt
 Munera, (muneribus sæpe coemptus Amor)
 Illa tibi ostentat quasunque sub æquore vasto,
 Et superinjectis montibus abdit opes.

Ah quoties, cū tu clivoso fessus Olympo
 In vespertinas præcipitaris aquas,
 Cur te, inquit, cursu languentem, Phœbe, diurno
 Hesperiiis recipit Cærule mater aquis ?
 Quid tibi cum Tethy ? Quid cū Tartesside lymphâ ?
 Dia quid immundo perluis ora salo ?
 Frigora, Phœbe, meâ meliùs captabis in umbrâ ;
 Huc ades, ardentes imbue rore comas.
 Mollior egelidâ veniet tibi somnus in herbâ ;
 Huc ades, & gremio lumina pone meo.
 Quâque jaces circū mulcebit lenè susurrans
 Aura per humentes corpora fusa rosas.
 Nec me (crede mihi) terrent Semelëia fata,
 Nec Phætonteo fumidus axis equo :
 Cū tu, Phœbe, tuo sapientiùs uteris igne ;
 Huc ades, & gremio lumina pone meo.
 Sic Tellus lasciva suos suspirat amores ;
 Matris in exemplum cætera turba ruunt.
 Nunc etenim toto currit vagus orbe Cupido,
 Languentesque fovet solis ab igne faces ;
 Insonuere novis lethalia cornua nervis,
 Triste micant ferro tela corusca novo ;
 Jamque vel invictam tentat superâsse Dianam,
 Quæque sedet sacro Vesta pudica foco.
 Ipsa senescentem reparat Venus annua formam,
 Atque iterum tepido creditur orta mari.
 Marmoreas juvenes clamant Hymenæe ! per urbes,
 Littus, Io Hymen ! & cava saxa sonant.
 Cultior ille venit tunicâque decentior aptâ,
 Puniceum redolet vestis odora crocum.

316 POEMS on several Occasions.

Egrediturque frequens ad amœni gaudia veris
 Virgineos auro cincta puella sinus. [unum
 Votum est cuique suum, votum est tamen omnibus
 Ut sibi, quem cupiat, det Cytherea virum.
 Nunc quoque septenâ modulatur arundine pastor,
 Et sua, quæ jungat, carmina Phyllis habet.
 Navita nocturno placat sua sydera cantu,
 Delphinasque leves ad vada summa vocat.
 Jupiter ipse alto cum conjuge ludit Olympo,
 Convocat & famulos ad sua festa Deos.
 Nunc etiam Satyri, cùm fera crepuscula surgunt,
 Pervolitant celeri florea rura choro ;
 Sylvanusque sua Cyparissi fronde revinctus,
 Semicaperque Deus, semideusque caper.
 Quæque sub arboribus Dryades latuere vetustis
 Per juga, per solos expatiantur agros.
 Per sata luxuriat fruticetaque Mænalius Pan ;
 Vix Cybele mater, vix sibi tuta Ceres :
 Atque aliquam cupidus prædatur Oreada Faunus,
 Consulit in trepidos dum sibi Nympha pedes :
 Jamque latet, latitansque cupit malè tecta videri ;
 Et fugit, & fugiens pervelit ipsa capi.
 Dii quoque non dubitant cœlo præponere sylvas,
 Et sua quisque sibi numina lucus habet.
 Et sua quisque diu sibi numina lucus habeto,
 Nec vos arboreâ, dii, precor, ite domo.
 Te referant miseris te, Jupiter, aurea terris
 Sæcla : quid ad nimbos aspera tela, redis ?
 Tu saltem lentè rapidos age, Phœbe, jugales,
 Quà potes, & sensim tempora veris cant.

Brumaque productas tardè ferat hispida noctes,
Ingruat & nostro serior umbra pole.

Elegia sexta.

Ad Carolum Diodatum ruri commorantem.

Qui cùm Idibus Decemb. scripsisset, & sua carmina excusari postulasset, si solito minùs essent bona, quòd inter lautitias, quibus erat ab amicis exceptus, haud satis felicem operam Musis dare se posse affirmabat, hoc habuit responsum.

Mitto tibi sanam non pleno ventre salutem,
Quà tu, distento, fortè carere potes.
At tua quid nostram prolestat Musa camœnam,
Nec finit optatas posse sequi tenebras?
Carmine scire velis quam te redamémque colàmque;
Crede mihi vix hoc carmine scire queas:
Nam neque noster amor modulis includitur arctis,
Nec venit ad claudos integer ipse pedes.
Quàm bene solennes epulas, hilaremque Decembrem,
Festaque, coelifugam quæ coluere Deum,
Deliciasque refers, hyberni gaudia ruris,
Haustaque per lepidos Gallica musta focos!
Quid quereris refugam vino dapibusque pœsin?
Carmen amat Bacchum, Carmina Bacchus amat.
Nec puduit Phœbum virides gestasse corymbos,
Atque hederam lauro præposuisse suæ.
Sæpiùs Aoniis clamavit collibus, Eucè!
Mista Thyonœo turba novena choro.

318 POEMS on several Occasions.

Naso Corallæis mala carmina misit ab agris;

Non illic epulæ, non sata vitis erat.

Quid nisi vina, rosasque racemiferumque Lyxum,

Cantavit brevibus Tēia Musa modis?

Pindaricosque inflat numeros Teumesius Euan,

Et redolet sumptum pagina quæque merum;

Dum gravis everso currus crepat axe supinus,

Et volat Elëo pulvere fuscus eques.

Quadrismoque madens Lyricen Romanus Iaccho

Dulcè canit Glyceran, flavicomamque Chloen,

Jam quoque lauta tibi generoso mensa paratu,

Mentis alit vires, ingeniumque fovet.

Massica fœcundam despumant pocula venam,

Fundis & ex ipso condita metra cado.

Addimus his artes, fufumque per intima Phœbum

Corda; favent uni Bacchus, Apollo, Ceres.

Scilicet haud mirum tam dulcia carmina per te,

Numine composito, tres peperisse Deos.

Nunc quoque Thressa tibi cælato barbitos auro

Insonat, argutâ molliter icta manu;

Auditorque chelys suspensa tapetia circum,

Virgineos tremulâ quæ regat arte pedes.

Illa tuas saltem teneant spectacula Musas,

Et revocent, quantum crapula pellit iners.

Crede mihi, dum psallit ebur, comitataque plectrum

Implet odoratos festa chorea tholos;

Percipies tacitum per pectora serpere Phœbum,

Quale repentinus permeat ossa calor;

Perque puellares oculos digitumque sonantem

Irruet in totos lapsa Thalia sinus.

Namque

Namque Elegia levis multorum cura deorum est,
 Et vocat ad numeros quemlibet illa suos ;
 Liber adest elegis, Eratoque, Ceresque, Venusque,
 Et cum purpureâ matre tenellus Amor.
 Talibus indè licent convivia larga poëtis,
 Sæpiùs & veteri commaduisse mero.
 At qui bella refert, & adulto sub Jove cœlum,
 Heroasque pios, semideosque duces,
 Et nunc sancta canit superùm consulta deorum,
 Nunc latrata fero regna profunda cane,
 Ille quidem parcè, Samii pro more magistri,
 Vivat, & innocuos præbeat herba cibos ;
 Stet prope fagineo pellucida lympha catillo,
 Sobriaque è puro pocula fonte bibat.
 Additur huic felerisque vacans, & casta juvenus,
 Et rigidi mores, & sine labe manus.
 Qualis, veste nitens sacrâ, & lustralibus undis,
 Surgis ad infensos, augur, iture Deos.
 Hoc ritu vixisse ferunt post rapta sagacem
 Lumina Tiresian, Ogygiumque Linon,
 Et lare devoto profugum Calchanta, senemque
 Orpheon edomitis sola per antra feris ;
 Sic dapis exiguus, sic rivi potor Homerus
 Dulichium vexit per freta longa virum,
 Et per monstrificam Perseïæ Phœbados aulam,
 Et vada foemineis insidiosa sonis ;
 Perque tuas, rex ime, domos, ubi sanguine nigro
 Dicitur umbrarum detinuisse greges.
 Diis etenim facer est vates, divùmque sacerdos ;
 Spirat & occultum pectus, & ora Jovem.

320 POEMS on several Occasions.

At tu, siquid agam, scitabere (si modò saltem
 Esse putas tanti noscere siquid agam)
 Paciferum canimus cœlesti semine regem,
 Faustaue sacratis sæcula pacta libris,
 Vagitumque Dei, & stabulantem paupere testo
 Qui suprema suo cum patre regna colit;
 Stelliparumq; polum, modulantesque æthere turmas,
 Et subitò elisos ad sua fana Deos.
 Dona quidem dedimus Christi natalibus illa,
 Illa sub auroram lux mihi prima tulit.
 Te quoque pressa manent patriis meditata cicutis,
 Tu mihi, cui recitem, iudicis instar eris.

Elegia septima, Anno Ætatis unde-
 vigesimo.

Nondum, blanda, tuas leges, Amathusia,
 nôram,
 Et Paphio vacuum pectus ab igne fuit.
 Sæpe cupidineas, puérilia tela, sagittas,
 Atque tuum spreui, maxime, numen, Amor.
 Tu, puer, imbelles, dixi, transfige columbas;
 Conveniunt tenero mollia bella duci:
 Aut de passeribus tímidos age, parve, triumphos;
 Hæc sunt militiæ digna trophæa tua.
 In genus humanum quid inania dirigis arma?
 Non valet in fortes ista pharetra viros. [iras
 Non tulit hoc Cyprius, (neque enim Deus ullus ad
 Promptior) & duplici jam ferus igne calet.

Ver erat, & summa radians per culmina villæ
 Attulerat primam lux tibi, Maie, diem :
 At mihi adhuc refugam quærebant lumina noctem,
 Nec matutinum sustinere jubar.
 Astat Amor lecto, pictis Amor impiger alis ;
 Prodidit astantem mota pharetra Deum :
 Prodidit & facies, & dulce minantis ocelli,
 Et quicquid puero dignum & Amore fuit.
 Talis in æterno juvenis Sigeius Olympo
 Miscet amatori pocula plena Jovi ;
 Aut, qui formosas pellexit ad oscula nymphas
 Thiodamantæus Naiade raptus Hylas :
 Addideratque iras, sed & has decuisse putares ;
 Addideratque truces, nec sine felle, minas.
 Et, miser, exemplo sapiisses tutiùs, inquit,
 Nunc, mea quid possit dextera, testis eris.
 Inter & expertos vires numerabere nostras,
 Et faciam vero per tua damna fidem.
 Ipse ego, si nescis, strato Pythone superbum
 Edomui Phœbum, cessit & ille mihi ;
 Et quoties meminit Peneidos, ipse fatetur
 Certiùs & graviùs tela nocere mea,
 Me nequit adductum curvare peritiùs arcum,
 Qui post terga solet vincere, Parthus eques.
 Cydoniusque mihi cedit venator, & ille
 Inscius uxori qui necis author erat.
 Est etiam nobis ingens quoque victus Orion,
 Herculeæque manus, Herculeusque comes.
 Jupiter ipse licèt sua fulmina torqueat in me,
 Hærebunt lateri spicula nostra Jovis,

322 POEMS on several Occasions.

Cætera, quæ dubitas, meliùs mea tela docebunt,
 Et tua non leviter corda petenda mihi :
 Nec te, stulte, tuæ poterunt defendere Musæ,
 Nec tibi Phœbæus porriget anguis opem.
 Dixit, & aurato quatiens mucrone sagittam,
 Evolat in tepidos Cypridos ille sinus.
 At mihi risuro tonuit ferus ore minaci,
 Et mihi de puero non metus ullus erat.
 Et modò quàm nostri spatiantur in urbe Quirites,
 Et modò villarum proxima rura placent.
 Turba frequens, facièque simillima turba dearum,
 Splendida per medias itque reditque vias.
 Auçtaque luce dies gemino fulgore coruscat ;
 Fallor ? an & radios hinc quoque Phœbus habet ?
 Hæc ego non fugi spectacula grata severus ;
 Impetus & quò me fert juvenilis, agor.
 Lumina luminibus malè providus obvia misi,
 Neve oculos potui continuisse meos.
 Unam fortè aliis supereminuisse notabam ;
 Principium nostri lux erit illa mali.
 Sic Venus optaret mortalibus ipsa videri,
 Sic regina Deùm conspicienda fuit.
 Hanc memor objecit nobis malus ille Cupido,
 Solus & hos nobis texuit antè dolos :
 Nec procul ipse vafer latuit, multæque sagittæ,
 Et facis à tergo grande pependit onus.
 Nec mora ; nunc ciliis hæsit, nunc virginis ori ;
 Insilit hinc labiis, insidet inde genis :
 Et quascunque agilis partes jaculator oberrat,
 Hei mihi ! mille locis pectus inerme ferit.

Protinus insoliti subierunt corda furores ;
 Uror amans intus, flammaque totus eram.
 Interea, misero quæ jam mihi sola placebat,
 Ablata est oculis, non reditura, meis.
 Ast ego progredior tacitè querebundus, & excors,
 Et dubius volui sæpe referre pedem.
 Findor, & hæc remanet ; sequitur pars altera votum,
 Raptaque tam subito gaudia flere juvat.
 Sic dolet amissum proles Junonia cœlum,
 Inter Lemniacos præcipitata focos.
 Talis & abreptum solem refexit, ad Orcum
 Vectus ab attonitis Amphiaræus equis.
 Quid faciam infelix, & luctu victus ? amores
 Nec licet inceptos ponere, neve sequi.
 O utinam spectare semel mihi detur amatos
 Vultus, & coram tristia verba loqui ;
 Forsitan & duro non est adamante creata,
 Fortè nec ad nostras furdeat illa preces.
 Crede mihi, nullus sic infelicitè arsit ;
 Ponar in exemplo primus & unus ego.
 Parce, precor, teneri cùm sis Deus ales amoris,
 Pugnent officio nec tua facta tuo.
 Jam tuus O ! certè est mihi formidabilis arcus,
 Nate deâ, jaculis, nec minùs igne, potens :
 Et tua fumabunt nostris altaria donis,
 Solus & in superis tu mihi summus eris.
 Deme meos tandem, verùm nec deme furores ;
 Nescio cur, miser est suaviter omnis amans :
 Tu modò da facilis, posthæc mea siqua futura est,
 Cuspis amatuos figat ut una duos.

HÆC

HÆC ego mente olim lævâ, studioque supino
 Nequitiae posui vana trophæa meæ.
 Scilicet abreptum sic me malus impulit error,
 Indocilisque ætas parva magistra fuit :
 Donec Socraticos umbrosa Academia rivos
 Præbuit, admissum dedocuitque jugum.
 Prætinus, extinctis ex illo tempore flammis,
 Cincta rigent multo pectora nostra gelu.
 Unde suis frigus metuit puer ipse Sagittis,
 Et Diomedeam vim timet ipsa Venus.

In prodicionem Bombardicam.

CUM simul in regem nuper satrapasque Bri-
 tannos
 Ausus es infandum, perfide Fauxe, nefas,
 Fallor ? an & mitis voluisti ex parte videri,
 Et pensare malâ cum pietate scelus ?
 Scilicet hos alti missurus ad atria cœli,
 Sulphureo curru flammivolisque rotis :
His Qualiter ille, feris caput inviolabile Parcis
 Liquit Jördanios turbine raptus agros.

In eandem.

Siccine tentâsti cœlo donâsse Jacobum
 Quæ septemgemino, Bellua, monte lates ?
 Nî meliora tuum poterit dare munera numen,
 Parce, precor, donis infidiosa tuis.

Ille quidem sine te consortia serus adivit
 Astra, nec inferni pulveris usus ope.
 Sic potiùs fœdos in cœlum pelle cucullos,
 Et quot habet brutos Roma profana Deos.
 Namque hac aut aliâ nisi quemque adjuveris arte,
 Crede mihi, cœli vix bene scandet iter.

In eandem.

Purgatorem animæ derisit Iacobus ignem,
 Et sine quo superûm non adeunda domus.
 Frenduit hoc trinâ monstrum Latiale coronâ,
 Movit & horrificum cornua dena minax.
 Et nec inultus, ait, temnes mea sacra, Britanne;
 Supplicium spretâ relligione, dabis:
 Et, si stelligeras unquam penetraveris arces,
 Non nisi per flammâs triste patebit iter.
 O quàm funesto cecinisti proxima vero,
 Verbaque ponderibus vix caritura suis!
 Nam prope Tartareo sublimè rotatus ab igne
 Ibat ad æthereas umbra perusta plagas.

In eandem.

Quem modò Roma suis devoverat impia diris,
 Et Styge damnârat Tænarioque sinu,
 Hunc, vice mutatâ, jam tollere gestit ad astra,
 Et cupit ad superos evehere usque Deos.

In

In inventorem Bombardæ.

IApetionidem laudavit cæca vetustas,
 Qui tulit ætheream folis ab axe facem;
 At mihi major erit, qui lurida creditur arma,
 Et trifidum fulmen furripuisse Jovi.

Ad Leonoram Romæ canentem.

Angelus unicuique suus (sic credite gentes)
 Obtigit æthereis ales ab ordinibus.
 Quid mirum, Leonora, tibi si gloria major?
 Nam tua præsentem vox sonat ipsa Deum.
 Aut Deus, aut vacui certè mens tertia cœli
 Per tua secretò guttura serpit agens;
 Serpit agens, facilisque docet mortalia corda
 Sensum immortalis assuescere posse sono.
 Quòd si cuncta quidem Deus est, per cunctaque fusus,
 In te unâ loquitur, cætera mutus habet.

Ad eandem.

Altera Torquatum cepit Leonora Poëtam,
 Cujus ab infano cessit amore furens.
 Ah! miser ille tuo quantò felicius ævo
 Perditus, & propter te, Leonora, foret!

Et te Pieriâ sensisset voce canentem
 Aurea maternæ fila movere lyræ!
 Quamvis Dirceô torfisset lumina Pentheo
 Sævior, aut totus desipuisset iners,
 Tu tamen errantes cæcâ vertigine sensus
 Voce eadem poteras composuisse tuâ;
 Et poteras ægro spirans sub corde quietem
 Flexanimo cantu restituïsse sibi.

Ad eandem.

CRedula quid liquidam Sirena, Neapoli, jactas
 Claraque Parthenopes fana Achelœiados,
 Littoreamque tuâ defunctam Naida ripâ
 Corpora Chalcidico sacra dedisse rogo?
 Illa quidem vivitque, & amœna Tibridis undâ
 Mutavit rauci murrura Pausilipi.
 Illic Romulidum studiis ornata secundis,
 Atque homines cantu detinet atque Deos.

Apologus de Rustico & Hero.

RUsticus ex Malo sapidissima poma quotannis
 Legit, & urbano lecta dedit Domino:
 Hinc incredibili fructûs dulcedine captus
 Malum ipsam in proprias transtulit areolas.
 Hastenus illa ferax, sed longo debilis ævo,
 Mota solo assueto, protinûs aret iners.

Quod

328 POEMS on several Occasions.

Quod tandem ut patuit Domino, spe lusus inani,
Damnavit celeres in sua damna manus.

Atque ait, heu quantò fatius fuit illa Coloni
(Parva licet) grato dona tulisse animo!

Possẽm ego avaritiam frenare, gulamque voracem;
Nunc periẽre mihi & fœtus & ipse parens.

Amor et Con-

Elegiarum Finis.





SYLVARUM LIBER.

Anno Ætatis 16.

In Obitum Procancellarii medici.

Arere fati discite legibus,
 Manusque Parcæ jam dare supplices,
 Qui pendulum telluris orbem
 Iâpeti colitis nepotes.

Vos, si relicto mors vaga Tænaro
 Semel vocârit flebilis, heu! moræ
 Tentantur incassum dolique;
 Per tenebras Stygis ire certum est,
 Si destinatam pellere dextera
 Mortem valeret, non ferus Hercules
 Nefsi venenatus cruore
 Æmathiâ jacuisset Oetâ.
 Nec fraude turpi Palladis invidæ
 Vidisset occisum Iliön Hectora, aut
 Quem larva Pelidis peremit
 Ense Locro, Jove lacrymante,
 Si triste fatum verba Hecatæia
 Fugare possint, Telegoni parens
 Vixisset infamis, potentique
 Ægiali soror usa virgâ.

Numenque

330 POEMS *on several Occasions.*

Numenque trinum fallere si queant
 Artes medentûm, ignotaque gramina,
 Non gnarus herbarum Machaon
 Eurypyli cecidisset hastâ.
 Læsisset & nec te, Philyreïe,
 Sagitta echidnæ perlita sanguine;
 Nec tela te fulmenque avitum,
 Cæse puer, genitricis alvo.
 Tuque, O alumno major Apolline,
 Gentis togatæ cui regimen datum,
 Froncosa quem nunc Cirrha luget,
 Et mediis Helicon in undis,
 Jam præfuiſſes Palladio gregi
 Lætus, superſtes, nec ſine gloriâ,
 Nec puppe luſtrâſſes Charontis
 Horribiles barathri reſeſſus,
 At fila rupit Perſephone tua
 Irata, cûm te viderit artibus,
 Succoque pollenti tot atris
 Faucibus eripuiſſe mortis.
 Colende Præſes, membra, precor, tua
 Molli quieſcant ceſpite, & ex tuo
 Creſcant roſæ calthæque buſto,
 Purpureoque hyacinthus ore.
 Sit mite de te judicium Æaci,
 Subrideatque Ætnæa Proſerpina,
 Interque felices perennis
 Elyſio ſpatiere campo.

In quintum Novembris, Anno Ætatis 17.

JAM pius extremâ veniens Iacobus ab arcto
 Teucrigenas populos, latèque potentia regna
 Albionum tenuit; jamque inviolabile fœdus
 Sceptra Caledoniis conjunxerat Anglica Scotis:
 Pacificusque novo felix divesque sedebat
 In folio, occultique doli securus & hostis:
 Cùm ferus ignifluo regnans Acheronte tyrannus,
 Eumenidum pater, æthereo vagus exul Olympo
 Fortè per immensum terrarum erraverat orbem,
 Dinumerans sceleris socios, vernasque fideles,
 Participes regni post funera mœsta futuros.
 Hic tempestates medio ciet aëre diras,
 Illic unanimes odium struit inter amicos,
 Armât & invictas in mutua viscera gentes;
 Regnaque oliviferâ vertit florentia pace:
 Et quoscunque videt puræ virtutis amantes,
 Hos cupit adjicere imperio, fraudumque magister
 Tentat inaccessum sceleri corrumpere pectus,
 Infidiasque locat tacitas, cassesque latentes
 Tendit, ut incautos rapiat; seu Caspia Tigris
 Insequitur trepidam deserta per avia prædam
 Nocte sub illuni, & somno nictantibus astris;
 Talibus infestat populos Summanus & urbes
 Cinctus cæruleæ fumanti turbine flammæ.
 Jamque fluentifonis albentia rupibus arva
 Apparent, & terra Deo dilecta marino,
 Cui nomen dederat quondam Neptunia proles,

Amphi-

332 P O E M S *on several Occasions.*

Amphitryoniaden qui non dubitavit atrocem
 Æquore tranato furiali pascere bello,
 Ante expugnatae crudelia sæcula Trojæ.

At simul hanc opibusque & festâ pace beatam
 Aspicit, & pingues donis Cerealibus agros,
 Quodque magis doluit, venerantem numina veri
 Sancta Dei populum, tandem suspiria rupit
 Tartareos ignes & fœdum olentia sulphur;
 Qualia Trinacriâ trux ab Jove clausus in Ætnâ
 Efflat tabifico monstrosus ab ore Typhœus.
 Ignescunt oculi, stridetque adamantinus ordo
 Dentis, ut armorum fragor, ic̃taque cuspide cuspis.
 Atque pererrato (solum hoc lachrymabile) mundo,
 Inveni, dixit; gens hæc mihi sola rebellis,
 Contemtrixque jugi, nostrâque potentior arte.
 Illa tamen, mea si quicquam tentamina possunt,
 Non feret hoc impunè diu, non ibit inulta.
 Hastenus; & piceis liquido natat aëre pennis:
 Quâ volat, adversi præcurfant agmine venti,
 Densantur nubes, & crebra tonitrua fulgent.

Jamque pruinosas velox superaverat Alpes,
 Et tenet Ausoniæ fines; à parte sinistrâ
 Nimbifer Apenninus erat, prisique Sabini,
 Dextra veneficiis infamis Hetruria, nec non
 Te furtiva, Tibris, Thetidi videt oscula dantem;
 Hinc Mavortigenæ consistit in arce Quirini.
 Reddiderant dubiam jam sera crepuscula lucem,
 Cùm circumgreditur totam Tricoronifer urbem,
 Panificosque Deos portat, scapulisque virorum
 Evehitur; præeunt summisso poplite reges,
 Et mendicantùm series longissima fratrum;

Cereaque

Cereaque in manibus gestant funalia cæci,
 Cimmeriis nati in tenebris, vitamque trahentes.
 Templa dein multis subeunt lucentia tædis,
 (Vesper erat sacer iste Petro) fremitusque canentum
 Sæpe tholos implet vacuos, & inane locorum:
 Qualiter exululat Bromius, Bromiique caterva,
 Orgia cantantes in Echionio Aracyntho,
 Dum tremat attonitus vitreis Asopus in undis,
 Et procul ipse cavâ responsat rupe Cithæron.

His igitur tandem solenni more peractis,
 Nox senis amplexus Erebi taciturna reliquit,
 Præcipitesque impellit equos stimulante flagello,
 Captum oculis Typhlonta, Melanchætēq; ferocem,
 Atque Acherontæo progeneratam patre Siopen
 Torpidam, & hirsutis horrentem Phrica capillis.
 Interea regum domitor, Phlegethontius hæres,
 Ingreditur thalamos (neque enim secretus adulter
 Producit steriles molli sine pellice noctes)
 At vix compositos somnus claudebat ocellos,
 Cum niger umbrarum dominus, rectorque silentum,
 Prædatorque hominum falsâ sub imagine tectus
 Astitit; assumptis micuerunt tempora canis,
 Barba sinus promissa tegit, cineracea longo
 Syrmate verrit humum vestis, pendetque cucullus
 Vertice de raso; &, ne quicquam desit ad artes,
 Cannabeo lumbos constrinxit fune salaces,
 Tarda fenestratæ figens vestigia calceis.
 Talis, uti fama est, vastâ Franciscus eremo
 Tetra vagabatur solus per lustra ferarum,
 Sylvestrique tulit genti pia verba salutis
 Impius, atque lupos domuit, Libycosque leones.

Subdolus

334 POEMS on several Occasions.

Subdolan at tali Serpens velatus amictu
 Solvit in has fallax ora execrantia voces ;
 Dormis, nate? Etiamne tuos sopor opprimit artus,
 Immemor O fidei, pecorumque oblite tuorum,
 Dum cathedram, venerande, tuam, diademaq; triplex
 Ridet Hyperboreo gens barbara nata sub axe,
 Dumque pharetrati spernunt tua jura Britanni;
 Surge, age; surge, piger, Latius quem Cæsar adorat,
 Cui referata patet convexi janua cœli,
 Turgentes animos, & fastus frange procaces,
 Sacrilegique sciant, tua quid maledictio possit,
 Et quid Apostolicæ possit custodia clavis;
 Et memor Hesperia disjectam ulciscere classem,
 Merisque Iberorum lato vexilla profundo,
 Sanctorumque cruci tot corpora fixa probrosæ,
 Thermodonteâ nuper regnante puellâ.
 At tu si tenero mavis torpescere lecto,
 Crescentesque negas hosti contundere vires,
 Tyrrhenum implebit numerofo milite Pontum,
 Signaque Aventino ponet fulgentia colle:
 Reliquias veterum franget, flammisque cremabit,
 Sacraque calcabit pedibus tua colla profanis,
 Cujus gaudebant soleis dare basia reges.
 Nec tamen hunc bellis & aperto Marte laceffes,
 Irritus ille labor; tu callidus utere fraude,
 Quælibet hæreticis disponere retia fas est;
 Jamque ad concilium extremis rex magnus ab oris
 Patricios vocat, & procerum de stirpe creatos,
 Grandævotque patres trabeâ, canisque verendos;
 Hos tu membratim poteris conspergere in auras,
 Atque dare in cineres, nitrati pulveris igne
 Ædibus injecto, quâ convenere, sub imis.

Protinus

Protinus ipse igitur, quoscumque habet Anglia fidos,
Propositi, factique mone; quisquámne tuorum
Audebit summi non iussa faceffere Papæ?
Perculsofque metu subito, casûque stupentes
Invadat vel Gallus atrox, vel sævus Iberus:
Sæcula sic illic tandem Mariana redibunt,
Tuque in belligeros iterum dominaberis Anglos.
Et ne quid timeas, divos divasque secundas
Accipe, quotque tuis celebrantur numina fastis.
Dixit, & adscitos ponens malefidus amictus
Fugit ad infandam, regnum illætabile, Lethen.

Jam rosea Eoas pandens Tithonia portas
Vestit inauratas redeunti lumine terras;
Mœstaque adhuc nigri deplorans funera nati
Irrigat ambrosiis montana cacumina guttis;
Cum somnos pepulit stellatæ janitor aulæ,
Nocturnos visus, & somnia grata revolvens.

Est locus æternâ septus caligine noctis,
Vasta ruinosi quondam fundamina testî,
Nunc torvi spelunca Phoni, Prodotæque bilinguis,
Efferat quos uno peperit Discordia partu.
Hic inter cæmenta jacent præruptaque saxa,
Ossa inhumata virûm, & trajecta cadavera ferro;
Hic Dolus intortis semper sedet ater ocellis,
Jurgiaque, & stimulis armata Calumnia fauces,
Et Furor, atque viæ moriendi mille videntur,
Et Timor, exanguisque locum circumvolat Horror;
Perpetuoque leves per muta silentia Manes
Exululant, tellus & sanguine conscia stagnat.
Ipsi etiam pavidi latitant penetralibus antri,
Et Phonos, & Prodotes, nulloq; sequente per antrum,
Antrum

336 POEMS on several Occasions.

Antrum horrens, scopulosum, atrum feralibus umbris ;

Diffugiunt fontes, & retrò lumina vortunt,
Hos pugiles Romæ per sæcula longa fideles
Evocat antistes Babylonius, atque ita fatur.
Finibus occiduis circumfufum incolit æquor
Gens exosa mihi, prudens natura negavit
Indignam penitùs nostro conjungere mundo ;
Illuc, sic jubeo, celeri contendite gressu,
Tartarioque leves diffientur pulvere in auras
Et Rex & pariter Satrapæ, scelerata propago,
Et quotquot fidei caluere cupidine veræ:
Confilii socios adhibete, operisque ministros.
Finierat, rigidi cupidè paruere gemelli.

Interea longo flectens curvamine cœlos
Despicit æthereâ dominus qui fulgurat arce,
Vanaque perversæ ridet conamina turbæ,
Atque sui causam populi vult ipse tueri.

Esse ferunt spatium, quâ distat ab Aside terrâ
Fertilis Europe, & spectat Mareotidas undas ;
Hic turris posita est Titanidos ardua Famæ
Æra, lata, sonans, rutilis vicinior astris
Quàm superimpositum vel Athos vel Pelion Ossæ.
Mille fores aditusque patent, totidemque fenestræ,
Amplaque per tenues translucent atria muros:
Excitat hîc varios plebs agglomerata fufurros ;
Qualiter instrepitant circum mulcæralia bombis
Agmina muscarum, aut texto per ovilia junco,
Dum Canis æstivum cœli petit ardua culmen.
Ipfa quidem summâ sedet ultrix matris in arce,
Auribus innumeris cinctum caput eminet olli,

Quæ

Queis sonitum exiguum trahit, atque levissima captat
 Murmura, ab extremis patuli confinibus orbis.
 Nec tot Aristoride servator inique juvencæ,
 Ifidos, immiti volvebas lumina vultu,
 Lumina non unquam tacito nutantia somno,
 Lumina subjectas latè spectantia terras.
 Istis illa solet loca luce carentia sæpe
 Perlustrare, etiam radianti impervia soli;
 Millenisque loquax auditaque visaque linguis
 Cuilibet effundit temeraria, veraque mendax
 Nunc minuit, modò confectis sermonibus auget.
 Sed tamen à nostro meruisti carmine laudes,
 Fama, bonum quo non aliud veracius ullum,
 Nobis digna cani, nec te memorâsse pigebit
 Carmine tam longo; servati scilicet Angli,
 Officiis vaga diva tuis, tibi reddimus æqua.
 Te Deus, æternos motu qui temperat ignes,
 Fulmine præmisso alloquitur, terræque tremente:
 Fama, files? an te latet impia Papistarum
 Conjurata cohors in meque meosque Britannos,
 Et nova sceptrigero cædes meditata Jacobo?
 Nec plura; illa statim sensit mandatâ Tonantis,
 Et, satis antè fugax, stridentes induit alas,
 Induit & variis exilia corpora plumis;
 Dextra tubam gestat Temesæo ex ære sonoram.
 Nec mora, jam pennis cedentes remigat auras,
 Atque parum est cursu celeres prævertere nubes;
 Jam ventos, jam solis equos post terga reliquit:
 Et primò Angliacas solito de more per urbes
 Ambiguas voces incertaque murmura spargit,
 Mox arguta dolos, & detestabile vulgat
 Proditionis opus, nec non facta horrida dictu,
Q
Authoresque

338 POEMS on several Occasions.

Authoresque addit sceleris, nec garrula cæcis
 Insidiis loca structa filet; stupuere relatis,
 Et pariter juvenes, pariter tremuere puellæ,
 Effoetique senes pariter, tantæque ruinæ
 Sensus ad ætatem subito penetraverat omnem.
 Attamen interea populi miserescit ab alto
 Æthereus pater, & crudelibus obstitit ausis
 Papicolûm; capti poenas raptantur ad acres:
 At pia thura Deo, & grati solvuntur honores;
 Compita læta focis genialibus omnia fumant;
 Turba choros juvenilis agit: Quintoque Novembris
 Nulla dies toto occurrit celebratior anno.

*Anno ætatis 17. In obitum Præfulis
 Eliensis.*

W. Felton — 56th 1627

A Dhuc madentes rore squalabant genæ,
 Et sicca nondum lumina
 Adhuc liquentis imbre turgebant salis
 Quem nuper effudi pius,
 Dum mœsta charo justa persolvi rogo
 Wintoniensis præfulis.
 Cùm centilinguis Fama (proh! semper mali
 Cladisque vera nuncia)
 Spargit per urbes divitis Britanniæ,
 Populosque Neptuno fatos,
 Cessisse morti, & ferreis sororibus
 Te, generis humani decus,
 Qui rex sacrorum illâ fuisti in insulâ
 Quæ nomen Anguliæ tenet.

Tunc inquietum pectus irâ protinus
 Ebullebat fervidâ,
 Tumulis potentem sæpe devovens deam:
 Nec vota Naso in Ibida
 Concepit alto diriora pectore,
 Graiusque vates parciùs
 Turpem Lycambis execratus est dolum,
 Sponsamque Neobulen suam.
 At ecce! diras ipse dum fundo graves,
 Et imprecor neci necem,
 Audisse tales videor attonitus sonos
 Leni, sub aurâ, flamine:
 Cæcos furores pone, pone vitream
 Bilemque & irritas minas;
 Quid temerè violas non nocenda numina,
 Subitoque ad iras percita?
 Non est, ut arbitraris elusus miser,
 Mors atra Noctis filia,
 Erebove patre creta, sive Erinnye,
 Vastove nata sub Chao:
 Ast illa, cœlo missa stellato, Dei
 Messes ubique colligit:
 Animasque mole carneâ reconditas
 In lucem & auras evocat:
 Ut cum fugaces excitant Horæ diem
 Themidos Jovisque filiæ;
 Et sempiterni ducit ad vultus patris;
 At justa raptat impios
 Sub regna furvi luctuosa tartari,
 Sedesque subterraneas.
 Hanc ut vocantem lætus audiui, cœli
 Fœdum reliqui carcerem,

340 POEMS on several Occasions.

Volatilesque faustus inter milites
 Ad astra sublimis feror :
 Vates ut olim raptus ad cœlum senex
 Auriga currûs ignei,
 Non me Boötis terruere lucidi
 Sarraea tarda frigore; aut
 Formidolosi Scorpionis brachia ;
 Non ensis, Orion, tuus.
 Prætervolavi fulgidi solis globum,
 Longéque sub pedibus deam
 Vidi triformem, dum coercēbat suos
 Frænis dracones aureis ;
 Erraticorum syderum per ordines,
 Per lacteas vehor plagas,
 Velocitatem sæpe miratus novam,
 Donec nitentes ad fores
 Ventum est Olympi, & regiam Crystallinam, &
 Stratum smaragdis Atrium.
 Sed hîc tacebo ; nam quis effari queat
 Oriundus humano patre
 Amœnitates illius loci ? mihi
 Sat est in æternum frui.

Naturam non pati senium.

HEU quàm perpetuis erroribus acta fatiscit
 Avia mens hominum, tenebrisque immersa
 profundis
 Oedipodioniam volvit sub pectore noctem,
 Quæ vesana suis metiri facta deorum

Audet,

Audet, & incisas leges adamante perenni
 Assimilare suis, nulloque solubile seculo
 Consilium fati perituris alligat horis!

Ergone marcescet fulcantibus obsita rugis
 Naturæ facies, & rerum publica mater
 Omniparum contracta uterum sterilescet ab ævo?
 Et se fassa senem malè certis passibus ibit
 Sidereum tremebunda caput? num tetra vetustas
 Annorumque æterna fames, squalorque situsque
 Sidera vexabunt? an & insatiabile Tempus
 Esuriet cœlum, rapietque in viscera patrem?
 Heu, potuitne suas imprudens Jupiter arces
 Hoc contra munisse nefas, & Temporis isto
 Exemisse malo, gyrosque dedisse perennes?
 Ergo erit ut quandoque sono dilapsa tremendo
 Convexi tabulata ruant, atque obviu*s* ictu
 Stridat uterque polus, superâque ut Olympius aula
 Decidat, horribilisque resectâ Gorgone Pallas;
 Qualis in Ægeam proles Junonia Lemnon
 Deturbata sacro cecidit de limine cœli.
 Tu quoque, Phœbe, tui casus imitabere nati
 Præcipiti curru, subitâque ferere ruinâ
 Pronus, & extinctâ fumabit lampade Nereus,
 Et dabit attonito feralia sibila ponto.
 Tunc etiam aërei divulsis sedibus Hæmi
 Dissultabit apex, imoque allisa barathro
 Terrebunt Stygium dejecta Ceraunia Ditem
 In superos quibus usus erat, fraterna*que* bella.

At Pater omnipotens, fundatis fortiùs astris,
 Consuluit rerum summæ, certoque peregit
 Pondere fatorum lances, atque ordine summo
 Singula perpetuum iussit servare tenorem.

342 POEMS on several Occasions.

Volvitur hinc lapsu mundi rota prima diurno;
 Raptat, & ambitos sociâ vertigine cœlos.
 Tardior haud solito Saturnus, & acer, ut olim
 Fulmineum rutilat cristatâ casside Mavors.
 Floridus æternum Phœbus juvenile coruscat,
 Nec fovet effœtas loca per declivia terras
 Devexo temone Deus; sed semper amicâ
 Luce potens eadem currit per signa rotarum,
 Surgit odoratis pariter formosus ab Indis
 Æthereum pecus albenti qui cogit Olympo
 Manè vocans, & serus agens in pascua cœli;
 Temporis & gemino dispertit regna colore.
 Fulget, obitque vices alterno Delia cornu,
 Cæruleumque ignem paribus complectitur ulnis.
 Nec variant elementa fidem, solitôque fragore
 Lurida percussas jaculantur fulmina rupes.
 Nec per inane furit leviori murmure Corus,
 Stringit & armiferos æquali horrore Gelonos
 Trux Aquilo, spiratque hyemem, nimbosque volutat,
 Utque solet, Siculi diverberat ima Pelori
 Rex maris, & raucâ circumstrepit æquora conchâ
 Oceani Tubicen, nec vastâ mole minorem
 Ægeona ferunt dorso Balearica cete.
 Sed neque, Terra, tibi sæcli, vigor ille vetusti
 Priscus abest, servatque suum Narcissus odorem,
 Et puer ille suum tenet, & puer ille decorem
 Phœbe, tuusque &, Cypri tuus, nec ditior olim
 Terra datum sceleri celavit montibus aurum [ævum
 Conscia, vel sub aquis gemmas. Sic denique in
 Ibit cunctarum series justissima rerum,
 Donec flamma orbem populabitur ultima, latè
 Circumplex^a

Circumplexa polos, & vasti culmina cœli;
Ingentique rogo flagrabit machina mundi.

*De Idea Platonica, quemadmodum
Aristoteles intellexit.*

Dicite, sacrorum præsides nemorum deæ
Tuque, O novæ perbeata numinis
Memoria mater, quæque in immenso procul
Antro recumbis, otiosa Æternitas,
Monumenta servans, & ratas leges Jovis,
Cœlique fastos atque ephemeridas Deûm,
Quis ille primus, cujus ex imagine
Natura sollers finxit humanum genus,
Æternus, incorruptus, æquævus polo,
Unusque & universus, exemplar Dei?
Haud ille Palladis gemellus innubæ
Interna proles insidet menti Jovis:
Sed quamlibet natura sit communior,
Tamen seorsûs extat ad morem unius,
Et, mira, certo stringitur spatio loci;
Seu sempiternus ille syderum comes
Cœli pererrat ordines decemplicis,
Citimûmve terris incolit Lunæ globum:
Sive inter animas corpus adituras sedens
Obliviosas torpet ad Lethes aquas:
Sive in remotâ fortè terrarum plagâ
Incedit ingens hominis archetypus gigas,
Et diis tremendus erigit celsum caput
Atlante major portitore syderum.

344 POEMS on several Occasions.

Non, cui profundum cæcitas lumen dedit,
Dirceus augur vidit hunc alto sinu;
Non hunc silenti nocte Plüiones nepos
Vatum sagaci præpes ostendit choro;
Non hunc sacerdos novit Assyrius, licèt
Longos vetusti commemoret atavos Nini,
Priscumque Belon, inclytumque Osiridem:
Non ille trino gloriosus nomine
Ter magnus Hermes (ut sit arcani sciens,)
Talem reliquit Ifidis cultoribus:
At tu, perenne ruris Academi decus,
(Hæc monstra si tu primus inducti scholis)
Jam jam poëtas, urbis exules tuæ,
Revocabis, ipse fabulator maximus,
Aut institutor ipse migrabis foras.

Ad Patrem.

NUNC mea Pierios cupiam per pectora fontes
Irriguas torquere vias, totumque per ora
Volvere laxatum gemino de vertice rivum;
Ut tenues oblita sonos audacibus alis
Surgat in officium venerandi Musa parentis.
Hoc utcunque tibi gratum, pater optime, carmen
Exiguum meditatur opus, nec novimus ipsi
Aptius à nobis quæ possunt munera donis
Respondere tuis, (quamvis nec maxima possint
Respondere tuis, nedum ut par gratia donis
Esse queat, vacuis quæ redditur arida verbis.)

Sed

Sed tamen hæc nostros ostendit pagina census,
Et quod habemus opum chartâ numeravimus istâ,
Quæ mihi sunt nullæ, nisi quas dedit aurea Clio,
Quas mihi semoto somni peperere sub antro,
Et nemoris laureta sacri Parnassides umbræ.

Nec tu vatis opus divinum despicere carmen,
Quo nihil æthereos ortus, & semina cœli,
Nil magis humanam commendat origine mentem,
Sancta Prometheæ retinens vestigia flammæ. [men
Carmen amant superi, tremebundâque Tartara car-
Ima ciere valet, divosque ligare profundos,
Et triplici duos Manes adamante coercet;
Carmines sepositi retegunt arcana futuri
Phæbades, & tremulæ pallentes ora Sibillæ;
Carmina sacrificus sollennes pangit ad aras,
Aurea seu sternit motantem cornua taurum;
Seu cum fata sagax fumantibus abdita fibris
Consultit & tepidis Parcam scrutatur in extis:
Nos etiam, patrium tunc cum repetemus Olympum,
Æternæque moræ stabunt immobilis ævi,
Ibimus auratis per cœli templa coronis,
Dulcia suaviloquo fociantes carmina plectro,
Astra quibus, geminique poli convexa sonabunt.
Spiritus & rapidos qui circinat igneus orbis,
Nunc quoque sydereis intercinit ipse choreis
Immortale melos, & inenarrabile carmen;
Torrida dum rutilas compefcit sibila serpens,
Demissoque ferox gladio mansuescit Orion;
Stellarum nec sentit onus Maurusius Atlas.
Carmina regales epulas ornare solebant,
Cum nondum luxus, vastæque immensa vorago
Nota gulæ, & modico spumabat cœna Lyæo:

346 POEMS on several Occasions.

Tum de more sedens festa ad convivia vates
 Æsculeâ intonso redimitus ab arbore crines,
 Heroumque actus, imitandaque gesta canebat,
 Et chaos, & positi latè fundamina mundi,
 Reptantesque Deos, & alentes numina glandes,
 Et nondum Ætnæo quæsitum fulmen ab antro,
 Denique quid vocis modulamen inane juvabit,
 Verborum sensûsque vacans, numerique loquacis?
 Silvestres decet iste choros, non Orphea cantus,
 Qui tenuit fluvios & quercubus addidit aures
 Carmine, non citharâ, simulachraque sancta canendo
 Compulit in lacrymas; habet has à carmine laudes,

Nec tu perge precor, sacras contemnere Musas,
 Nec vanas inopesque puta, quarum ipse peritus
 Munere, mille sonos numeros componis ad aptos
 Millibus & vocem modulis variare canoram
 Doctus, Arionii meritò sis nominis hæres.
 Nunc tibi quid mirum, si me genuisse poëtam
 Contigerit, charo si tam propè sanguine juncti
 Cognatas artes, studiumque affine sequamur?
 Ipse volens Phœbus se dispertire duobus,
 Altera dona mihi, dedit altera dona parenti,
 Dividuumque Deum genitorque puerque tenemus.

Tu tamen ut simules teneras odisse camœnas,
 Non odissè reor, neque enim, pater, ire jubebas
 Quà via lata patet, quà pronior area lucri,
 Certa que condendi fulget spes aurea nummi:
 Nec rapis ad leges, malè custodita que gentis
 Jura, nec insulsis damnas clamoribus aures:
 Sed magis excultam cupiens ditescere mentem,
 Me procul urbano strepitu, secessibus altis

Abductum

Abductum Aoniæ jucunda per otia ripæ
 Phœbeo lateri comitem finis ire beatum.
 Officium chari taceo commune parentis,
 Me poscunt majora; tuo, pater optime, sumptu
 Cùm mihi Romuleæ patuit facundia linguæ,
 Et Latii Veneres, & quæ Jovis ora decebant
 Grandia magniloquis elata vocabula Graiis,
 Addere suasisisti quos jactat Gallia flores,
 Et quam degeneri novus Italus ora loquelam
 Fundit, Barbaricos testatus voce tumultus,
 Quæque Palæstinus loquitur mysteria vates.
 Denique quicquid habet cœlum subjectaque cœlo
 Terra parens, terræque & cœlo interfluus aër,
 Quicquid & unda tegit, pontique agitabile marmor,
 Per te nōsse licet, per te, si nōsse libebit:
 Dimotâque venit spectanda scientia nube,
 Nudaque conspicuos inclinat ad oscula vultus,
 Nī fugisse velim, nī sit libâsse molestum.

I nunc, confer opes quisquis malefanus avitas
 Austriaci gazas, Perüanaque regna præoptas.
 Quæ potuit majora pater tribuisse, vel ipse
 Jupiter, excepto, donâisset ut omnia, cœlo?
 Non potiora dedit, quamvis & tuta fuissent,
 Publica qui juveni commisit lumina nato
 Atque Hyperionios currus, & fræna diei
 Et circū undantem radiatâ luce tiaram.
 Ergo ego, jam doctæ pars quamlibet ima catervæ
 Victrices hederas inter, laurosque sedebo,
 Jamque nec obscurus populo miscebor inerti,
 Vitabuntque oculos vestigia nostra profanos.
 Este procul, vigiles curæ, procul este, querelæ,
 Invidiæque acies transverso tortilis hirquo,

Sæva nec anguiferos extende, Calumnia, rictus;
In me triste nihil scdissima turba, potestis,
Nec vestri sum juris ego; securaque tutus
Pectora, vipereo gradiar sublimis ab ictu.

At tibi, chare pater, postquam non æqua merenti
Posse referre datur, nec dona rependere factis,
Sic memorâsse satis, repetitaque munera grato
Perconsere animo, fidæque reponere menti.

Et vos, O nostri, juvenilia carmina, lusus,
Si modo perpetuos sperare audebitis annos,
Et domini superesse rogo, lucemque tueri,
Nec spisso rapient oblivia nigra sub Orco,
Forſitan has laudes, decantatumque parentis
Nomen, ad exemplum, fero servabitis ævo.

PSAL. CXIV.

Ισραὴλ ὅτε παῖδες, ὅτ' ἀγλαὰ οὐλ' Ἰακώβ
'Αιγύπτῳ λίσσε δῆμον, ἀπεχθία, βαρβαρόφωνοι,
Δὴ τότε μένον ἦν ὅσιον γένε' ἤες ἰδῶ·
'Εν δ' ἐ θεὸς λαοῖσι μέγα κρείων βασιλεύει·
'Εἶδε καὶ ἐν ἑσπέρῳ φύγαν' ἱρράνησε θάλασσα
Κύματι εἰλυμένη ῥοδίῳ, ὃδ' ἄρ' ἱσχυρελίχθη
'Ιεὸς Ἰερδάνης ποτὶ ἀργυρεῖδα πηγὴν.
'Εκ δ' ὄρεα σκαρθμοῖσιν ἀπειρία κλονέοντο,
'Ὡς κρείοι σφριγεῖντες ἑυτρεφεῖ ἐν ἀλωῇ.
Βαυότεραι δ' ἅμα πάσῃ ἀνασκίρτησαν ἱερίπαι,
'Οἷα παρὰ σύριγγι εἰλη ὑπὸ μητίει ἄνεες.
Τίπτε σύγ' αἰνὰ θάλασσα πέλαρ φύγαν' ἱρράνησαι;
'Κύματι εἰλυμένη ῥοδίῳ; τί δ' ἄρ' ἱσχυρελίχθης
Ιεὸς Ἰερδάνη ποτὶ ἀργυρεῖδα πηγὴν;

Τίπτε

Τίπ' ὄρεα σκαρθμοῖσιν ἀπειρίσια κλονεῖδε
 Ως κριοὶ σφειγνάντες ἑυτρεφεῶ ἐν ἀκροῇ;
 Βαιοτέραι τί δ' ἀρ' ὕμῃς ἀνασκιετήσατ', ἐρείπναι,
 Ὅϊα παραὶ σύριγι φίλῃ ὑπὸ μητέρει ἄεναι;
 Σείτο, γαῖα, τρέκτα θεὸν μεγάλ', ἐκλυπέοντα,
 Γαῖα, θεὸν τρέκσ' ὕπατον σέβας Ἰουακίδαο
 Ὅς τε καὶ ἐν σπιλάδων ποταμὸς χεῖε μορμύροντας,
 Κρήνῳτ' ἀέναν πέτρης Ἰπὸ δακρυοίανης.

PHILOSOPHUS ad regem quendam, qui eum igno-
 tum & insontem inter reos fortè captum inscius dam-
 naverat, τῷ ὅτῃ θανάτῳ προδούμῃ hac subito
 misit.

Ἦ ἄνα, εἰ ὀλέσῃς με τ' ἔννομον, εἰ δέ τιν' ἀνδρῶν
 Δεινὸν ὅλως δέχσαντα, σοφώτατον ἰδοὶ κάρηνον
 Ρηϊδίας ἀρέλοιο, τό δ' ὕστερον αἰῶσι νοήσεις,
 Μαφιδίας δ' ἀρ' ἵππειτα τὸν πρὸς θυμὸν ὀδύρη,
 Τοιὸν δ' ἐν πόλει περιένυμεν ἄλκαρ ὀλέσσαις.

In Effigiei ejus Sculptorem.

Ἀμαθεῖ γεγεῖσθαι χεῖρ' τίμῃδε μὲρ εἰκόνα
 Φαίης τάχ' ἄν, εἰδ' αὐτοσυὲς βλείπων.
 Τὸν δ' ἐκλυπώτῃ ἐκ ὀπηγνόντες, φίλοι,
 Γελάτε φάως δυσμήμημα ζαγεῖρε.

Ad Salsillum Poetam Romanum
 ægrotantem.

SCAZONTES.

Ο Μυσα, gressum quæ volens trahis claudum,
 Vulcanioque tarda gaudes incessu,

Nec

350 POEMS on several Occasions,

Nec sentis illud in loco minus gratum,
 Quàm cùm decentes flava Dëiope furas
 Alternat aureum ante Junonis lectum;
 Adestum, & hæc s'is verba pauca Salsillo
 Refer, camœna nostra, cui tantum est cordi,
 Quàmque ille magnis prætulit immeritò divi.
 Hæc ergo alumnus ille Londini Milto,
 Diebus hisce qui suum linquens nidum
 Polique tractum, (pessimus ubi ventorum,
 Insanientis impotensque pulmonis
 Pernix anhela sub Jove exercet flabra)
 Venit feraces Itali soli ad glebas,
 Visum superbâ cognitas urbes famâ,
 Virosque doctæque indolem juventutis,
 Tibi optat idem hic fausta multa, Salsille,
 Habitumque fesso corpori penitùs sanum;
 Cui nunc profunda bilis infestat renes,
 Præcordiisque fixa damnosum spirat.
 Nec id pepercit impia quòd tu Romano
 Tam cultus ore Lesbium condis melos.
 O dulce divum munus, O salus Hebes
 Germana! Tuque, Phoebe, morborum terror
 Pythone cæso, sive tu magis Pæan
 Libenter audis, hic tuus sacerdos est:
 Querceta Fauni, vosque rore vinoso
 Colles benigni, mitis Evandri sedes,
 Siquid salubre vallibus frondet vestris,
 Levamen ægro ferte certatim vati.
 Sic ille charis redditus rursùm Musis
 Vicina dulci prata mulcebit cantu.
 Ipse inter atros emirabitur lucos
 Numa, ubi beatum degit otium æternum

Suam reclinis semper Ægeriam spectans,
Tumidusque & ipse Tiberis hinc delinitus
Spei favebit annuæ colonorum:
Nec in sepulchris ibit obsessum reges,
Nimiùm sinistro laxus irruens loro:
Sed fræna meliùs temperabit undarum,
Adusque curvi falsa regna Portumni.

M A N S U S.

Joannes Baptista Mansus Marchio Villensis, vir ingenii laude, tum literarum studio, nec non & bellicâ virtute apud Italos clarus in primis est. Ad quem Torquati Tassi dialogus extat de Amicitia scriptus; erat enim Tassi amicissimus; ab quo etiam inter Campaniæ principes celebratur, in illo poemate cui titulus, Gerusalemme conquistata, lib. 20.

Fra cavalier magnanimi, è cortesi
Risplende il Manfo-----

Is authorem Neapoli commercantem summâ benevolentia profecutus est, multaque ei detulit humanitatis officia. Ad hunc itaque hospes ille, antequam ab eâ urbe discederet, ut ne ingratum se ostenderet, hoc carmen misit.

HÆC quoque, Manse, tuæ meditantur carmina
laudi

Pierides, tibi, Manse, choro notissime Phœbi,
Quandoquidem ille alium haud æquo est dignatus
honore,

Post Galli cineres, & Mœcenatis Hetrusci.

Tu

Tu quoque, si nostræ tantum valet aura Camœnz,
 Victrices hederas inter laurosque sedebis.
 Te pridem magno felix concordia Tasso
 Junxit, & æternis inscripsit nomina chartis.
 Mox tibi dulciloquum non inscia Musa Marinum
 Tradidit, ille tuum dici se gaudet alumnum,
 Dum canit Assyrios divum prolixus amores;
 Mollis & Ausonias stupefecit carmine nymphas.
 Ille itidem moriens tibi soli debita vates
 Ossa, tibi soli, supremæque vota reliquit,
 Nec manes pietas tua chara fefellit amici,
 Vidimus arridentem operoso ex ære poetam. [sant
 Nec fatis hoc visum est in utrumque, & nec pia ces-
 Officia in tumulto: cupis integros rapere Orco,
 Quà potes, atque avidas Parcarum eludere leges:
 Amborum genus, & variâ sub sorte peractam
 Describis vitam, moresque, & dona Minervæ:
 Æmulus illius, Mycalen qui natus ad altam
 Rettulit Æolii vitam facundus Homeri.
 Ergo ego te Clius & magni nomine Phœbi,
 Manse pater, jubeo longum salvere per ævum,
 Missus Hyperboreo juvenis peregrinus ab axe.
 Nec tu longinquam bonus aspernabere Musam,
 Quæ nuper gelidâ vix enutrita sub Arcto
 Imprudens Italas ausa est volitare per urbes.
 Nos etiam in nostro modulantes flumine cygnos
 Credimus obscuras noctis sensisse per umbras,
 Quà Thamesis latè puris argenteus urnis
 Oceani glaucos perfundit gurgite crines.
 Quin & in has quondam pervenit Tityrus oras.
 Sed neque nos genus incultum, nec inutile Phœbo,
 Quà plaga septeno mundi sulcata Trione

Brumalem

Brumalem patitur longâ sub nocte Boöten ;
 Nos etiam colimus Phœbum, nos munera Phœbo
 Flaventes spicas, & lutea mala canistris,
 Halantemque crocum (perhibet nisi vana vetustas)
 Misimus, & lectas Druidum de gente choreas.
 (Gens Druides antiqua, sacris operata deorum,
 Heroum laudes imitandaque gesta canebant)
 Hinc, quoties festo cingunt altaria cantu
 In Delo herbosâ Graiæ de more puellæ
 Carminibus lætis memorant Corineida Loxo,
 Fatidicamque Upin, cum flavicomâ Hecaërge
 Nuda Caledonio variatas pectora fuce.
 Fortunate senex, ergo, quacunque per orbem
 Torquati decus, & nomen celebrabitur ingens,
 Claraque perpetui succrescet fama Marini, [rum,
 Tu quoque in ora frequens venies plausumque viro-
 Et parili carpes iter immortale volatu.
 Dicetur tum sponte tuos habitâsse penates
 Cynthius, & famulas venisse ad limina Musas:
 At non sponte domum tamen idem, & regis adivit
 Rura Pheretiadæ coelo fugitivus Apollo ;
 Ille licet magnum Alciden suscepit hospes ;
 Tantum ubi clamoros placuit vitare bubulcos,
 Nobile mansueti cessit Chironis in antrum,
 Irriguos inter saltus frondosâque tecta
 Peneium propè rivum: ibi sæpè sub ilice nigrâ
 Ad citharæ strepitum, blandâ prece victus amici
 Exilii duros lenibat voce labores.
 Tum neque ripa suo, barathro nec fixa sub imo
 Saxa stetero loco ; nutat Trachinia rupes,
 Nec sentit solitas, immania pondera, sylvas,
 Emotæque suis properant de collibus orni,
Mulcentur-

354 *POEMS on several Occasions.*

Mulcenturque novo maculosi carmine lynces.
 Diis dilecte senex, te Jupiter æquus oportet
 Nascentem, & miti lustrârit lumine Phœbus,
 Atlantisque nepos; neque enim nisi charus ab ortu
 Diis superis, poterit magno fuisse poëtæ.
 Hinc longæva tibi lento sub flore senectus
 Vernat, & Æsonios lucratur vivida fusos,
 Nondum deciduos servans tibi frontis honores,
 Ingeniumque vigens, & adultum mentis acumen,
 O mihi si mea fors talem concedat amicum
 Phœbeos decorâsse viros qui tam benè nôrit,
 Si quando indigenas revocabo in carmina reges,
 Arcturumque etiam sub terris bella moventem;
 Aut dicam invictæ sociali fœdere mensæ,
 Magnanimos Heroas, & (O modo spiritus adsit)
 Frangam Saxonicas Britonum sub Marte phalanges.
 Tandem ubi non tacitæ permenfus tempora vitæ,
 Annorumque satur cineri sua jura relinquam,
 Ille mihi lecto madidis astaret ocellis,
 Astanti sat erit si dicam, sim tibi curæ!
 Ille meos artus liventi morte solutos
 Curaret parvâ componi molliter urnâ.
 Forsitan & nostros ducat de marmore vultus,
 Nectens aut Paphiâ myrti aut Parnasside lauri
 Fronde comas, at ego securâ pace quiescam.
 Tum quoque, si qua fides, si præmia certa bonorum,
 Ipse ego cœlicolûm semotus in æthera divûm,
 Quò labor & mens pura vehunt, atque ignea virtus,
 Secreti hæc aliquâ mundi de parte videbo
 (Quantum fata sinunt) & totâ mente serenum
 Ridens purpureo suffundar lumine vultus,
 Et simul æthereo plaudam mihi lætus Olympo.

EPITAPHIUM DAMONIS.

ARGUMENTUM.

Thyrsis & Damon ejusdem viciniae Pastores, eadem studia sequuti, à pueritiâ amici erant, ut qui plurimum. Thyrsis animi causâ profectus peregrè de obitu Damonis nuncium accepit. Domum postea reversus, & rem ita esse comperto, se suamque solitudinem hoc carmine deplorat. Damonis autem sub personâ hic intelligitur Carolus Diodatus, ex urbe Hetruriæ Luca Paterno genere oriundus, cætera Anglus; ingenio, doctrinâ, clarissimisque cæteris virtutibus, dum viveret, juvenis egregius.

Himerides nymphæ (nam vos & Daphnin, & Hylan,

Et plorata diu meministis fata Bionis)

Dicite Sicelicum Thamefina per oppida carmen;

Quas miser effudit voces, quæ murmura Thyrsis,

Et quibus assiduis exercuit antra querelis,

Fluminaque, fontesque vagos, nemorumque recessus,

Dum sibi præreptum queritur Damona, neque altam

Luctibus exemit noctem loca sola pererrans.

Et Jam bis viridi surgebat culmus aristâ,

Et totidem flavas numerabant horrea messes,

Ex

356 POEMS on several Occasions.

Ex quo summa dies tulerat Damona sub umbras,
Nec dum aderat Thyrsis; pastorem scilicet illum
Dulcis amor Musæ Thuscâ retinebat in urbe.
Ast ubi mens expleta domum, pecorisque relictæ
Cura vocat, simul assuetâ feditque sub ulmo,
Tum verò amissum tum denique sentit amicum,
Cœpit & immensum sic exonerare dolorem.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Hei mihi! quæ terris, quæ dicam numina cœlo,
Postquam te immiti rapuerunt funere, Damon?
Siccine nos linguis, tua sic sine nomine virtus
Ibit, & obscuris numero sociabitur umbris?
At non ille, animas virgâ qui dividit aureâ,
Ista velit, dignumque tui te ducat in agmen,
Ignavumque procul pecus arceat omne silentium.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Quicquid crit, certè nisi me lupus antè videbit,
Indeplorato non comminuere sepulchro,
Constabitque tuus tibi honos, longùmque vigebit
Inter pastores: Illi tibi vota secundo
Solvere post Daphnin, post Daphnin dicere laudes
Gaudebunt, dum rura Pales, dum Faunus amabit:
Si quid id est, priscamque fidem coluisse, piùmque,
Palladiâsque artes, sociùmque habuisse canorum.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Hæc tibi certa manent, tibi erunt hæc præmia, Da-
mon;

At mihi quid tandem fiet modò? quis mihi fidus
Hærebit lateri comes, ut tu sæpe solebas
Frigoribus duris, & per loca fœta pruinis,
Aut rapido sub sole, siti morientibus herbis?

Sive

Sive opus in magnos fuit eminùs ire leones,
Aut avidos terrere lupos præsepibus altis;
Quis fando sopire diem, cantuque solebit?

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni,
Pectora cui credam? quis me lenire docebit
Mordaces curas, quis longam fallere noctem
Dulcibus alloquiis, grato cùm sibilat igni [auster
Molle pyrum, & nucibus strepitat focus, et malus
Miscet cuncta foris, & desuper intonat ulmo?

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni,
Aut æstate, dies medio dum vertitur axe,
Cùm Pan æsculeâ somnum capit abditus umbrâ,
Et repetunt sub aquis sibi nota sedilia nymphæ,
Pastoresque latent, stertit sub sepe colonus,
Quis mihi blanditiâsque tuas, quis tum mihi risus,
Cecropiosque sales referet, cultosque lepores?

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
At jam solus agros, jam pascua solus oberro,
Sicubi ramosæ densantur vallibus umbræ,
Hic serum expecto, supra caput imber & Eurus
Triste sonant, fractæque agitata crepuscula silvæ.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Heu quam culta mihi priùs arva procacibus herbis
Involvuntur, & ipsa situ seges alta fatiscit!
Innuba neglecto marcescit & uva racemo,
Nec myrteta juvant; ovium quoque tædet, at illæ
Mœrent, inque suum convertunt ora magistrum.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Tityrus ad corylos vocat, Alpheſibœus ad ornos,
Ad salices Aegon, ad flumina pulcher Amyntas;
Hic gelidi fontes, hic illita gramina musco,
Hic Zephyri, hic placidas interstrepit arbutus undas;

Ista

358 POEMS on several Occasions.

Ista canunt surdo, frutices ego nactus abibam.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Mopsus ad hæc, nam me redeuntem forte notarat?
(Et callebat avium linguas, & sydera Mopsus)
Thyrsi quid hoc? dixit, quæ te coquit improba bilis?
Aut te perdit amor, aut te malè fascinat astrum;
Saturni grave sæpe fuit pastoribus astrum,
Intimaque obliquo figit præcordia plumbo.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Mirantur nymphæ, & quid te, Thyrsi, futurum est?
Quid tibi vis? aiunt; non hæc solet esse juventæ
Nubila frons oculique truces, vultusque severi:
Illa choros, lususque leves, & semper amorem
Jure petit: miser ille bis est qui serus amavit.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Venit Hyas, Dryopéque, & filia Baucidis Aegle
Docta modos, citharæque sciens, sed perdita fastu,
Venit Idumanii Chloris vicina fluenti;
Nil me blanditiæ, nil me solantia verba,
Nil me, si quid adest, movet, aut spes ulla futuri.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Hei mihi! quam similes ludunt per prata juvenci!
Omnes unanimi secum sibi lege sodales,
Nec magis hunc alio quisquam secernit amicum
De grege; sic densi veniunt ad pabula thoes,
Inque vicem hirsuti paribus junguntur onagri.
Lex eadem pelagi; deserto in littore Proteus
Agmina Phocarum numerat, vilisque volucrum
Passer habet semper quicum sit & omnia circum
Farra libens volitet, serò sua tecta revisens,
Quem si fors letho objecit, seu milvus adunco

Fata tulit rostro, seu stravit arundine fossor,
 Protinus ille alium socio petit inde volatu.
 Nos durum genus, & diris exercita fatis
 Gens homines aliena animis, & pectore discors;
 Vix sibi quisque parem de millibus invenit unum,
 Aut si fors dederit tandem non aspera votis,
 Illum inopina dies quâ non speraveris horâ
 Surripit, æternum linquens in sæcula damnum.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
 Heu quis me ignotas traxit vagus error in oras
 Ire per aëreas rupes, Alpemque nivofam!
 Equid erat tanti Romam vidisse sepultam?
 (Quamvis illa foret, qualem dum viferet olim,
 Tityrus ipse suas & oves & rura reliquit;)
 Ut te tam dulci possem caruisse sodale!
 Possem tot maria alta, tot interponere montes,
 Tot sylvas, tot saxa tibi, fluviosque sonantes!
 Ah certè extremum licuisset tangere dextram,
 Et bene compositos placidè morientis ocellos,
 Et dixisse *vale, nostrî memor ibis ad astra.*

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
 Quamquam etiam vestrî nunquam meminisse pigebit,
 Pastores Thusci, Musis operata juvenus, [mon,
 His Charis atque Lepos, & Thuscus tu quoque Da-
 Antiquâ genus unde petis Lucumonis ab urbe.

O ego quantus eram, gelidi cum stratus ad Arni
 Murmura, populeumque nemus, quâ mollior herba,
 Carpere nunc violas, nunc summas carpere myrtos,
 Et potui Lycidæ certantem audire Menalcam!
 Ipse etiam tentare ausus sum, nec, puto, multum
 Displicui, nam sunt & apud me munera vestra
 Fiscellæ, calathique, & cerea vinc'la cicutæ,

Quin

360 POEMS on several Occasions.

Quin & nostra suas docuerunt nomina fagos
Et Datis, & Francinus, erant & vocibus ambo
Et studiis noti, Lydorum sanguinis ambo.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Hæc mihi tum læto dictabat roscida luna,
Dum solus teneros claudebam cratibus hœdos.
Ah! quoties dixi, cùm te cinis ater habebat,
Nunc canit, aut lepori nunc tendit retia Damon,
Vimina nunc texit, varios sibi quod sit in usus!
Et quæ tum facili sperabam mente futura,
Arripui voto levis, & præsentia finxi; [dat,
Heus bone! numquid agas? nisi te quid fortè retar.
Imus? & arguta paulùm recubamus in umbra,
Aut ad aquas Colni, aut ubi jugera Cassibelauni!
Tu mihi percurres medicos, tua gramina, succos,
Helleborùmque humilésq; crocos, foliùmq; hyacinthi,
Quasque habet ista palus herbas, artesque medentùm.
Ah! pereant herbæ, pereant artesque medentùm.
Gramina, postquam ipsi nil profecêre magistro.
Ipse etiam, nam nescio quid mihi grande sonabat
Fistula, ab undecimâ jam lux est altera nocte,
Et tum fortè novis admôram labra cicutis,
Disfiluêre tamen ruptâ compage, nec ultra
Ferre graves potuêre sonos: dubito quoque ne sim
Turgidulus, tamen & referam, vos cedite silvæ.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Ipse ego Dardanias Rutupina per æquora puppes
Dicam, & Pandrasidos regnum vetus Inogeniæ, [num
Brennùmque Arviragùmque duces, priscùmq; Bell
Et tandem Armoricos Britonum sub lege colonos;
Tun

Tum gravidam Arturo fatali fraude Jogernen;
Mendaces vultus, assumptaque Gorlœis arma,
Melini dolus. O mihi tum si vita supersit,
Tu procul annosâ pendebis, fistula, pinu,
Multum oblita mihi, aut patriis mutata camœnis
Brittonicum strides, quid enim? omnia non licet uni,
Non sperâsse uni licet omnia: mî fatis ampla
Merces, & mihi grande decus (sim ignotus in ævum
Tum licet, externo penitusque inglorius orbi)
Si me flava comas legat Ufa, & potor Alauni,
Vorticibusque frequens Abra, & nemus omne Tre-
antæ,

Et Thamesis meus ante omnes, & fusca metallis
Tamara, & extremis me discant Orcades undis.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.

Hæc tibi servabam lentâ sub cortice lauri,
Hæc, & plura simul, tum quæ mihi pocula Manus,
Manus Chalcidicæ non ultima gloria ripæ,
Bina dedit, mirum artis opus, mirandus & ipse,
Et circum gemino cælaverat argumento:
In medio rubri maris unda, & odoriferum ver,
Littora longa Arabum, & sudantes balsama silvæ,
Has inter Phœnix divina avis, unica terris
Cæruleum fulgens diversicoloribus alis
Auroram vitreis surgentem respicit undis.
Parte aliâ polus omnipatens, & magnus Olympus:
Quis putet? hic quoque Amor, pictæq; in nube
pharetræ,

Arma corusca faces, & spicula tincta pyropo;
Nec tenues animas, pectusque ignobile vulgi
Hinc ferit, at circum flammantia lumina torquens
Semper in erectum spargit sua tela per orbes

R

Impiger,

362 POEMS on several Occasions.

Impiger, & pronos nunquam collimat ad ictus,
Hinc mentes ardere sacræ, formæque deorum. [mon,

Tu quoque in his, nec me fallit spes lubrica, Da-
Tu quoque in his certè es, nam quò tua dulcis abiret
Sanctâque simplicitas, nam quò tua candida virtus?
Nec te Lethæo fas quævisse sub orco,
Nec tibi conveniunt lacrymæ, nec flebimus ultrâ;
Ite procul, lacrymæ, purum colit æthera Damon,
Æthera purus habet, pluvium pede reppulit arcum;
Heroumque animas inter; divosque perennes,
Æthereos haurit latices & gaudia potat
Ore sacro. Quin tu cœli post jura recepta
Dexter ades, placidusque fave quicumque vocaris,
Seu tu noster eris Damon, sive æquior audis
Diodatus, quo te divino nomine cuncti
Cœlicolæ nôrint, sylvisque vocabere Damon.
Quòd tibi purpureus pudor, & sine labe juvenus
Grata fuit, quòd nulla tori libata voluptas,
En etiam tibi virginei servantur honores;
Ipse caput nitidum cinctus rutilante coronâ,
Lætâque frondentis gestans umbracula palmæ
Æternum perages immortales hymenæos;
Cantus ubi, choreisque furit lyra mista beatis,
Festa Sionæo bacchantur & Orgia Thyrsos.

8 MA 64



Jan.

Jan. 23. 1646.

Ad Joannem Rousium, Oxoniensis
Academiae Bibliothecarium.

*De libro Poematum amisso, quem ille sibi
denuò mitti postulabat, ut cum aliis nostris
in Bibliothecâ publicâ reponeret, Ode.*

Strophe 1.

GEmelle cultu simplici gaudens liber,
Fronde licet geminâ
Munditiêque nitens non operosâ,
Quam manus attulit
Juvenilis olim,
Sedula tamen haud nimii poëtæ;
Dum vagus Ausonias nunc per umbras,
Nunc Britannica per vireta lufit
Insons populi, barbitôque devius,
Indulfit patrio, mox itidem pectine Daunio
Longinquum intonuit melos
Vicinis, & humum vix tetigit pede;

Antistrophe.

Quis te parve liber, quis te fratribus
Subduxit reliquis dolo?
Cum tu missus ab urbe,
Docto jugiter obsecrante amico,
Illustre tendebas iter
Thamesis ad incunabula

R 2

Cærulei

364 POEMS on several Occasions.

Cærulei patris,
 Fontes ubi limpidi
 Aonidum, Thyasusque sacer
 Orbi notus per immensos
 Temporum lapsus redeunte cœlo,
 Celeberque futurus in ævum.

Strophe 2.

Modò quis deus, aut editus deo
 Pristinam gentis miseratus indolem,
 (Si satis noxas luimus priores,
 Mollique luxu degener otium)
 Tollat nefandos civium tumultus
 Almaque revocet studia sanctus,
 Et relegatas sine sede Musas
 Jam penè totis finibus Angligenûm;
 Immundasque volucres,
 Unguibus imminentes
 Figat Apollineâ pharetrâ,
 Phineâmque abigat pestem procul amne Pegaseo,

Antistrophe.

Quin tu, libelle, nuntii licèt malâ
 Fide, vel oscitantîâ,
 Semel erraveris agmine fratrum,
 Seu quis te teneat specus,
 Seu qua te latebra, forsan unde vili
 Callo tereris institoris insulsi,
 Lætare felix; en iterum tibi
 Spes nova fulget posse profundam
 Fugere Lethen, vehique Superam
 In Jovis aulam remige pennâ;

Strophe

Strophe 3.

Nam te Rouſius fui
Optat peculi, numeróque juſto
Sibi pollicitum queritur abeſſe;
Rogatque venias ille, cujus inclyta
Sunt data virúm monumenta curæ:
Téque adytis etiam ſacris
Voluit reponi, quibus & ipſe præſidet,
Æternorum operum cuſtos fidelis,
Quæſtorque gazæ nobilioris,
Quàm cui præfuit Iôn
Clarus Erechtheides
Opulenta dei per templa parentis
Fulvosque tripodas, donaque Delphica,
Iôn Actæâ genitus Crëuſâ.

Antistrophe.

Ergo tu viſere lucos
Muſarum ibis amœnos,
Diamque Phœbi rurfus ibis in domum,
Oxoniâ quam valle colit,
Delo poſthabitâ,
Biſidóque Parnaffi jugo:
Ibis honeſtus,
Poſtquam egregiam tu quoque ſortem
Naſtus abis, dextri prece ſollicitatus amici.
Illic legeris inter alta nomina
Authorum, Graiæ ſimul & Latinæ
Antiqua gentis lumina, & verum decus.

Epodos.

Vos tandem, haud vacui mei labores,
 Quicquid hoc sterile fudit ingenium,
 Jam serò placidam sperare jubeo
 Persunctam invidiâ requiem, sedesque beatas
 Quas bonus Hermes
 Et tutela dabit solers Roûsî; [longè
 Quò neque lingua procax vulgi penetrabit, atque
 Turba legentum prava faceffet:
 At ultimi nepotes,
 Et cordatior ætas
 Judicia rebus æquiora forsitan
 Adhibebit integro sinu.
 Tum livore sepulto,
 Si quid meremur sana posteritas sciet
 Roûsio favente.

8 MAG 3

Ode tribus constat Strophis, totidémque Antistro-
 phis, unâ demum Epodo clausis; quas, tametsi om-
 nes nec versuum numero, nec certis ubique colis
 exactè respondeant, ita tamen secuimus, commodè
 legendi potius, quàm ad antiquos concinendi modos
 rationem spectantes. Alioquin hoc genus rectiùs
 fortasse dici monostrophicum debuerat. Metra par-
 tim sunt κατὰ χίσιν, partim ἀπολειμμένα. Pha-
 leucia quæ sunt, Spondæum tertio loco bis admit-
 tunt, quod idem in secundo loco Catullus ad libitum
 fecit.

The End of the POEMS.



A SMALL
TRACTATE
OF
EDUCATION,
TO
Mr. *HARTLIB.*







O F
E D U C A T I O N.
T O

Mr. *SAMUEL HARTLIB.*

Written about the Year 1650.

Mr. *Hartlib,*

I AM long since persuaded, that to say, or do ought worth Memory and Imitation, no purpose or respect should sooner move us, than simply the love of God, and of Mankind. Nevertheless to write now the reforming of Education, tho' it be one of the greatest and noblest Designs that can be thought on, and for the want whereof this Nation perishes, I had not yet at this time been induc'd, but by your earnest Intreaties and serious Conjurments; as having my mind for the present half diverted in the pursuance of some other Assertions, the Knowledge and the Use of which cannot but be a great furtherance both to the enlargement of Truth, and honest Living, with much more Peace. Nor should the Laws of any private Friendship have prevail'd with me to divide thus, or transpose my former Thoughts, but that I see those Aims, those Actions which have

won you with me the Esteem of a Person sent hither by some good Providence from a far Country, to be the occasion and the incitement of great good to this Island. And, as I hear, you have obtain'd the same Repute with Men of most approved Wisdom, and some of highest Authority among us. Not to mention the learned Correspondence which you hold in foreign Parts, and the extraordinary Pains and Diligence which you have us'd in this Matter both here, and beyond the Seas; either by the definite Will of God so ruling, or the peculiar-sway of Nature, which also is God's working. Neither can I think that, so reputed, and so valu'd as you are, you would, to the forfeit of your own discerning Ability, impose upon me an unfit and over-ponderous Argument, but that the Satisfaction which you profess to have receiv'd from those incidental Discourses which we have wander'd into, hath prest and almost constrain'd you into a Persuasion, that what you require from me in this Point, I neither ought, nor can in conscience defer beyond this Time both of so much need at once, and so much Opportunity to try what God hath determin'd. I will not resist therefore, whatever it is, either of Divine, or human Obligation, that you lay upon me; but will forthwith set down in Writing, as you request me, that voluntary *Idea*, which hath long in silence presented itself to me, of a better Education, in Extent and Comprehension far more large, and yet of Time far shorter, and of Attainment far more certain, than hath been yet in Practice. Brief I shall endeavour

endeavour to be; for that which I have to say, assuredly this Nation hath extreme need should be done sooner than spoken. To tell you therefore what I have benefited herein among old renowned Authors, I shall spare; and to search what many modern *Januas* and *Didacticæ*, more than ever I shall read, have projected, my Inclination leads me not. But if you can accept of these few Observations which have flower'd off, and are, as it were, the burnishing of many studious and contemplative Years, altogether spent in the search of religious and civil Knowledge, and such as pleas'd you so well in the relating, I here give you them to dispose of.

The end then of Learning is to repair the Ruins of our first Parents, by regaining to know God aright, and out of that Knowledge to love him, to imitate him, to be like him, as we may the nearest by possessing our Souls of true Virtue, which being united to the heavenly Grace of Faith makes up the highest Perfection. But because our Understanding cannot in this Body found itself but on sensible things, nor arrive so clearly to the Knowledge of God and things invisible, as by orderly conning over the visible and inferior Creature, the same Method is necessarily to be follow'd in discreet teaching. And seeing every Nation affords not Experience and Tradition enough for all kinds of Learning, therefore we are chiefly taught the Languages of those People who have at any time been most industrious after Wisdom; so that Language is but
the

the Instrument conveying to us things useful to be known. And tho' a Linguist should pride himself to have all the Tongues that *Babel* cleft the World into, yet, if he had not studied the solid things in them as well as the Words and Lexicons, he were nothing so much to be esteem'd a Learned Man, as any Yeoman or Tradesman competently wise in his Mother Dialect only. Hence appear the many Mistakes which have made Learning generally so unpleasing and so unsuccessful; first we do amiss to spend seven or eight Years merely in scraping together so much miserable Latin and Greek, as might be learnt otherwise easily and delightfully in one Year. And that which casts our Proficiency therein so much behind, is our time lost partly in too oft idle Vacancies given both to Schools and Universities, partly in a preposterous Exaction, forcing the empty Wits of Children to compose Themes, Verses and Orations, which are the Acts of ripest Judgment, and the final Work of a Head fill'd, by long reading and observing, with elegant Maxims, and copious Invention. These are not Matters to be wrung from poor Striplings, like Blood out of the Nose, or the plucking of untimely Fruit: Besides the ill Habit which they get of wretched barbarizing against the Latin and Greek *Idiom*, with their untutor'd *Anglicisms*, odious to be read, yet not to be avoided without a well continu'd and judicious conversing among pure Authors digested, which they scarce taste; whereas, if after some preparatory grounds of Speech by their certain forms

got

got into Memory, they were led to the Praxis thereof in some chosen short Book lesson'd thoroughly to them, they might then forthwith proceed to learn the Substance of good things, and Arts in due Order, which would bring the whole Language quickly into their Power. This I take to be the most rational and most profitable way of learning Languages, and whereby we may best hope to give Account to God of our Youth spent herein. And for the usual Method of teaching Arts, I deem it to be an old Error of Universities not yet well recover'd from the Scholastick Grossness of barbarous Ages, that instead of beginning with Arts most easy, (and those be such as are most obvious to the Sense,) they present their young unmatriculated Novices at first coming with the intellectuall Abstractions of Logick and Metaphysics: So that they having but newly left those Grammatick Flats and Shallows where they stuck unreasonably, to learn a few words with lamentable Construction, and now on the sudden transported under another Climate to be tost and turmoil'd with their unballasted Wits in fathomless and unquiet deeps of Controversy, do for the most part grow into hatred and contempt of Learning, mock'd and deluded all this while with ragged Notions and Babblements, while they expected worthy and delightful Knowledge; till Poverty or youthful Years call them importunately their several Ways, and hasten them with the sway of Friends either to an ambitious and mercenary, or ignorantly zealous Divinity: Some
allur'd

allur'd to the Trade of Law, grounding their Purposes not on the prudent and heavenly Contemplation of Justice and Equity, which was never taught them, but on the promising and pleasing Thoughts of litigious Terms, fat Contentions, and flowing Fees; others betake them to State-Affairs, with Souls so unprincipled in Virtue, and true generous Breeding, that Flattery, and Court-shifts, and tyrannous Aphorisms appear to them the highest Points of Wisdom; instilling their barren Hearts with a conscientious Slavery, if, as I rather think, it be not feign'd: Others, lastly, of a more delicious and airy Spirit, retire themselves, knowing no better, to the Enjoyments of Ease and Luxury, living out their Days in Feast and Jollity; which indeed is the wisest and the safest Course of all these, unless they were with more Integrity undertaken. And these are the Fruits of mispending our prime Youth at the Schools and Universities as we do, either in Learning mere Words, or such things chiefly as were better Unlearn't.

I shall detain you no longer in the Demonstration of what we should not do, but strait conduct you to a Hill-side, where I will point ye out the right Path of a virtuous and noble Education; laborious indeed at the first Ascent, but else so smooth, so green, so full of goodly Prospect, and melodious Sounds on every side, that the Harp of *Orpheus* was not more charming. I doubt not but ye shall have more ado to drive our dullest and laziest Youth, our Stocks and Stubs, from the infinite desire of such

a happy Nurture, than we have now to hale and drag our choicest and hopefullest Wits to that asinine Feast of Sowthistles and Brambles which is commonly set before them, as all the food and entertainment of their tenderest and most docible Age. I call therefore a compleat and generous Education that which fits a Man to perform justly, skilfully and magnanimously, all the Offices, both private and publick, of Peace and War. And how all this may be done between twelve and one and twenty, less Time than is now bestow'd in pure trifling at Grammar and *Sophistry*, is to be thus order'd.

First, to find out a spacious House, and Ground about it, fit for an *Academy*, and big enough to lodge a hundred and fifty Persons, whereof twenty or thereabout may be Attendants, all under the Government of one, who shall be thought of Desert sufficient, and Ability either to do all, or wisely to direct, and oversee it done. This Place should be at once both School and University, not needing a remove to any other House of Scholarship, except it be some peculiar College of Law, or Physick, where they mean to be Practitioners; but as for those general Studies which take up all our time from *Lilly* to the commencing, as they term it, Master of Arts, it should be absolute. After this Pattern, as many Edifices may be converted to this use, as shall be needful in every City throughout this Land, which would tend much to the increase of Learning and Civility every where. This number, less or more thus collected, to the convenience
of

of a foot Company, or interchangeably two Troops of Cavalry, should divide their days work into three Parts, as it lies orderly: Their Studies, their Exercise, and their Diet.

For their Studies, First they should begin with the chief and necessary Rules of some good Grammar, either that now us'd, or any better: and while this is doing, their Speech is to be fashion'd to a distinct and clear Pronunciation, as near as may be to the *Italian*, especially in the Vowels. For we *Englishmen* being far Northerly, do not open our Mouths in the cold Air, wide enough to grace a Southern Tongue; but are observ'd by all other Nations to speak exceeding close and inward: so that to smatter *Latin* with an *English* Mouth, is as ill a hearing as *Law-French*. Next to make them expert in the usefullest points of Grammar, and withal to season them, and win them early to the Love of Virtue and true Labour, ere any flattering Seducement, or vain principle seize them wandring, some easy and delightful Book of Education should be read to them; whereof the *Greeks* have Store, as *Cebes*, *Plutarch*, and other Socratic Discourses. But in *Latin* we have none of classic Authority extant, except the two or three first Books of *Quintilian*, and some select Pieces elsewhere. But here the main skill and ground-work will be, to temper them some Lectures and Explanations upon every Opportunity, as may lead and draw them in willing Obedience, inflam'd with the Study of Learning, and the Admiration of Virtue; stirr'd up with high

high hopes of living to be brave Men, and worthy Patriots, dear to God, and famous to all Ages; that they may despise and scorn all their childish, and ill-taught Qualities, to delight in manly, and liberal Exercises: which he who hath the Art and proper Eloquence to catch them with, what with mild and effectual Persuasions, and what with the intimation of some Fear, if need be, but chiefly by his own Example, might in a short space gain them to an incredible Diligence and Courage; infusing into their young Breasts such an ingenuous and noble Ardor, as would not fail to make many of them renowned and matchless Men. At the same time, some other hour of the Day, might be taught them the Rules of Arithmetick, and soon after the Elements of Geometry even playing, as the old manner was. After Evening-repasts, till bed-time, their Thoughts will be best taken up in the easy grounds of Religion, and the story of Scripture. The next step would be to the Authors of *Agriculture*, *Cato*, *Varro*, and *Columella*; for the matter is most easy, and if the Language be difficult, so much the better, it is not a difficulty above their years: And here will be an occasion of inciting and enabling them hereafter to improve the tillage of their Country, to recover the bad Soil, and to remedy the waste that is made of good; for this was one of *Hercules'* Praises. Ere half these Authors be read (which will soon be with plying hard, and daily) they cannot chuse but be Masters of an ordinary Prose. So that it will be then seasonable for them

to

to learn in any modern Author, the use of the Globes, and all the Maps; first with the old names, and then with the new: or they might be then capable to read any compendious method of natural Philosophy. And at the same time might they be entering into the *Greek* Tongue, after the same manner as was before prescrib'd in the *Latin*; whereby the difficulties of Grammar being soon overcome, all the Historical Physiology of *Aristotle* and *Theophrastus* are open before them, and, as I may say, under contribution. The like access will be to *Vitruvius*, to *Seneca's* natural Questions, to *Mela*, *Celsus*, *Pliny*, or *Solinus*. And having thus past the Principles of *Arithmetick*, *Geometry*, *Astronomy*, and *Geography*, with a general Compact of *Physicks*, they may descend in *Mathematicks* to the instrumental Science of *Trigonometry*, and from thence to Fortification, Architecture, Enginry, or Navigation. And in natural Philosophy they may proceed leisurely from the History of Meteors, Minerals, Plants and living Creatures, as far as Anatomy. Then also in course might be read to them out of some not tedious Writer the Institution of *Physick*; that they may know the Tempers, the Humours, the Seasons, and how to manage a Crudity: Which he who can wisely and timely do, is not only a great Physician to himself, and to his Friends, but also may at some time or other save an Army by this frugal and expenselss means only; and not let the healthy and stout Bodies of young Men rot away under him for want of this discipline; which is a
great

great pity and no less a shame to the Commander. To set forward all these proceedings in Nature and Mathematicks, what hinders, but that they may procure as oft as shall be needful, the helpful experiences of Hunters, Fowlers, Fishermen, Shepherds, Gardeners, Apothecaries; and in the other Sciences, Architects, Engineers, Mariners, Anatomists; who doubtless would be ready, some for Reward, and some to favour such an hopeful Seminary? And this will give them such a real tincture of natural Knowledge, as they shall never forget, but daily augment with delight. Then also those Poets which are now counted most hard, will be both facil and pleasant, *Orpheus, Hesiod, Theocritus, Aratus, Nicander, Oppian, Bionysius*; and in Latin, *Lucretius, Manilius*, and the rural part of *Virgil*.

By this time, Years and good general Precepts will have furnisht them more distinctly with that act of Reason which in *Etbics* is call'd *Proairesis*; that they may with some Judgment contemplate upon moral Good and Evil. Then will be requir'd a special reinforcement of constant and sound Endoctrinating to set them right and firm, instructing them more amply in the knowledge of Virtue and the hatred of Vice: while their young and pliant Affections are led thro' all the moral Works of *Plato, Xenophon, Cicero, Plutarch, Laertius*, and these *Locrian Remnants*; but still to be reduc'd in their nightward studies, wherewith they close the day's Work, under the determinate Sentense of *David* or *Solomon*, or the Evangelists and Apostolic Scriptures.

Being

380. *Of EDUCATION.*

Being perfect in the knowledge of personal Duty, they may then begin the Study of OEconomics. And either now, or before this, they may have easily learnt at any odd hour the *Italian* Tongue. And soon after, but with wariness and good Antidote, it would be wholesome enough to let them taste some choice Comedies, *Greek*, *Latin*, or *Italian*: Those Tragedies also that treat of household Matters, as *Trachinæ*, *Alceſtis*, and the like. The next remove must be to the Study of *Politics*; to know the Beginning, End, and Reasons of political Societies; that they may not in a dangerous Fit of the Commonwealth be such poor, shaken, uncertain Reeds, of such a tottering Conscience, as many of our great Counsellors have lately shewn themselves, but steadfast Pillars of the State. After this they are to dive into the grounds of Law, and legal Justice; deliver'd first, and with best warrant, by *Moses*; and as far as human Prudence can be trusted, in those extoll'd remains of *Græcian* Lawgivers, *Lycurgus*, *Solon*, *Zaleucus*, *Cbarondas*; and thence to all the *Roman* Edicts and Tables, with their *Justinian*; and so down to the *Saxon* and common Laws of *England*, and the Statutes. Sundays also and every Evening may be now understandingly spent in the highest Matters of *Theology*, and Church-History Antient and Modern: and ere this time the *Hebrew* Tongue at a set hour might have been gain'd, that the Scriptures may be now read in their own Original; whereto it would be no impossibility to add the *Chaldee*, and the *Syrian* Dialect. When all these Employments are well conquer'd,

conquer'd, then will the choice Histories, *Heroic Poems* and *Attic Tragedies* of stateliest and most regal Argument with all the famous Political Oration, offer themselves; which if they were not only read, but some of them got by Memory, and solemnly pronounc'd with right Accent and Grace, as might be taught, would endue them even with the Spirit and Vigor of *Demosthenes*, or *Cicero*, *Euripides*, or *Sophocles*. And now lastly will be the time to read with them those organic Arts which inable Men to discourse and write perspicuously, elegantly, and according to the fittest style of Lofty, Mean, or Lowly. *Logic* therefore, so much as is useful, is to be referr'd to this due Place, with all her well-coucht Heads and Topics, until it be time to open her contracted Palm into a graceful and ornate *Rhetorick*, taught out of the Rules of *Plato*, *Aristotle*, *Pbalereus*, *Cicero*, *Hermogenes*, *Longinus*. To which *Poetry* would be made subsequent, or indeed rather precedent, as being less subtile and fine, but more simple, sensuous and passionate. I mean not here the Profody of a Verse, which they could not but have hit on before among the Rudiments of Grammar; but that sublime Art which in *Aristotle's Poetics*, in *Horace*, and the *Italian Commentaries* of *Castelvetro*, *Tasso*, *Maxxoni*, and others, teaches what the Laws are of a true *Epic Poem*, what of a *Dramatic*, what of a *Lyric*, what Decorum is, which is the grand Master-piece to observe. This would make them soon perceive what despicable Creatures our common Rhymers and Play-writers be, and shew

shew them, what religious, what glorious and magnificent use might be made of Poetry both in Divine and Human Things. From hence and not till now will be the right Season of forming them to be able Writers and Composers in every excellent Matter, when they shall be thus fraught with an universal insight into Things. Or whether they be to speak in Parliament or Council, Honour and Attention would be waiting on their Lips. There would then also appear in Pulpits other Visages, other Gestures, and Stuff otherwise wrought than what we now sit under, oft-times to as great a Trial of our Patience as any other that they preach to us. These are the Studies wherein our noble and our gentle Youth ought to bestow their time in a disciplinary way from twelve to one and twenty; unless they rely more upon their Ancestors dead, than upon themselves living. In which methodical course it is so suppos'd they must proceed by the steady pace of learning onward, as at convenient times for memory's sake to retire back into the middle ward, and sometimes into the rear of what they have been Taught, until they have confirm'd, and solidly united the whole body of their perfected Knowledge, like the last embattelling of a *Roman* Legion. Now will be worth the seeing what Exercises and Recreations may best agree, and become these Studies.

Their

Their EXERCISE.

The course of Study hitherto briefly describ'd, is, what I can guess by reading, likest to those antient and famous Schools of *Pythagoras*, *Plato*, *Isocrates*, *Aristotle*, and such others, out of which were bred up such a number of renowned Philosophers, Orators, Historians, Poets and Princes all over *Greece*, *Italy*, and *Asia*, besides the flourishing Studies of *Cyene* and *Alexandria*. But herein it shall exceed them, and supply a defect as great as that which *Plato* noted in the common-wealth of *Sparta*; whereas that City train'd up their Youth most for War, and these in their Academies and *Lycaum*, all for the Gown, this Institution of breeding, which I here delineate, shall be equally good both for Peace and War. Therefore about an hour and a half ere they eat at Noon should be allow'd them for Exercise, and due Rest afterward: But the time for this may be enlarg'd at pleasure, according as their rising in the Morning shall be early. The Exercise which I commend first, is the exact use of their Weapon, to guard and to strike safely with Edge, or Point; this will keep them healthy, nimble, strong, and well in breath, is also the likeliest means to make them grow large and tall, and to inspire them with a gallant and fearless Courage, which being temper'd with seasonable Lectures and Precepts to them of true Fortitude and Patience, will turn into a native and heroick Valour, and make them hate the cowardise of doing wrong. They must be also practis'd in all the

the Locks and Gripes of Wrestling, wherein *Englishmen* were wont to excel, as need may often be in fight to tugg or grapple, and to close. And this perhaps will be enough, wherein to prove and heat their single strength. The interim of unsweating themselves regularly, and convenient rest before meat, may both with profit and delight be taken up in recreating and composing their travail'd Spirits with the solemn and divine harmonies of Musick heard or learnt; either while the skilful *Organist* plies his grave and fancied descant, in lofty fugues, or the whole Symphony with artful and unimaginable touches adorn and grace the well-studied chords of some choice Composer; sometimes the Lute, or soft Organ-stop waiting on elegant Voices either to religious, material, or civil Ditties; which, if wise Men and Prophets be not extremely out, have a great Power over Dispositions and Manners, to smooth and make them gentle from rustick Harshness and distemper'd Passions. The like also would not be unexpedient after Meat to assist and cherish Nature in her first Concoction, and send their Minds back to study in good tune and satisfaction. Where having follow'd it close under vigilant Eyes till about two hours before Supper, they are by a sudden Alarm or Watch-Word, to be call'd out to their military motions, under Skie or Covert, according to the Season, as was the *Roman* wont; first on foot, then as their Age permits on Horseback, to all the Art of Cavalry; that having in sport

sport but with much exactness, and daily muster, serv'd out the Rudiments of their Soldiership in all the skill of Embattling, Marching, Encamping, Fortifying, Besieging and Battering, with all the helps of antient and modern Stratagems, *Tacticks*, and warlike Maxims, they may as it were out of a long War come forth renown'd and perfect Commanders in the Service of their Country. They would not then, if they were trusted with fair and hopeful Armies, suffer them for want of just and wise Discipline to shed away from about them like sick Feathers, tho' they be never so oft supply'd: they would not suffer their empty and unrecruitible Colonels of twenty Men in a Company, to quaff out, or convey into secret Hoards, the Wages of a delusive List and a miserable Remnant: yet in the meanwhile to be over-master'd with a score or two of Drunkards, the only Soldiery left about them, or else to comply with all Rapines and Violences. No certainly, if they knew ought of that Knowledge that belongs to good Men or good Governours, they would not suffer these things. But to return to our own Institute, besides these constant Exercises at home, there is another Opportunity of gaining Experience to be won from Pleasure itself abroad. In those vernal Seasons of the Year, when the Air is calm and pleasant, it were an Injury and fullenness against Nature not to go out, and see her Riches, and partake in her rejoicing with Heaven and Earth. I should not therefore be a Persuader to them of studying much then, after two or three

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Years

Years that they have well laid their Grounds, but to ride out in Companies with prudent and staid Guides, to all the Quarters of the Land; learning and observing all Places of strength, all Commodities of building and of soil, for Towns and Tillage, Harbours and Ports for Trade: Sometimes taking Sea as far as to our Navy, to learn there also what they can in the practical Knowledge of sailing and of Sea-fight. These ways would try all their peculiar Gifts of Nature; and if there were any secret Excellence among them, would fetch it out, and give it fair opportunities to advance itself by, which cou'd not but mightily redound to the good of this Nation, and bring into fashion again those old admired Virtues and Excellencies, with far more advantage now in this Purity of Christian Knowledge. Nor shall we then need the *Monsieurs* of *Paris* to take our hopeful Youth into their slight and prodigal Custodies, and send them over back again transform'd into Mimicks, Apes, and Kickshaws. But if they desire to see other Countries at three or four and twenty Years of Age, not to learn Principles, but to enlarge Experience and make wise Observation, they will by that time be such as shall deserve the regard and honour of all Men where they pass, and the Society and Friendship of those in all places who are best and most eminent: And perhaps then other Nations will be glad to visit us for their Breeding, or else to imitate us in their own Country.

Now lastly for their Diet there cannot be much to say, save only that it would be best in the same House;

House; for much Time else would be lost abroad, and many ill Habits got; and that it should be plain, healthful, and moderate, I suppose is out of controversy. Thus, Mr. *Hartlib*, you have a general view in writing, as your desire was, of that which at several times I had discours'd with you concerning the best and noblest way of Education; not beginning as some have done from the Cradle, which yet might be worth many Considerations, if brevity had not been my scope: Many other circumstances also I could have mention'd, but this, to such as have the worth in them to make trial, for Light and Direction may be enough. Only I believe, that this is not a Bow for every Man to shoot in that counts himself a Teacher; but will require sinews almost equal to those which *Homer* gave *Ulysses*; yet I am withal persuaded that it may prove much more easy in the Essay, than it now seems at distance, and much more illustrious: howbeit not more difficult than I imagine, and that Imagination presents me with nothing but very happy and very possible according to best wishes; if God have so decreed, and this Age have Spirit and Capacity enough to apprehend.

F I N I S.

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